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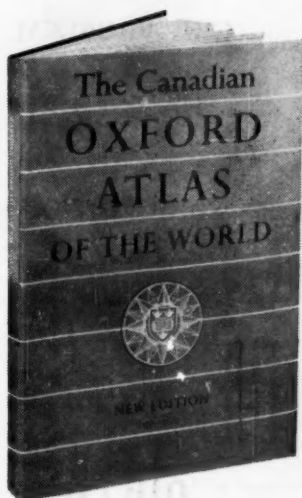
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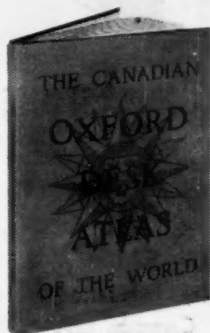
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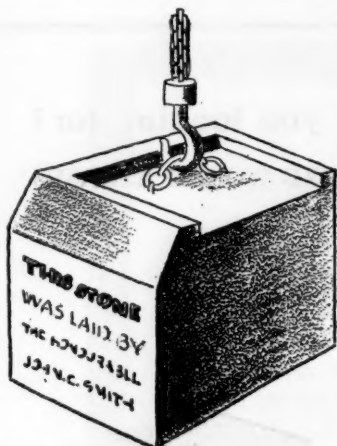
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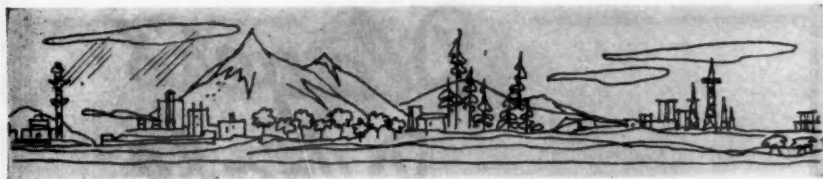
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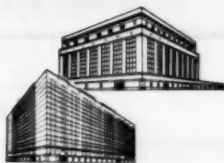
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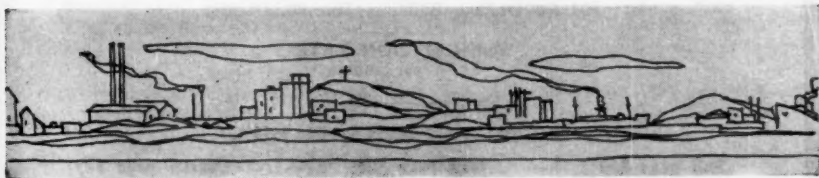
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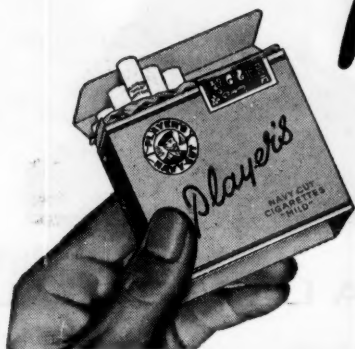


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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

The Interim Report of the Gordon Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects is reviewed by JACOB VINER in our leading article. Professor Viner, now at Princeton, has achieved world renown as an authority on international trade and is the author of outstanding books on this subject. Since so many of our Canadian economists were drawn into the staff of the Commission we are particularly pleased to have this objective, informed appraisal of the Report by such an eminent "outside" observer.

The economic aspects of Canadian-American relations are highlighted in Professor Viner's contribution; WALTER SWAYZE, in a follow-up article, explores the same theme in its broader cultural, psychological and political aspects. Dr. Swayze is head of the English Department at United College, Winnipeg, received his doctorate at Yale and has taught in American universities.

The international scene is covered in two special articles. CAREY B. JOYNT, a Canadian by birth who teaches in Lehigh University, deals with Eisenhower's Foreign Policy and that old perennial—isolationism. PHILIP STUCHEN contributes a piece on Indochina, a country with which few Canadians are acquainted but for which, as a member of the U.N., we have assumed important responsibilities. Mr. Stuchen is an officer in the Department of Trade and Commerce and has recently returned from a special assignment in Indochina.

On the domestic front, JOHN YOUNG deals with the fate and future of the guaranteed annual wage in Canadian industries. Mr. Young is a research associate in the Queen's University Department of Industrial Relations and has recently collaborated in a special study of this problem. The trend toward increasing professionalism within our universities is the subject of a thoughtful contribution by ADRIAN MARRIAGE who is on the staff of the School of Social Work at the University of British Columbia.

Professor HUGO McPHERSON who is in the English Department, University College, Toronto, offers some interesting insights into "the two worlds" of the eminent Canadian novelist Morley Callaghan. The poems in this issue come from the pens of two university teachers whose fields are not normally associated with this type of literary product. C. A. ASHLEY, who has previously contributed poetry to various publications, is Professor of Accounting at the University of Toronto. R. O. HURST, whose poetry appears for the first time in the Quarterly is in the Biochemistry Department at Queen's University.

Our short story section contains two unique items. The first is a true story concerning the famous editor of the Deutsche Rundschau, Dr. Rudolph Pechel, Chancellor Dunning Trust lecturer at Queen's last winter. We present his son's moving description of the eleventh hour rescue of Dr. Pechel from the hands of "Bloody" Mueller. PETER PECHEL now lives in London where he is a correspondent for several German newspapers. We are indebted to Dr. Hilda Laird, head of the German Department at Queen's for her translation of this piece.

RICHARD CHURCH, O.B.E., English poet, essayist and novelist created a major stir in the literary world with his essay in autobiography entitled *Over The Bridge*. We are pleased to have his permission to reproduce an extract from his second volume *The Golden Sovereign* to be published in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co. in November. This extract was also carried in a recent issue of The Cornhill Magazine.

Our Review Article on Toynbee is by WILL HERBERG, Professor of Judaic Studies and Social Philosophy at Drew University, New Jersey. Professor Herberg is widely known for his recent study in religious sociology *Catholic, Protestant and Jew*.

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

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AUTUMN

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS REVIEW

The Gordon Commission Report*

by

JACOB VINER

It is a wise procedure for a country occasionally to take stock of its economy, to search for economic "problems" which may require legislative attention, to canvass past trends and to peer into the future in the hope that the shape of things to come may thereby be made at least dimly visible, perhaps to point out to the public the need for mending its ways in some particulars. For such a purpose it is hard to think of a more ideally-suited instrument than that splendid British institution, the Royal Commission: official but non-partisan; responsible but with no superiors to guide its thought or limit its speech, no voters to cater to, no obligations to anything but its own sense of duty. The Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects was given a difficult assignment. It has obviously worked at it conscientiously and objectively. When all the products of its endeavours are before the public, I am sure that it will be the general opinion, including the opinion of those who will dissent from some of its major conclusions, that it has added lustre to a great tradition.

What is before me for review is the Commission's *Preliminary Report*, which is now being followed by a long and impressive series of special Studies by the Commission's own staff, individual experts, business firms, and a variety of business, labour, and other organizations and by a final report by the Commission itself.

The special studies, I take it, had all been carried sufficiently far when the Preliminary Report was being written to have been used in its preparation, and the Commission clearly has already made up its mind on the issues on which the Preliminary Report presents definite conclusions. The Preliminary Report, as I understand it, is "preliminary" chiefly in the sense that it is a summary only of the Commission's statistical findings and of the reasoning whereby it has reached its policy conclusions, with the qualification that there is expressly reserved for the final report general discussion of the rôle

* Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, *Preliminary Report*. Ottawa, The Queen's Printer, December 1956. 142 pp. \$2.00.

of government with respect to the Canadian economy, including the rôle of government in maintaining a high level of employment, and also discussion of possible balance-of-payments problems.

A surprisingly large part of the Preliminary Report is devoted to statistical forecasts, to 1980, for important aspects of the Canadian economy: population; immigration; labour force; gross national product; agricultural, mineral, and industrial production: energy use; and so forth. This marks somewhat of a red-letter day in the history of economic forecasting; never before, I am sure, in the history of mankind since the time of Joseph has economic prophesying been performed on so exalted a level.

Statistical economic forecasting is a young and highly hazardous occupation. Not even eggs beyond their prime lose their savour as completely as do most stale economic forecasts. The only things that are precise and reliable about economic forecasts—or “projections”, or extrapolations, or “opinions” expressed in statistical terms, all closely-related artifacts of our modern culture—are the facts that they always aim to start with as good measurements of some of the relevant events of the recent past as are available, and that they proceed from these measurements by means of stylized operations with numbers or their geometrical or algebraic equivalents. Since it takes time for the processes of change to exercise their full effect, and since all forecasts made by rational men are linked to what we know of the recent past, short-run forecasts are less likely than long-run ones to be far off the beam, other things equal. But that anyone can know much more about what the various dimensions of the Canadian economy will be like in 1980 than would have been knowable in 1932 about its dimensions in 1957, even if all the advances in forecasting technique that have occurred since had already been available in 1932, seems to be at least a debatable proposition, and it is clear now that no one in 1932 had any prevision of the Canada of today.

The Commission shows that it is aware that long-distance economic forecasts are to be handled gingerly. It was right to make use of them. It no doubt had the services of as skilled and daring practitioners of the art as exist anywhere. It would have been harshly criticized as behind the times if it had not made use of such services. But it is

puzzling to me why it didn't leave full responsibility for the estimates wholly to the experts, who on past experience suffer little damage if time makes them appear foolish, and who after all make their living by taking that risk. But the Commission speaks throughout the Preliminary Report about "our estimates", "our guesses", "our opinion", "the range we have chosen", and so on. This is a magnificent display of courage, but it seems to me to confuse the proper rôles of Royal Commissioners and the specialized experts who guide or serve them or testify at their hearings. From Commissioners can be demanded, and in due measure expected: wisdom; judgment; historical perspective; objectivity; judicial-mindedness; ability to distinguish good experts from not so good ones and good testimony from biased or incompetent testimony, and capacity to learn from them; and other valuable and attractive virtues attributable to innate capacities and personal traits and to mature experience. From the experts should be sought, and in due measure expected: technical expertise; relevance; integrity; industry; and not much else. Together they should make an unmatched team, but only if neither group tries to perform the other group's function.

In any case, the Commission's forecasts with respect to the economic prospects for Canada during the next generation or so are gloriously optimistic, subject only to the non-occurrence of certain stated contingencies, chiefly atomic war and major depression in the United States. I do not challenge this optimism. Indeed, I fully share it, and I suspect I would have done so even without benefit of the detailed forecasts from which the Commission has derived, or at least which the Commission uses to support the plausibility of, its aggregate predictions. I am confident, moreover, reflecting upon past history, that there will be substantial contributions to the prosperity of Canada from sources which no one now has any inkling of. My confidence in Canada's economic prospects is based largely on the splendid record of its economy in the recent past, on the favorable natural resources/population ratio of the Canadian economy, on the belief that economically-rich natural resources are to be the strategic element in economic betterment for Canada in the decades to come, and on the further progress of technological discovery.

The key forecasts of the Commission, on "middle-range" bases and on the assumption, prediction or hunch that net immigration will be at the rate of 75,000 per annum, are that in 1980, in dollars of constant purchasing power, gross national product will be 163 per cent in excess of 1955 and *per capita* gross national product will be 67 per cent in excess of 1955. In terms of its own past, and in terms also of almost all of the rest of the world except the United States, Canada already enjoys a high *per capita* level of income. Realization of the forecast for 1980 would then give Canada a substantially higher level of *per capita* income than any country in the world at present enjoys. These are therefore comforting forecasts, and if numerical forecasts we must have they seem to me as acceptable as any alternative figures would be.

★ ★ ★

The Commission was charged, among other things, with identifying the economic problems which the Canadian economy might have to face in the near future. Given its optimism as to the prospective trend of national and *per capita* income, the problems it could have found were bound to be relatively minor if "problem" is to be interpreted as something seriously to worry about and if abstraction is made from the possibility that distribution of national income may deteriorate in some significant sense, even while the national average is undergoing steady and substantial improvement. In fact, the problems identified by the Commission are chiefly noteworthy for how few they are and how insubstantial, conjectural, or at least debatable are some even of these few. The general conclusion of the Commission is a logical product of its failure to find a discouraging array of problems: "... given leadership, flexible policies, a willingness to change policies as occasion demands and a bit of luck, Canadians have every reason to look forward with optimism and confidence to the continued economic development of our country and to a rising standard of living in the years to come."

The only problems of real or seeming consequence which the Commission has discovered and as yet disclosed are: the unsatisfactory state of the export markets for grain; the unevenness with which

Canadian prosperity is spread occupationally, with special reference to the grain-growers, the coal-miners, and the fishermen in the Eastern Provinces, and regionally, with special reference to the Atlantic Provinces; and some of the consequences for Canada of American ownership and control of much of Canada's mineral, petroleum, and manufacturing industry. The possibilities of serious unemployment and of balance-of-payment difficulties, it will be remembered, are reserved for discussion in the final report.

I am sure that Canadian economists—who are a very able lot—could add to this list. For my part, the absence of any, even the most casual, reference to inflation is rather astonishing. Inflation is at the moment a world-wide problem from which Canada has at best only relative immunity, and it deserves sober and even prayerful consideration. The Commission obviously thinks that monopoly is not a problem for Canada, or that if there is a problem here it is that Canada does not have enough of it. I will say something about this later. The Commission expresses concern about the solidity of the export markets for Canadian products only on the supposition that the growth of the American economy might come to a halt. That this may be unduly optimistic I will later argue.

One of the problems identified by the Commission is the plight of the Canadian grain-growers, and especially the accumulation of unsold wheat. It seems probable that in a free-trade world Canada would continue indefinitely to have a comparative advantage in the production of wheat at the present acreage even if Canadian harvests continued to be as bountiful as in recent years. But the world is not a free-trade world—far from it—and wheat has come to rival and perhaps even to surpass sugar as the chronically sick commodity in export markets. Wheat is in even more basic trouble than sugar, because one of the surplus countries, the United States, is a tremendously rich country, liable to irresponsibility in its trade policies where farmers are involved, and able, willing, and even eager to give its surplus wheat away in the absence of any other means acceptable to the American wheat-growers of meeting their demand that it shall be made possible for them to prosper and at the same time to continue to grow wheat in the quantities that they have become accustomed to.

The Commission makes proposals for changes in the way in which the Canadian Government now supports its grain-growers which seem to involve administrative complexities exceeding those which in the United States are already a major administrative headache—and a major encroachment on the free market—but would make no significant contribution to ameliorating the problem-character of the Canadian wheat-growing industry. The Commission says that “it does not seem that Canada should plan any permanent reduction from the present acreage sown to wheat”. Given its general, and sound, recommendation for flexibility in policy-making, this would add nothing if read literally. If read to mean that Canadian wheat policy should encourage maintenance of the present acreage for the next few years, or the next decade, I strongly suspect that it is questionable advice, both from the point of view of the Canadian economy as a whole, and from the point of view of the wheat-growers themselves—and of their children—unless associated with an active Canadian commercial policy having some prospects of success in curing the world market for wheat of its present sickness.

In dealing with occupational or regional poverty, the Commission shows willingness to support remedial action which involves encouragement and financial aid to migration out of the unpromising industries or regions. This seems to me both a courageous and a wise position to take. The great danger in the treatment of “distressed industries” or “distressed regions” is that political pressures from the industries or regions will lead to the adoption of measures which for the time being relieve somewhat the local distress at national cost but operate to lock the persons involved in to the sick industry or the sick region for the indefinite future.

In all countries, however, where government is an important factor as tax-collector, as spender, and as regulator of industry and trade, it is always possible that the distress of a region and its industries is the result of or is accentuated by a deliberate or fortuitous bias in the operations of the central government in favour of the relatively more prosperous or advanced sections of the country. In Latin-American countries this is notoriously true with respect to the relations of metropolitan areas to the rest of the country, of manufacturing to

agricultural areas, and of urban to rural areas. In such circumstances, the relative poverty of the poorer areas tends to become cumulative, and the richer areas tend to fatten on the poverty of the poorer areas. This may not be wholly without parallel in Canada, and it deserves systematic investigation, disturbing and divisive though discussions of regional inequities tend to be in their first impact.

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American capital owns and operates a large proportion of Canadian mining, petroleum, and manufacturing industry. In whatever countries such conditions have developed, there have resulted domestic misgivings, grievances, and a sense of injury to national pride. In most such countries legal and administrative measures of one sort or another have been taken to retard or reverse the process of "alienation" or of "Ueberfremdung" of domestic industry. Where the practical choice has been between capital import plus external control, on the one hand, and freedom from foreign control plus lack of development, on the other hand, some countries, notably the Argentine and, in the petroleum field, Brazil, have decided in effect in favour of the latter. Canada is, I believe, freer from discriminatory restrictions on foreign capital than any other important country in the world—including the United States and including even more so the United Kingdom. It would be surprising, however, if Canada alone should be exempt from all of the misgivings which everywhere else an "invasion" of foreign capital gives rise to, or would give rise to if it occurred. To all who read it has become apparent recently that the presence in Canada of a great deal of American capital investment operated under American control has become a matter of widespread concern and, in some quarters, even of professed or real alarm. In a moderate and restrained way, the Commission shows that it shares the concern and perhaps even a trace of the alarm.

Americans should, and I am sure will, respond seriously and sympathetically to these evidences of misgiving. Under like circumstances, it may be taken for granted, their own response would scarcely be distinguishable from the Canadian one. Within its own boundaries, subject only to the limitations imposed by standing contractual obliga-

tions and by the tenuous precepts of uncoded international law, Canada's fiat is law. Even the rationality of Canadian misgivings, and of any measures Canada may take in consequence, is primarily Canada's own concern, although the liberty of private non-Canadians to dissent, and, if an evil spirit moves them, even to jeer, is an inalienable right, in practice and in principle, restricted only by the rules of courtesy which good neighbours should do their best to observe. It is on these presuppositions and within these limitations that I will base my comments on this issue.

I am in general a hot advocate, though an imperfect and woefully unskilled practitioner, of historical-mindedness, but on this particular issue, as on almost no other, I feel an acute awareness that a little knowledge of history may be a dangerous thing. The history of debtor-country-creditor-country relations is to many persons largely a history of the evils of modern capitalism, with associations on the one side with "economic imperialism", "colonialism", and "capitalist exploitation", and on the other side with repudiations, confiscations, and unfair discriminations. However close this may be to past reality, and it is by no means wholly divorced from historical fact, it has no or only token relationship to the present-day Canadian-American economic realities. The United States of today has no substantial resemblance, whether in the character or the objectives of its government or of its businessmen, to the capital-exporting countries as they are pictured in the histories of imperialism. Canada as a capital-importing country likewise has no substantial resemblance to the Egypt, the banana-republics, or the Balkans of the nineteenth century, in the degree of its control over its own political destiny, or in the respect abroad of its legal standards and of its unblemished record of adherence to contractual obligations, or in the extent of its own resources of good government, of capital, of entrepreneurial ability, and of technical skills. Above all, the relations between the two countries and their peoples, political, economic, geographic, strategic, cultural, and psychological, have few if any parallels in the present-day world or in past history in degree of intimacy, harmony, and mutual respect and trust. The moral of all this seems to me to be that the implications of the heavy investment of American capital in Canada should be

examined not in terms of appeal to analogy with other countries and other times, but in terms of frank and unemotional scrutiny of the facts as they exist in the here and now.

The Commission acknowledges that American capital has contributed and is contributing substantially to Canada's economic growth, and that with the American capital have come managerial ability and technology of great value to Canada. It recognizes that American investment in Canada has had as a direct consequence the opening-up of export markets for Canadian products which otherwise would not or might not have been available. It makes no claim that American enterprise in Canada is less law-abiding than, treats its employees with less generosity than, Canadian enterprise. It concedes that "there is little evidence to suggest that foreign-controlled Canadian companies are being operated in a way which is at variance with the best interest of Canada. . . ." So far, therefore, no problem. But even if no problem can be specifically identified, this, of course, would be no demonstration that problems of unspecified character may not be present but invisible, or may not arise in the future. In any case, the Commission asserts that "Many Canadians are worried"—a fact which, if true, does to my mind constitute of itself a major problem. Moreover, even if problems cannot now be pin-pointed, "the . . . increased foreign ownership and control of certain industries may tend to create problems". And even if foreign-controlled companies may now be operating in a way which is consistent with the best interest of Canada, "it is not axiomatic that this will always be the case". If this were all, it would seem that the doctors should discharge the patient, and in any case should postpone calling for the surgeon.

It is not quite all, however. American-controlled companies, it seems, employ some American personnel at executive and higher technical levels. Whether what makes this undesirable is that these Americans are less efficient than would be Canadian substitutes, or that they preempt desirable jobs which would otherwise be available to Canadians, or that American executives are less sensitive to Canadian interests than Canadians in their positions would be, this cannot possibly be quantitatively an important problem for Canada, since

American business operating abroad, for reasons of economy and of good public relations, everywhere seeks as far as is practicable to find qualified local talent suitable for its local posts, and even trains it. The Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University in June of this year published the results of an inquiry which throws welcome light on the dimensions of the problem. A survey of 646 American companies, estimated to represent 95 percent of the total employment by American business of American citizens outside the United States, found that 24,659 American citizens and 1,280,000 foreign nationals were employed by these firms outside the United States. This works out at less than two Americans for each one hundred employees who were foreign nationals. For Canada, the corresponding figures were 2,058 Americans to 114,195 Canadians, again less than two Americans for each one hundred Canadians (or other non-Americans) employed. The figure for Canada may be somewhat of an under-estimate, "since a dozen [reporting] American firms consider their operations north of the border as 'domestic' and do not distinguish U.S. citizens from Canadians", a procedure intended, I am sure, as a compliment but not always, I am informed, so considered by Canadians. On the other hand, some of these 2,058 Americans must have been oil-riggers, specialist mechanics, stenographers, or members of other reasonably humble crafts. The mores of American tycoonery when away from home might offer a rewarding field of study for some Canadian adept of cultural anthropology, especially as a part of a comparative study in which the Canadian breed was also brought under investigation. I cannot bring myself to believe, however, that it is a problem worthy of any further attention by the Commission, and the Commission itself agrees that this is "not much of a problem".

The Commission is also somewhat unhappy about "the fact that a large part of non-resident equity investment in Canadian industry is in the form of wholly-owned subsidiaries and branches [which] means that Canadians are unable to participate financially even though the growth in incomes and the consequent increase in domestic savings will make it increasingly possible for them to do so". If participation in financing were all that the Commission was concerned about, I am sure that American companies operating in Canada would often be willing

to go further in this direction than Canadian investors would make possible, or than the over-all interests of Canada in its rapid economic development would make desirable. American companies are typically not interested in foreign investment *per se*, but only as it constitutes a necessary means of attaining other objectives: control over sources of supply, a controlled market for the output of parent-company domestic plants, exploitation of the opportunities of revenue from brand-names, special processes, and so forth. When the opportunity offers itself, they are frequently happy to dispose of their foreign capital investments and to substitute royalty arrangements, process-licensing, long-term buying and selling-contracts, for ownership. The actual capital investment is often only an early stage of a process whose final culmination is a set of contracts and working-arrangements with local concerns in the foreign countries, or with subsidiary companies which have become largely or wholly locally-owned. If this is not substantially true for Canada, a partial explanation may lie in the fact that until this year the income tax laws of both the United States and Canada penalized the parent-company which owned less than 95 percent of the equity stock of its foreign subsidiaries.

The Commission, however, is probably more interested in Canadian sharing of *control* of American companies operating in Canada than in mere participation in *financing*. This, I fear, would in many cases be a more difficult objective to achieve. The control exercised over its subsidiaries is often very nearly the sole cause of interest of the parent-company in these subsidiaries. Depending on the circumstances, which can have infinite variations, a parent-company may find tolerable anything from only a minority interest to nothing short of complete control. Any attempt to prescribe a general rule under which all foreign-owned Canadian companies would be required to make available to Canadian investors sufficient voting stock to give such investors an effective share in the control of such companies would, I am sure, in many cases either be unworkable or be disruptive of relationships between parent-companies and their subsidiaries which for the most part are harmless and even beneficial to the Canadian economy and which are essential to the continued interest of the parent-companies in the subsidiaries. But I see no weighty objection

to sustained mild pressure by the Canadian Government and by Canadian public opinion on American companies operating in Canada to "Canadianize" their Canadian operations to the limits of obtainable Canadian financial participation, where and to the extent that such Canadianization would not seriously impair the value of these operations to the parent-companies.

The Commission sees as a disadvantage of American control in the petroleum industry that if the American market for Canadian oil should fail to expand, American-controlled companies might "shut-in" their Canadian production for a long time, and shift their withdrawals to reserves in the United States or elsewhere. This is certainly a possibility, but would the situation be any better from the Canadian point of view if the Canadian oil-fields were all Canadian-owned? Not only would there then be no American interest in the current or future production of Canadian oil, but the American companies operating in Canada which are now the main counterweight to the constant efforts of the American "Independents" to obtain government restrictions on the import of oil from any foreign country would then join with the Independents, instead of battling them, as far as imports of oil from Canada were concerned.

The Commission complains that the depletion allowances received by the American oil-companies under the American income-tax laws constitute an unfair handicap to Canadian-controlled companies in the exploration and development of oil-fields and it recommends that corresponding concessions, though not to the same extent, be granted under Canadian income-tax law to Canadian-controlled companies. To the extent that they exceed the actual expenditures on exploration and development, the American depletion-allowances are an outright scandal. I doubt, however, whether they apply to operations in Canada via Canadian-chartered companies. The Commission's objective, in any case, could be met without extending the American corruption to Canadian income-tax law if the excess American depletion allowances were restricted to operations within the United States. It may be that a suggestion along these lines from Canada would meet with a sympathetic reception in Washington. But I wonder whether Alberta feels unhappy about what is in effect American subsidization of Albertan oil-development?

One aspect of American control of Canadian industry may be that it increases the extent to which the Canadian economy is permeated by monopoly. The Commission does not deal with this as a problem, perhaps because of its generally complacent attitude toward monopoly. But many—not all—economists, including some Canadian economists, and many non-economists, regard monopoly as potentially at least a serious problem. The great size of many of the American companies operating in Canada, in relation both to the size of Canadian-owned companies and to the size of the Canadian market, means that both as buyers in Canada and as sellers in Canada a number of these American companies are potentially capable of exercising a significant degree of monopoly power, a greater degree perhaps than they are capable of exercising at home. On the other hand, it is conceivable that in some sectors of the Canadian economy the participation of American-controlled companies augments rather than diminishes the extent of effective competition. The Commission may regard this as one of the disadvantages for Canada of the participation in its economy of American companies, for its only relevant comment runs as follows: "In some instances corporate rivalries in the United States may have led to a more rapid expansion in the manufacturing facilities of subsidiaries than the Canadian market would appear to warrant. As a consequence, the division of the market among an excessive number of firms has accentuated the problems of short production runs for each and raised their costs." I can at least agree with the Commission that in one way or another the operations of American companies in Canada must exercise an important influence on the quality and extent of the competition prevailing in the Canadian market.

The prosperity of Canada's economy depends on the fortunes of its export trade in far greater degree than is the case for most other advanced countries, and to a far greater degree also than is indicated by the ratio of its exports of goods and services to its national income. The dependence of the prosperity of government employees, hairdressers, shop-attendants, and nursemaids on the prosperity of grain-growers, lumbermen, and miners is, person for person, or dollar for dollar, contribution to the statistical "gross national product", much

greater than is the converse dependence. This makes Canadian prosperity highly contingent on export-market trends for Canadian products, with reference both to volume trends and to trends of "terms-of-trade". Canada's exports, moreover, consist predominantly of natural-resources products, and it is the state of the export markets for these products which will for some time at least be the decisive factor in determining the level of Canadian economic well-being. This in turn makes Canada's prosperity peculiarly dependent on commercial policy; on its own commercial policy as it affects the competitive status of the production costs of Canadian primary products, and as it influences, or misses the chance of influencing, foreign, chiefly American, commercial policy with respect to Canadian staple exports; and on foreign commercial policy. There is a close and favourable correlation between Canadian prosperity and the American level of consumption of Canadian products. The possibility that adverse American commercial policy may spoil that relationship is a consideration to which, I fear, the Commission in its general optimism, in its reliance on statistical projections of past trends, and in its neglect of the export-promotion aspects of commercial policy, has given less thought than it deserves. At this very moment, the American trends of thought and of action with respect to imports of copper, lead, zinc, petroleum, nickel, are not such as to be encouraging to Canadian producers of these commodities.

The Commission has also, perhaps, given insufficient emphasis to the extent to which American enterprise in Canada has contributed to the development of export markets, and especially the American export market, for Canadian products. In 1955, the total imports of the United States from Canada amounted to \$2,675 millions. Of these imports, \$1,751 millions, or 65 percent, consisted of the following thirteen selected commodities: crude oil, newsprint, copper, sawmill products, paper base stocks, nickel, iron ore, aluminum, lead, fertilizers, zinc, silver, asbestos. Of these \$1,751 millions, \$940 millions, or 54 percent, were imports from American-owned sources of supply in Canada. These \$940 millions constituted 35 percent of the total imports of all commodities by the United States from Canada. (U.S. Department of Commerce, *Survey of Current Business*, August 1956,

p 24). These American imports were in undoubtedly large though apparently unknown measure purchases by parent-companies from their Canadian subsidiaries. No doubt there was no possible or no satisfactory alternative source for many of them, notably nickel and asbestos. But were it not for American enterprise operating in Canada, much of the Canadian sources would not have been developed. Also, as I have already pointed out in connection with petroleum, the absence or the moderation of American import restrictions was in significant part the consequence of the influence which American business operating in Canada was in a position to exercise on Congress and on American public opinion.

The Commission sets forth a list of desirable objectives for the operations of foreign-controlled concerns in Canada. First, "wherever possible", these concerns should employ Canadians in senior positions. As I have already pointed out, the Commission agrees that this is "not much of a problem". The Commission also recommends that "wherever possible" American-controlled companies operating in Canada "should do their purchasing of supplies, materials and equipment in this country". Depending on what meaning is to be given to "whenever possible", a "Buy Canadian" limitation for American concerns which invest in Canada in order to extend their market for American-produced parts or other ingredients, or to export to third countries, could involve the complete destruction of all incentive to extend or even maintain their Canadian operations. It could be a serious disincentive to Canadian operations by American companies even when their main Canadian activity is producing for the American market. Surely Canada is not in urgent need of private tariffs in addition to the official one, and if it needs more restriction to imports than already exists, it would be healthier to have its extent and its administration prescribed and controlled by Parliament, rather than left in private hands.

The Commission recommends as a second objective that foreign concerns operating in Canada should publish their financial statements and make "full disclosure" therein of their Canadian operations. This may sound like a simple and harmless suggestion. If it is remembered however, that much of the "full disclosure" would relate to the

transactions between parent-companies and subsidiaries, that privacy here serves important business motives, and that accounting for subsidiaries is largely determined rather by special purposes and convenience than by professional or legal rules, vigorous pursuit of this objective could involve more than trifling inconvenience and irritation, especially if the rules were applied only to foreign-owned subsidiaries. I can see no valid objection, however, to a Canadian requirement that *all* concerns operating in Canada report on a confidential basis to the appropriate official authorities all the information relating to operations in Canada that is requested, although I would suppose that such is already regular practice.

The Commission also recommends that the larger Canadian subsidiaries of foreign concerns should sell some of their equity stock to Canadians and should include some "independent Canadians" on their boards of directors. I have already commented on this proposal and will add here only that any attempt to enforce this would, as in the case of "full disclosure" by subsidiaries, open up a host of problems connected with the variety of complex patterns of relationship between "outsiders" and "insiders" in the direction of the modern business corporation.

The Commission has in mind, I think, counsel rather than precept in making these proposals. It does however flirt with the idea of using more than moral suasion to obtain acceptance of the proposals. "It might not be unreasonable, in the opinion of the Commission" that tax concessions be given to responding companies. I am no enthusiast for the use of taxes for extraneous purposes. Such use may serve these purposes well, but it can do a lot of damage to the tax structure. But is there not something even more important involved here which the Commission may have overlooked? The United States has for years been working, through bilateral and multilateral treaty negotiations, to obtain wide acceptance of an international code of "national treatment", with respect to taxation and other matters, of foreign-owned business. Canada itself has interests abroad, in Brazil, in Mexico, in the West Indies, and elsewhere, which could suffer—upon occasion in the past, have suffered—from non-observance of such a code. I have been under the impression that Canada has in the past been a strong

supporter of the principle of non-discrimination. The merits of the principle, as general principle, should in any case suffice to prevent departure from it in particular instances from being made casually as if nothing of consequence was involved.

This is but one instance in which the general tone of the Report is decidedly nationalist. There is no reference anywhere in the Report, I believe, to O.T.C., G.A.T.T., multilateralism, most-favoured-nation treatment, foreign aid, or any of the other agencies, international codes and symbols associated with that pursuit of the dream of freer and fairer world trade in which Canada, in close partnership with the United States, prominently participated from the late 1930's onward. There is only casual positive reference, with relation exclusively to the fisheries, to the possibility that brighter prospects for Canadian exports may be procurable through international negotiations, bilateral or multilateral.

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With respect to the Canadian tariff, there is support for the *status quo* as a whole, but with no specific suggestions of any reductions and with recommendations for increasing the protective efficacy of the tariff which may be of some consequence. There are in the Canadian tariff provisions with respect to "end-use" of imports and to imports of commodities "of a class or kind not made in Canada," which permit their exemption from duties to which they would otherwise be subject. The Commission disapproves of them without saying why. The Commission recommends a return to the past rigor of administration of the Canadian anti-dumping legislation, in ignorance, I hope, of the full nature of that rigor, of the abuses associated with it, and of the circumstances which led Canada, by international agreement, to limit the discretion of its customs officials in assessing anti-dumping duties without regard to the existence, or, if it existed, the extent, of dumping in connection with specific imports.

Unhappy about the extent to which Canada's exports consist of unprocessed raw materials, the Commission tentatively recommends systematic control of export of oil, gas, hydro power, and minerals, with the objective, in part, of inducing their further processing before

export. I see no difference in principle between restrictions on imports and restrictions on exports. In practice, however, export restrictions are liable to run into great difficulties, such as damping down domestic production, and inciting foreign retaliatory or defensive measures. It is not therefore an accident that even highly-protectionist countries, on the whole, make little use of export restrictions as a means of inducing more processing before export.

In the special Canadian-American setting, it needs once more to be remembered that were it not for the American investment the Canadian production of the raw material would often not be going on, that the investment is often made solely in order to obtain unprocessed raw materials for processing in the American plants of the investors, and that if the possibility of importing these materials in raw form from Canada were to be shut off, there would often not be an American market for the same materials in processed form. Beyond this, if the foreign importer of materials has considerable choice as to where to buy, export restrictions may make him go elsewhere for his supplies. If, on the other hand, he is for one reason or another without substantial freedom to choose where he will buy, he will regard the export restrictions as an unfair exploitation of his situation, and will react strongly to the extent of his power and influence. Where it is import restrictions in the importing country, however, which cause the commodities in question to be exported in unprocessed form, there is a proper field for hard bargaining between exporting country and importing country, and this, I should think, would always be a desirable procedure before unilateral action is resorted to. If the result of such bargaining would be the agreement that the processing should take place there where the market forces would locate it in the absence of either export restrictions on the raw materials or import duties on the processed product that would in general be, to my mind, the ideal outcome.

The Commission, however, is of a different mind. It accepts it as not a matter for debate in Canada, and as a proposition sufficiently axiomatic as not to require any endeavour of any consequence to support it by argument, that in general it is in the interest of a country—or at least of Canada—to produce at home rather than import the

manufactured products it consumes and to export its products in processed form. I regretfully find myself obliged to concede that in all probability opinion not only in Canada but generally would predominantly approve its stand. I will refrain, therefore, from preaching my qualified version of the free-trade doctrine, and will confine myself to one aspect of the question, where some data presented by the Commission have aroused my curiosity as to their bearing, in the opinion of the Commission, on the general issue.

The Commission states that "in terms of real output per man-hour the performance of Canadian secondary manufacturing industry as a whole is perhaps 35 per cent below that of the United States" and that in manufacturing Canadian wages are on the average 25 per cent lower than American wages. The Commission attributes these facts to the absence of the economies of large-scale production in Canada, because of the smallness of the market and the largeness of the numbers of firms operating in it. All of its relevant recommendations, nevertheless, are designed to encourage or induce an increased allocation of Canadian resources to secondary manufacturing. I know of no competent study of economies of scale which justifies belief that they can contribute as much as the Commission thinks to low-cost production. But assuming the facts to be as stated, and assuming also that Canadian labour and capital resources have limits to their supply and are normally fully or nearly fully employed, what then is the special virtue in secondary manufactures, which makes it sound policy to divert to them resources which can be employed in primary production where the economies of scale can be exploited to the full? Or what the special disadvantages of drawing water and hewing wood, to state the alternative in the presumptively pejorative terms traditionally invoked by Canadian protectionists?

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The Preliminary Report, expressly or by implication, concerns itself largely with Canadian-American economic relations, and I have concentrated on these even more in my review of the Report. I think this is as it should be, for on these relations depends, to a degree not easily over-estimated, Canadian economic well-being. Geography has

decreed that the Canadian and American economies shall be inextricably knit together. There is no avenue of escape from this, even if such escape were urgently to be sought by either country.

When two nations are in such intimate economic contact, it is inevitable that differences of interest, real and imagined, should continuously arise. The relations between the two peoples are such, however, that it will always be good policy for both of them frankly to explore and to discuss such differences with a view to their resolution. On both sides of the line, men are on the whole willing to be reasonable, and reasonable men will not "spin a muckle pirn out of a wee tait of tow". (In a Queen's University journal, this should not require translation.)

As for the United States, the sheer size of its economy imposes on it a special obligation to maintain awareness of its neighbours, their interests, and their specially sensitive points. It is generally conscious of this, I think, but it does have its lapses. Although the Canadian economy is of importance to the United States, as export market, as source of supplies, as field for investment, as joint-owner of international waterways and hydro power sources, and as joint exploiter of fisheries, Americans are capable of forgetting their common concerns with Canada, while Canadians cannot forget their involvements with their giant neighbour.

The United States, moreover, tends to take so for granted its own goodwill towards Canada and Canadian goodwill towards itself that Canada sometimes tends to be incorporated subconsciously or with friendly intent within its own national boundaries. The extent to which for Canadians the Canadian-American boundary is a full-fledged international boundary, with normal economic and sentimental significance is overlooked or underestimated. Americans need in some measure still to be educated to the fact that Canadian nationalism is a live and lusty reality, having most of the characteristics associated with nationalism in general, and that one must never underestimate the power of a nationalism chafing under real or imagined grievances. On the Canadian side, there is need of better understanding of the structure of American political institutions and of the processes of American politics, not of ideal design for the

conduct of international relations, and need also of resigned submission to the fact of life that in the normal course of events Canada will never loom as large in the American political consciousness as the United States does in the Canadian one.

Given these facts, and given the importance to Canada of Canadian-American economic relations, it may well be that the routine procedures of diplomatic intercourse are insufficient to assure Canada that its legitimate interests get the attention and the understanding which they need and deserve or that the large stock of goodwill towards Canada which exists in the United States gets sufficient opportunity for specific expression in good works. There may be a place, therefore, for a new diplomatic link between the two countries, a joint agency, charged with the duties of keeping under constant survey economic matters of common interest to the two countries, and of instructing, guiding, and prodding the two governments when differences need resolution and common programs need formulation and joint administration.

There already exists on paper a Joint United States-Canada Commission on Trade and Economic Affairs. It appears, however, to be somnolent, and given its present form I would regard it as doubtful that disturbing its slumbers would be to much purpose. The Joint Commission suffers from the excessively high rank of its members, who are bound to be too preoccupied with their other responsibilities to give to Canadian-American economic relations the kind of sustained and detailed attention which it seems to me is called for. The type of agency I have in mind would have a permanent staff, large enough and qualified enough to hold a watching brief over the whole range of Canadian-American economic relations. To such an agency the Gordon Report would provide a rich set of questions to start working on, but to be worked on in the style of a Canadian-American dialogue rather than of a monologue.

An Offence Unto Charity

—Personal Reflections on a National Attitude—

by

WALTER E. SWAYZE

"Canadians will suffer whenever we use anti-Americanism as a cloak for our own ignorance, whenever we use American institutions and policies as a scape-goat for our own sins of omission, whenever we blame American inventiveness and energy for what is really our own lack of vision." Professor Swayze here presents a persuasive plea for a more mature attitude toward "some of our warmest, best, and most valuable friends".

There is another offence unto Charity, which no Author hath ever written of, and few take notice of; and that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries, and conditions, but of whole Nations, wherein by opprobrious Epithets we miscall each other, and by an uncharitable Logick, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all. . . . It is as bloody a thought in one way, as Nero's was in another; for by a word we wound a thousand, and at one blow assassine the honour of a Nation.

Sir Thomas Browne (ca. 1635)

Dr. Hilda Neatby's criticism of Canadian education, reports of the extent of American capital investment in Canada, the construction of the Dewline, the resignation of Mr. Frank A. Tinker, United States Vice-Consul at Toronto, the suicide of the late Mr. Herbert Norman, the debate on the Trans-Canada Pipe Line bill, the current Canadian wheat surplus, and dozens of other apparently unrelated matters of the last few years have at least one thing in common: Each has been the occasion for a spate of articles, addresses, and editorials dealing with relations between Canada and the United States. In turn, the bulk and the nature of this comment have occasioned, from time to time, further comment on "the current wave of anti-Americanism" in Canada. The most casual acquaintance with North American

history should settle the fact that this note of concern is not new, and Sir Thomas Browne was aware of the general class of phenomena to which much of this feeling belongs well before there was a Canada or a United States.

There is little reason to believe that this general concern over national identities and national influences will not continue, and no reason why it should not. Never before, perhaps, have intelligent Canadians been under a sterner and more urgent obligation to scrutinize the values they profess to hold and to make unflinching judgments according to those values. And never, perhaps, have they had a greater obligation to examine critically their relationship to the United States of America in all its aspects — military, economic, diplomatic cultural, and so on. Each adjective suggests a new crisis demanding judgment. But in each of these areas, judgment is likely to be clouded, even perverted, by our unawareness of a moral and semantic failing—our habitual use of the epithet *American*, not merely as a pejorative term, but as a term of outright abuse. And this is where Sir Thomas Browne's point comes in.

Sir Thomas calls the "reproach . . . of whole Nations" an "offence unto Charity," but analyzes its operation in semantic terms. Certainly the relation between moral and spiritual values and semantics is a close one. Most of the Parables are exercises in semantics. It is useless to talk about loving one's neighbour as oneself and relating that love to love of God unless one knows the referent of *neighbour*, unless one knows what, exactly, in human experience, the word *neighbour* refers to. In the Parable of the Good Samaritan the priest and the Levite committed an "offence unto Charity" by passing by on the other side, but they did so probably because they were ignorant of the point of the drama in which they were actors, namely, that the beaten, robbed, scarcely recognizable specimen of humanity lying in the dirt was really their neighbour. Similarly, most of the Parables of the Kingdom are attempts to render a dangerously abstract term concrete by showing that the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a number of unmistakably recognizable ingredients of common human experience. I am not suggesting any naïve equation of knowledge and virtue, nor advocating a course in elementary semantics as

a cure-all for the moral chaos of much of modern life. But some who had ears to hear did hear the Parables and acted accordingly, and semantics frequently serves an almost evangelical function today. However that may be, even if much anti-American feeling in Canada is capable of semantic diagnosis, the feeling is still an "offence unto Charity" and carries serious consequences.

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In terms of physical appearance and of intellectual, moral, religious, and social climate I have found greater differences between neighbourhoods a couple of miles apart in Winnipeg than I have found between either of these neighbourhoods and corresponding neighbourhoods in American cities two thousand miles from Winnipeg and several hundred miles from each other. Suburbia is Suburbia on either side of the border. Yet to many of us Canadians, life south of the Unguarded Frontier (which incidentally, is jealously, zealously, but somewhat capriciously defended by the thinnest of thin skins) is perfectly homogeneous and quite unlike anything to the north of it. We Canadians have a habit of bristling when any outsider or expatriate tries to characterize Canada at all. We restrain our sneers with difficulty when visitors or former visitors reveal their belief that all Canada is an extension of Quebec City, or Toronto, or Kenora, or Prince Rupert, or when they praise Canadian education on the basis of Canada's one university—McGill, somehow situated in Toronto. Few of us, few Montrealers especially, would be anything but furious if someone should attempt to draw a portrait of the Canadian National Character (whatever that hypothetical entity may really look like) in terms of the Montreal hockey riots or the recent outbursts of violence in connection with certain elections. But Canadians, intelligent, informed Canadians, make similar evaluations of the United States, its leaders, its education, its intellectual and moral climate almost daily.

In over seven years of living in the United States and several subsequent visits I have had hundreds of experiences of Americans hypostatizing a Canadian stereotype ridiculously at variance with the multiplicity and variety of my own experiences of Canada, but rarely

has this stereotype been unflattering, never hostile or malicious. Yet many of us Canadians rarely use the word *American* except in terms of a stereotype that is viciously untrue even to our own experience of what constitutes American. Those of us who consider ourselves the intelligentsia are frequently the worst offenders. The Average Citizen is likely to be quite happy with his American automobile, American movies, American vacations, and American attitudes, until an anti-American headline jars his composure for a day or two. From time to time intelligent discussions of Canadian attitudes to the United States do appear in *Maclean's* editorials, in the university quarterlies, such as Mason Wade's article in the *Queen's Quarterly* two years ago, and in government reports such as those of the Massey and the Fowler Royal Commissions. On the whole, however, the tone of discussion of American institutions and culture in Canadian faculty common rooms and clubs, and in private homes of Canadian academicians and other professional men is so violently, irrationally anti-American that an accurate transcript of the conversation would not be acceptable dialogue in a third-rate problem novel, because the credibility of the characters would be irreparably damaged—another proof of the wisdom of Aristotle's preference for the probable over the possible in literature.

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Actual examples are likely to be so bizarre as to seem pointless, but one must begin somewhere. Years ago when I was doing graduate work at Yale, my wife and I received a letter from an academic friend who knew something of Canada and of England, but nothing of the United States. After the usual anti-American tirade, he expressed the hope that we would soon be able to leave that Sahara of mad materialism and return to a place that had some "real culture". The question of definition may be important. However, there we had daily access to a library many times the size of the largest Canadian library; a faculty whose annual list of scholarly publications might compare favourably in quantity and quality with the entire output of all Canadian colleges and universities, and yet a faculty which enjoyed a most stimulating personal relationship with their students; schools of

art, music, and drama that equalled the best on the continent; a famous permanent art collection containing a large number of thirteenth and fourteenth century Italian paintings, plus frequent exhibitions of the best in contemporary painting and drawing; regular concerts of mediaeval and renaissance music on a unique collection of antique musical instruments, and frequent recitals of contemporary music, often fresh from the pens of composers who, like Paul Hindemith, were permanent members of the faculty, or who were present for the occasion; experimental dramatic productions of classics from Sophocles to Goethe to Shaw, plus productions of unusual items such as an unforgettable one of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*, and productions of original student plays that have since become hits on Broadway and in Hollywood. T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, W. H. Auden, Wallace Stevens, Malcolm Cowley, Lennox Robinson, Arnold Toynbee, Dame Edith and Sir Osbert Sitwell, and Barker Fairley are only some of the guest lecturers we heard in the course of a few months. We probably missed an equal number of similarly eminent guests because we could not take in everything.

Here were groups of undergraduates whose writing was already being published in leading "quality" magazines and who were founding new "little" magazines and keeping them alive as long as such organs usually last. Our Anglophile friend might not have been impressed with the athletic records established and continually broken by these undergraduates, but I am certain that he would have been impressed with their enthusiasm for music. From the Yale Glee Club and the Whiffenpoofs down, everyone seemed to sing. Perhaps the Connecticut liquor laws helped the situation, but night after night, whether one was passing Mory's or a college common room, or one of dozens of local bars and restaurants, one would hear singing, singing, singing, and usually fine singing.

Here was a community with a sense of its roots. Local historical groups flourished, and libraries, museums, historical markers, restored homes, and annual ceremonies on the New Haven Green, in addition to the enthusiasm of non-academic citizens, gave the newcomer a sense of the past that one can rarely get in an English-Canadian city. And half a block from the campus was the Shubert, where the new

plays and musicals "tried out" for one week before going to Broadway, and where for a relatively small fee one could see twenty or more new professional dramatic productions a year, if one had the time and the money. Of course, local residents while proud of their university and their city, complained of the difficulty of maintaining community cultural undertakings because of the overpowering cultural attractions of such neighbouring cities as New York and Boston.

Above all, Yale stands out in my mind as a community in which every individual counted, in which the atmosphere seemed to breed not merely friendliness, helpfulness, and generosity—in every sense of the term—in a general way, but also deep, dynamic, lasting personal friendships. And Matthew Arnold, for one, held that the quality of personal and social relationships is one index of culture.

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Yale, of course, cannot be used to represent any American average, but it does represent one large and significant area of American culture. Some American colleges and universities are travesties of any reputable concept of higher education, and there are enough mediocre institutions to depress the most optimistic educator. But few Canadians are aware of the hundreds of good American institutions that quietly and unassumingly do well the work they have been doing, for generations, in some cases, without their names ever reaching Canadian headlines. At conventions of American learned societies again and again I have been delighted by a paper read by a scholar whose name I had never heard, from an institution that was equally unknown. At Yale I met dozens of graduates of institutions totally unknown to me, many of them with enviable undergraduate preparation. And at William and Mary, while I had my share, as I have had elsewhere, of bewildered duffers who might still be virtually clueless after repeated attempts at a first-year course, I had students from the high schools of several states and from every region of the country who would compare favourably with students I have taught in Ontario and Manitoba. Certainly there are cultural Saharas and educational Limboes south of the border, but we Canadians know that they exist chiefly through the vehement and deter-

mined protests of articulate, informed Americans who want to do something drastic about them. The wholesale indictments of American education that we Canadians indulge in from time to time are usually uninformed or unconsidered, and are always uncharitable and immoral.

The same oversimplification of judgment applies in other areas. Take McCarthyism for example. No one can deny the continuing presence—and the menace—in the United States of the mind and temperament that produced McCarthyism, but no one has denounced it and resisted it more courageously, articulately, and confidently than Americans themselves. The tradition of individual freedom and individual responsibility is no minor tradition, but the dominant one. At the height of the late Senator McCarthy's influence and power, two distinguished professors at Harvard conducted a country-wide solicitation for funds for the express purpose of defeating Senator McCarthy and his colleagues. The roster of universities and other organization that resisted all attempts to limit freedom of thought and expression by arbitrary means is far more impressive than the list of those that capitulated. The American Association of University Professors, which investigates all reported cases of infringement of academic freedom and tenure and censures the administrations of institutions in which "unsatisfactory conditions of academic freedom have been found to prevail", and is not afraid to blacklist such giants as the University of California, Ohio State, and Rutgers, for example, nor too proud to investigate complaints in the most obscure little colleges imaginable, had nine institutions on its censured list as of April, 1957, and had members in over a thousand "approved institutions" in continental United States.

For years Virginia has been a one-party state, and within that party, the "Byrd Machine" has been largely without effective opposition. A few years ago, several members of the faculty of one of the state colleges campaigned actively against a machine candidate, with the result that for the first time in a long political career he was almost unseated. When the state legislature convened, this member introduced a bill which would make it illegal for any state employee and any member of the faculty of a state college to take part in election campaigns. With practically no debate the bill was laid on the table.

As the next election approached, faculty members and students alike engaged in public debate on current campaign issues. I could multiply examples from personal knowledge, but to many of us Canadians, *American* means reactionary authoritarianism and complete loss of academic freedom. A few of us might do well to consider whether or not the great concern voiced in the liberal American press over the threat to freedom of thought and individual liberty might not be a sign of strength, rather than of danger.

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Race relations in the American South are the subject of much heated discussion in Canadian common rooms, living rooms, newspapers, and journals. Having lived in the South for four years, I have experienced the humiliating and inhuman absurdities of segregation, including a fifteen-foot palisade down the centre of a drive-in theatre, the polite, worried refusal by a coloured caretaker to wash his hands in my bathroom which he had just repaired, and the sending of all coloured help, male and female, from all over a college campus, to segregated washroom facilities adjoining the dressing room of a gymnasium for white Southern ladies. But I know that almost everyone involved in these situations, regardless of colour, considered them outmoded absurdities. I have read several hundred "themes" or essays written by white Southern students on various aspects of the racial question, and with the most determined effort of memory I can recall only one that was anti-negro, anti-integration. When the first coloured graduate student was admitted under a Supreme Court ruling that forced the college to admit him if equal coloured facilities were not available for him elsewhere in the state, he was welcomed by students and faculty alike. When a local chapter of the AAUP discussed the feasibility of regional meetings with delegates from neighbouring coloured institutions, the only objection raised came from a venerable, white-haired, devout Methodist from northern Ohio. (No one who is at all interested in the race problem in the American South should fail to read "Segregation and the Professor," by Iredell Jenkins, Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Alabama, in the Spring, 1957, number of the *AAUP Bulletin*.)

Allowing for a certain amount of reaction and even atavism, most of my students of a few years ago, along with their contemporaries elsewhere and their successors, are now giving intelligent, tactful support to racial integration and seeking humane solutions to the accompanying problems. Regarding a totally different segment of society, a labour organizer with several years' experience in the mill towns of the Carolinas has assured me that wherever the Southern white worker has been given a reasonable amount of economic security, antipathy toward the coloured worker has diminished rapidly and has frequently almost disappeared when the coloured worker has been given the same measure of security as the white worker and is no longer exploited as an indirect means of exploiting the white worker also.

I am not denying the strength of violent racial hatreds in the South, the complexity of the problems involved in integration, nor the disquieting trend of legislative reaction on state and federal levels to recent decisions of the Supreme Court. But I do know that millions of Americans in the South as well as in the North are working quietly, tirelessly, even heroically, toward the reduction of these hatreds and the solution of these problems, and few of these people appreciate the gratuitous, self-righteous moralizing and advice that characterize the editorial utterances of the Canadian intelligentsia, undergraduate and graduate. A more persistent concern with our own attitudes to our Indians and our Eskimos might do more good on both sides of the border.

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Few of us Canadians know the American scene at all well, and far too many of us, whether we know what we are talking about or not, fall into the habit of using the word *American* to denote only the worst aspects of our subject. The result is often a complete lack of logic and of good manners. Canadians who have done years of graduate work and even post-doctoral study in American universities and libraries, supported by American fellowships and grants-in-aid of research (or Canadian fellowships and grants provided partially or even largely by American foundations), whose articles have been

published in American journals and whose books have been published by American presses, who have relied on American learned societies for much of their professional association, who have dozens of outstanding works of American scholarship on their recommended reading lists for every course they teach, and who are proud to have their best students accepted by American graduate schools, may still find themselves talking in derisive terms of American education and American scholarship, as if nothing on earth were more ridiculous. One good friend recently said in impatience, "This is the third *American* text that I've received in the last few weeks that is very badly written. Listen to this!" Perhaps these American texts were badly written. But the same friend had been most enthusiastic about several other American works that we had discussed in recent months, and he never used the abusive epithet *American* in connection with any of them.

What is true of scholarship is true of almost everything else. Good movies are never connected with Hollywood. Mediocre or bad ones always are. Elvis Presley and Bill Haley are *American*, even though English teenagers "dig" them more violently than their American counterparts, but the New York Philharmonic-Symphony is just a good orchestra, as are a dozen or so others. The Berkshire Music Festival and similar festivals of music and dance are rarely called *American*—by many Canadians. (In the interests of fair dealing and good relations the Canadian Government Travel Bureau has found it wise to point out repeatedly to American visitors that the word *Imported* on price cards and in advertisements usually means "Made in the United States of America".)

American is often applied to things that are strange and therefore suspect, but which are not really or necessarily American at all. Spellings, pronunciations, idioms, grammatical conventions listed in the strictly British *Oxford English Dictionary* are frequently condemned as *American* by vigorous but poorly informed purists who have been brought up on or have grown accustomed to American preferences without being aware of the fact. What is true of language is true of other matters. Many of these are insignificant in themselves, and it may seem petty even to mention them, but they are all related to an

important issue. As I said at the beginning, an offence unto charity is not without consequences. Presumably the man who fell among thieves was eventually better off than the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side. The United States is a hardy nation and will not suffer any decline and fall because of anti-American feeling in Canada. But Canadians will suffer, and not because we make an American vice-consul feel that he is unwanted and that his nation is slighted, or because other Americans are offended. Canadians will suffer whenever we use anti-Americanism as a cloak for our own ignorance, whenever we use American institutions and policies as a scapegoat for our own sins of omission, whenever we blame American inventiveness and energy for what is really our own lack of vision. Again and again contempt for an articulate American patriotism goes hand in hand with a complete lack of faith in Canada.

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This is no plea for blind and abject capitulation to American influences, for acceptance of all American values. It is a plea for us to get to know what we are really talking about whenever we use the epithet *American*, to get to know facts as well as we can before we try to pass judgment on them. Once we really understand a certain situation, the more critical we are, the better. Then, perhaps, we can break the all-too prevalent habit of loudly condemning a certain aspect of American life and then hailing the same thing as progressive Canadianism a few months or a few years later. As the Canadian economy expands, as Canadian national consciousness gains greater self-awareness and articulateness, as Canadian influence in international affairs becomes greater, the constant revaluation of all aspects of our relationship with the United States becomes more and more imperative. Continual self-righteousness, superior boorishness will rob us of the friendship, guidance, and support of some of our warmest, best, and most valuable friends and keep us from understanding our own strengths and weaknesses. Uncritical yielding to American pressure is bound to be dangerous, whether the pressures be good or bad in themselves, and similarly, an uncritical or hypercritical hostility to everything that is or is considered to be American

can be equally dangerous. It may be human nature to despise or resent Americans for being efficient, successful, powerful, or impressive; it may be human nature to feel superior every time we read or hear of corruption, ignorance, cruelty, or stupidity south of the border, regardless of corresponding deficiencies in our own backyard; but it is not usually very helpful.

We must try to form and retain some picture of the incredible variety, the unexpected paradoxes and blatant contradictions of American life and culture. In doing so, we must remember that like the citizens of all other mature, free nations, Americans have a gift for self-criticism of the most penetrating sort, a genius for washing their own dirty linen in public. We must be prepared to acknowledge and praise virtues, whether they be American or not, because they are virtues, and condemn vices in the same way and for similar reasons. And before making judgments, we must remember the mote and the beam and remind ourselves that censure abroad rarely remedies failings at home. By admitting the excellence of eminent Americans and American organizations and institutions, we shall not be belittling the stature and the achievements of eminent Canadians and Canadian institutions. Rather, we shall heighten the value of our praise by proving that we can judge according to standards that remain standards in spite of the emotional boundaries of nation, race, and creed.

As we mature as a nation we must, as we are doing in an ever-increasing number of important fields, firmly insist on taking over responsibility for things that the United States has done well for us and is still doing well, simply because we cannot achieve and maintain our own individuality as a nation if we do not do such things. If we have to make demands or protests, they will be more effective if they are not accompanied by hysterical finger-pointing and self-righteous smugness.

Right now, whether we like the situation or not, some of the strongest influences on Canadian life and thought are American. There is no doubt about that. But there is no doubt that a careful scrutiny and evaluation of those influences and of comparable areas of our own life and thought will help us make the greatest steps toward our own maturity as a nation.

The Eleventh Hour

—A True Story—

by

PETER PECHEL

Dr. Rudolph Pechel as editor of the influential, liberal Deutsche Rundschau managed, with remarkable ingenuity and heroism, to keep his publication alive through the early days of Nazi censorship. The long arm of tyranny finally thrust him into a concentration camp. Here is his son's moving account of his father's rescue just before "death march" orders were issued to the prisoners.

. . . "must not leave the camp alive".

That was on the card which was sent with my father to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp near Oranienburg from the Gestapo prison in Prince Albrecht Street in Berlin. "Must not leave the camp alive"—a somewhat laboured circumlocution for what is commonly called a death-sentence.

I sometimes tell my English friends this story, just to make clear to them how complex and many-sided life can be even behind the monotonous facade of a totalitarian state. People who have always had the good fortune to live in freedom usually find that difficult to understand.

It began in April 1942. My father, the editor of a well known periodical, was arrested by the Gestapo and, after long imprisonment during a protracted trial, was sent to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp near Oranienburg. At that time I was in a Berlin hospital with a wound which I had received fighting before Moscow in the winter of 1941. Needless to say, my mother and I pulled every wire we could in an attempt to secure my father's release. Needless to say, too, we had no success. To be sure, we were treated quite correctly. The Gestapo officials, all of them types which we at the front called 'stay-at-home fighters', were decidedly polite to me, they even seemed slightly embarrassed when they faced me; after all, I was a wounded

soldier and, as the fine title ran in those days, an 'honorary citizen of the nation'. As long as I was in hospital, I could see my father once a month, we were allowed to write to him once a month, to send him a parcel once a month, and once a month too, to receive a letter from him—however, when I broached the subject of my father's release, it was as if I were trying to get a grip of cotton-wool. The officials were evasive and silent.

Time passed. I went back to the front again, first to Russia, then to France, where the invasion began soon afterwards. Whenever I returned on leave, my first trip was to the headquarters of the security police, where I asked for permission to speak to my father. This was usually granted. O, yes! All that was regulated, and went according to orders. As a soldier on leave from the front, I was entitled to visit my father in the concentration camp; after all, I was defending with my life that same state which had imprisoned my father for writing the truth about the System in his journal. I don't need to tell you how bitter my feelings were at that time. You can imagine them well enough. But, let me say this: My superiors and my comrades, knowing of my father's fate, helped me whenever they could. All of them were men who were doing their duty as soldiers, but men too who, like the majority of the German army at the front, were not great National Socialists.

One day in December 1944 shortly before the Ardennes offensive began, I received word that I was to report at once to such and such a headquarters staff in Berlin. When I arrived, I found a general under whom I had once served as aide-de-camp. He had asked for my transfer to his staff, and had brought me to Berlin, so that I might make every effort to get my father out of the concentration camp. As he said, there was not much more time, the end of the war would not be long delayed, and one could never know what last desperate measures the men in power might take. I owe it to this man that my father is still alive to-day.

I took up my duties in Berlin. In the few hours when I was not on duty and when there were no air-raid alarms, I tried again, and in the most diverse ways, to secure my father's release—always in vain. Time was pressing, there was greater and greater urgency, March

came, the first days of April 1945 passed over the land, the Russians were on the Oder—and still I had accomplished nothing. To be sure, I had noticed that the Gestapo officials with whom I had to deal were growing more and more polite and more and more talkative. They no longer felt secure; they were beginning to reflect about their fate after the war—and their reflections were apparently not very pleasant. It was their obvious feeling of insecurity which suggested quite a new idea to me. I had to gamble on the fears of the Gestapo, on their anxiety about the future—and I must not waste any more time on petty officials, or even officials of middle rank, but must risk everything and penetrate to the top.

It was a desperate idea, but it was a desperate situation, and, therefore, I decided to carry it out. On one of the first days of April—I think it was the eighth—I called up the headquarters of the security police and asked for Obergruppen-Fuehrer Mueller's adjutant. Obergruppenfuehrer* Mueller of the S.S. was the Chief of the Secret Police of the Gestapo and was feared and hated; 'bloody Mueller' people called him, for he had on his hands the blood of innumerable innocent men and women. When the adjutant came to the telephone, I gave my name, added that I was attached to the Supreme Command of the army, on such and such a staff, and had important military information to give to the Obergruppenfuehrer. I asked whether the latter could see me on the following day. After a brief inquiry, the adjutant told me to come at eleven o'clock in the morning.

I spent the night impressing on my mind exactly what I wanted to say. It was a night full of uncertainty and doubt. But now it too had passed. At eleven o'clock I was standing in the adjutant's room. My heart was beating furiously, pulsing up into my throat. Unobtrusively I felt for the pistol which I carried in my belt. After a short wait the adjutant said: "The Obergruppenfuehrer will see you". A few steps, a door closed behind me, a large room flooded with sunlight, at a desk a thick-set man with strikingly yellow skin and impenetrable, almost black eyes; I was facing bloody Mueller.

* The commander of an 'obergruppe' one of the five main divisions of the select, black-uniformed 'Schutzstaffel'.

My pulse was steady again, the excitement past, I was cold as ice. I knew that this was the decisive moment. My Parent's fate and my own depended on whether I could keep my nerve for the next five minutes or whether I failed. The man opposite me still possessed all the power of the police-state. I stood alone. The fact that I was an army officer was of no consequence. In those days death came quickly in Germany.

Mueller asked me politely what I wanted. I said, with equal politeness, that I wanted the release of my father, the former editor of such and such a periodical, since 1942 confined to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp. "So that is your reason for coming to see me," Mueller said. His eyes narrowed. "I know your father's case. He hates the Third Reich. He has not changed, not even in the concentration camp. Do you think that we are going to set an enemy of National Socialism free?"

I had expected this answer. Now I had to act. The sun was falling obliquely through the large windows. I thought for a fleeting moment that it would be wonderful to be far away, far away from all this, not to have a war, not to have a father in a concentration camp. But that was only for a moment. I turned towards Mueller: "Let us not deceive ourselves, sir," I heard myself saying in a cold, detached voice. "Let us not deceive ourselves. You know what the situation is. I know it. In three weeks at the latest the Russians will be in Berlin. The war will be at an end, and with it the Third Reich. Do you not want to secure a few items to your credit for the time that is coming afterwards? The prospects ahead of you are not pleasant. You need a few credits to balance all that is associated with your name. Will you not release my father after all—and at once?" It was out. I felt utterly wretched. If he rang or called now, there was only my pistol. They should not take me alive. A long silence followed. Perhaps it was one, perhaps even two minutes—I do not know. I had staked everything on one card and did not know if it would win. The little man opposite me still had the power to destroy my father, my mother and me. A call to the adjutant in the next room was all that was needed. But nothing of the sort happened. Suddenly Mueller looked up. He rose. He said: "I will consider it. Call me up to-morrow morning."

I was dismissed. I don't remember how I got out of the building and to my office in Zehlendorf. The extreme tension relaxed, but was immediately succeeded by a new train of feverish thought. Had I really won? Would he set my father free? Or—had that been only a casual remark: he would consider it. Perhaps he had already given the order to watch for me when I went home in the evening and to arrest me. Anything was possible in those April days of 1945. I decided, in any case, to spend the night with friends, in a place where they would scarcely think of looking for me. I did not want to make it easy for the Gestapo to find me.

I spent a sleepless night, the tension was too great. The next morning I must have picked up the telephone receiver at least a dozen times and then dropped it again. The conversation would be, must be, decisive. What was to happen if I received a negative reply? I did not dare think of it. At twelve o'clock I finally called up. Again the adjutant answered. He said only one sentence: "You can call for your father at the camp tomorrow at one." Mechanically I said, "Thank you very much" and hung up. Tomorrow at one o'clock. I had won. In the afternoon I went shopping, used up all my ration stamps, managed to get hold of a bottle of cognac and felt like a child that is looking forward eagerly to Christmas, but yet doesn't quite believe in it. For I was still filled with distrust. "Are you sure that they are not going to let you go to the camp merely so that they can arrest you more easily there? After all, when you are once inside of the camp wall they can do what they like with you." These thoughts were not pleasant and I tried to suppress them, but without altogether succeeding. Again, I spent the night away from home.

In the morning I took the local express and went to Oranienburg. It was one of those brilliant days in the spring of 1945, one of those days on which it was hard to imagine that there was still a war. I walked slowly along the road from the station to the camp. How often I had come here, loaded with packages, on the way to visit my father! Was to-day really to be the last time? Was to-day really the day for which I had waited and worked for three years?

It was hard to realize. As I was going through the gate of the camp and was walking towards the administration building at the left, the thought came over me again, and with full force: "What if all this

is nothing but a devilish trick? What if you are going to have to pay up now for practically trying to extort a promise from the Chief of the Secret Police?"

It was useless to think about that now. I had started something and I had to carry it through. I asked to see the Commandant of the camp and was admitted immediately. A pale man with restless eyes. Suddenly, when I saw him, I was sure. The fellows were really afraid. They foresaw what was ahead of them. I had calculated correctly. "Your father will be here directly," the Commandant said. Through the window came fragments of song. A gang of prisoners was returning from work. They would not have to stay in the camp much longer either. Suddenly the door opened and my father was standing in the room, in an old suit, not in the zebra-striped camp clothing with the red triangle designating a political prisoner, the garb in which I had seen him during the last three years. We embraced. The Commandant said something more; my father was free.

A few minutes later we were hurrying through the camp gate to the station. Father had left the camp alive after all . . .

The New Isolationism and the Eisenhower Doctrine

—An Over-burdened International Camel—

by

CAREY B. JOYNT

The Korean experience resurrected a traditional feature of American foreign policy—isolationism. Does its reappearance explain U.S. attitudes toward the Suez crisis, Eisenhower's Middle East doctrine, and the recent refusal of the Congress to support the President's foreign aid policy?

The world has recently witnessed one of those violent alterations of mood and emphasis so characteristic of democratic diplomacy in general and American diplomacy in particular. In the summer and fall of this past year there were unmistakable signs that a powerful surge of isolationist sentiment was abroad again in the land. Then came the Israel attack upon Egypt, the Anglo-French intervention and Soviet threats to rocket-bomb Britain and France. The President's reaction was to ask Congressional support for the so-called 'Eisenhower Doctrine' by which he would be empowered to give economic assistance to Middle Eastern nations and which would reaffirm his right to use the armed forces of the United States in defence of any Middle Eastern state that asked for America's help against aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism.

Shrewd observers have hailed this new policy as signalling an end to the Geneva spirit of peaceful coexistence between the two giant powers and the resumption of the cold war. Whatever the immediate future of Soviet-American relations may be, there can be little doubt that in his Second Inaugural address President Eisenhower tried in eloquent words to bury, once and for all, what remains of the isolationist spirit in this country. Hence his warning that no nation can escape the "tempest of change and turmoil", that no nation can be a "fortress lone and strong and safe" and that America being deeply involved in the destiny of men everywhere had been "called to act a responsible role in the world's great concerns or conflicts".

The Second Inaugural undoubtedly expresses views shared by a great many well-informed Americans in and out of government. One wonders, however, whether such views are generally held by ordinary folk in the cities and on the farms of America or, at any rate, if alongside such views of America's rôle in the world, there does not exist a very different attitude which might best be called "the new isolationism".

One would expect that, if it did exist, the new version would differ considerably from the older isolationism of the 1930's. For in those seemingly distant days to be an isolationist meant to dislike involvement in the disputes of Europe and of Asia to the point of remaining out of the League of Nations and the passing of neutrality laws designed with the express purpose of keeping America out of war. It meant, again, forthright opposition to political or military commitments and a foreign policy which offered friendship to all nations.

Certainly American foreign policy from 1945-1950 was the complete denial of everything the old isolationism stood for. America not only helped found the United Nations but made a whole series of military alliances covering vast areas of Europe and the Far East. It seemed safe to assume that isolationism as a political force was gone forever. Such judgments have proved to be premature. Isolationism revived once more. Although the new version differed in tone and emphasis from its parent it shared the same cultural roots.

Ironically, the damage done to isolationism by one war was repaired by another struggle. For there can be little doubt that the growth of the new isolationism stems directly from the Korean war in which over thirty-three thousand Americans died in battle and over one-hundred thousand were wounded. As far as many Americans were concerned Korea was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory that if peace was broken anywhere peace everywhere was in danger. Disillusionment with the United Nations security system was profound, and was given unmistakable expression in April, 1954 on the occasion of a speech by Vice-President Nixon at the time of the critical phase of the battle for Dien Bien Phu. Mr. Nixon said that "if, to avoid further Communist expansion in Asia and Indo-China,

we must take the risk now by putting our boys in, I think the Executive has to take the political unpopular position and do it. . . ." This statement was violently opposed by both political parties, most of the press and by public opinion generally. Oddly enough, although the armistice agreements of July 20 partitioning Indo-China were not signed by the United States, they met with considerable criticism in the United States. There was a stubborn refusal to face the ugly fact that France had been unable to carry on the struggle and that the United States government was prevented by public opinion from coming to France's assistance—even though only a few months before President Eisenhower had indicated that Indo-China was the key to South-East Asia's defence and that the latter area, with its rice, rubber and tin, was vital to the defence of the free world.

It took Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal and the British-French intervention to reveal fully the underlying roots of the post-Korean attitude to world problems. In a speech made shortly after the intervention Vice-President Nixon openly rejoiced at the break with Britain and France apparently on the ground that the United States was released from obligations to its Allies and had regained its freedom of action in world affairs.

Now it is a truism that states resent having to coordinate their policies with those of other nations, and at first glance it seems only natural that Mr. Nixon should rejoice in his new found freedom from the necessity of consultation. Unhappily much more is involved. For it can be argued that Mr. Nixon reverted in his speech to an older strain in the American tradition of foreign relations, a trend of thought which is nationalist, anti-European and anti-English. It is opposed to imperialism, colonialism and militarism. This attitude to the world has been well summed-up by Richard Hofstadter:

The traditional American idea had been not that the United States was to lead, rescue or redeem Europe but that it was to take its own people in a totally different direction which Europe was incapable of following. The United States was to be a kind of non-Europe or anti-Europe where European institutions were old, static, decadent, and aristocratic, American institutions were to be modern, progressive moral and democratic.¹

¹ Richard Hofstadter, *The Age of Reform From Bryan to F.D.R.* (New York, 1955), p. 278.

Would it be too daring an hypothesis to suggest that the menace of Hitler and the threat of Communism overbore temporarily this older tradition of foreign policy and forced the United States on precisely the opposite path—the rescue of Europe by the Marshal Plan and N.A.T.O. but that underneath the older attitude remained to emerge again in the aftermath of the Korean struggle and the summit conference at Geneva?

Such a suggestion gains in plausibility if to the Nixon speech is added the slip by John Foster Dulles at a press conference when he referred to Britain and France as the “so-called Colonial powers”, and President Eisenhower’s campaign speech in Philadelphia when, after saying the United States had a special concern for the seven-hundred million people who had won their independence since World War II, he reminded his audience that the United States was born at a time when “the tide of tyranny was running high (and) threatened to sweep the earth. We prevailed and they shall prevail.” This powerful surge of anti-colonial sentiment goes far to make clear why the United States aligned itself in the United Nations on the side of the Soviet Union and against its own allies. This was not a mere gesture of expediency aimed at Arab-Asian opinion but an instinctive reaction which had as its source a strongly held emotional belief lying deep within American culture. It displayed for all the world to see the extreme reluctance of the United States to intervene in the support of its European allies on colonial questions—even though the vital interests of those allies were deeply involved. Indeed, it is not too much to say that anti-colonial feelings were at least partly responsible for the determination of the American government, in the days following the Suez intervention, to use its control of oil supplies to force Britain and France out of the canal zone. Soviet threats to Western Europe in all probability saved the gap in the Atlantic alliance from becoming a gulf too deep to be bridged. The Suez crisis should stand as an awful warning to the N.A.T.O. allies that, under certain circumstances, anti-colonialism can be used to destroy the alliance and drive America either back in upon itself or into outright support of the colonial peoples against their late masters. We may not always be able to count upon Russian stupidity to heal the divisions in our ranks.

Suez also touched upon another source of isolationism, namely: the strong strain of pacifism which is the opposite side of the coin from the belligerent nationalism so characteristic of parts of the older tradition. This pacifism was the backbone of the appeasement period of the thirties. Stifled by World War II it was enormously strengthened by the Korean experience. It fits like the hand fits the glove the present policy of action through the U.N. in the Middle East crisis and support for resolutions aimed at the colonial powers. It helps explain that strain of ambivalence and sometimes outright contradiction in American attitudes to the use of force in international affairs. It helps explain why the President could declare that force was "not a wise and proper instrument for the settlement of international disputes" on October 31 and a few weeks later calmly announce the Eisenhower Doctrine. This ambivalent attitude to the use of force does much to make plain why Mr. Dulles can lecture the N.A.T.O. allies on the importance of "moral force" in world affairs and at the same time see no incongruity in the maintenance by the United States of the most powerful air-force and navy in the world.

The central facet of the new isolationism, however, is neither anti-colonialism nor pacifism as such. It is, at bottom, merely a deep-seated desire to be let alone. The American people have been asked by their leaders, acting under the lash of world events, to go too far too fast for too long. They have been asked to support with their lives collective security in the Far East and with their substance vast aid programs all over the world. The reasons for these activities have been understood by them at best only dimly and often not at all. They are heartily sick of being an international camel, to use the vivid phrase of Arthur Krock. They have been asked to meet what seems to them an endless succession of crises so frequent, so expensive, and so remote from their daily lives that finally they have been numbed by it all.

Closely allied to the above attitude is the incredulity, amounting at times to sheer unbelief, that anything which happens in Suez or other far-off places can really affect the American position in the world. This feeling stems not only from the sense of security created by the vast size and power of the United States, but from a weakening

of the flame of international social consciousness. The sense of obligation to men across the seas, which alone provides the sure foundation for political action, is steadily weakening under the terrific strain to which it has been subjected since 1945. Ample evidence of the new trend was given by congressional action on the foreign-aid bill. Not only did the Senate cut some 845 millions from the measure but the Congress, in spite of the best efforts of the President, refused categorically to vote long-term foreign aid. Indeed, Congress took this grave step against strong Presidential opposition after a very confused debate on a vote which cut across party lines, thus strongly suggesting that the legislators did what they did, not on the merits of the case, but because they were well aware that the people as a whole wished to escape from their burden of responsibility for world leadership.

This gradual change in attitude is a grim reminder of the fact that the sense of social responsibility in modern man has been developed in the context of the nation-state. When this faculty is removed from that context for too long, and when heavy and continuous demands are made upon it, the social commitment begins to wither and die.

The Soviet Union by its brutality in Hungary and by the scale of its penetration in the Middle East ended, temporarily at least, the retreat of America from its responsibilities as leader of the free world. In his Inaugural Address, President Eisenhower, seizing the opportunity afforded him by the Russians, has rededicated America to an active rôle in international affairs. How far the American people will follow him along the path he has outlined will depend in large measure upon the tide of world events and, in particular, upon future Soviet actions.

In any case, whatever the immediate reactions of public opinion may be, no one should be surprised if, at some future date, the new isolationism reappears. For it forms one of the complex cultural strands which go to make up America's total attitude to the world.

The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan

—Man's Earthly Quest—

by

HUGO McPHERSON

One of the few Canadian novelists with an international reputation, Callaghan is only now beginning to receive serious critical acclaim at home. Professor McPherson contends that Callaghan "has given us a modern vision of the human condition which has no parallel in Canadian fiction." The nature of this vision is here fully clarified.

Morley Callaghan's disturbing and powerful novel, *The Loved and the Lost*, dispelled whatever doubts his serious readers may have had about his importance as a novelist. Yet in the thirty years of his career as one of that rare species, a "Canadian man of Letters", he has had woefully little recognition. By 1951, in fact, he might quite appropriately have adopted the rueful self-portrait that Nathaniel Hawthorne had drawn of himself just a century earlier: "The Author . . . has a claim to one distinction . . . He was, for a good many years, the obscurest man of letters in America." The time is long overdue, then, for a close look at Callaghan's fictional achievement. What is his importance as a writer? We must attempt to answer this question lest—while crying for a sign—we fail to heed a prophet in our midst.

It should be said immediately that Callaghan's importance has nothing to do with style. His control of language, despite the triumphs of a dozen short stories and numerous passages in the novels, was for many years uncertain; and his tendency to synopsise rather than dramatize led him to substitute hazy case histories for living patients. Having learned the fashionably flat accent of James T. Farrell and Sherwood Anderson, the youthful Callaghan was content to present people who dressed "nicely" or "neatly"; who looked "lovely" or "handsome"; who felt "sad" or "jolly" or "simply splendid"; and who spent in-

terminable hours chatting "easily", just out of earshot. But where Farrell's mannerism was relentlessly consistent, Callaghan's was erratic. He could rise to moments of brilliant description when he remembered his native Toronto sharply, and he could recreate a fight or a lunch-counter conversation with the authority of a good documentary film. Too often, however, his interest in *theme* led him to abuse the expectations that he had established in his reader. He had not learned, and did not learn until 1937 (*More Joy in Heaven*), that each scene could simultaneously delineate character, forward the action and develop meaning; or that the illusion created by fiction, whatever the convention adopted, must be fully coherent. It is an evasion, moreover, to say that Callaghan creates "thin" characters because he wants us to see them as symbols. As we shall see, the whole success of his fiction depends on our willingness to accept his characters as *living* men.

Callaghan, then, is not primarily a stylist. The critics of the 'twenties who enthusiastically and mistakenly compared him with Hemingway were soon stricken with amnesia. Their young discovery, careless of the fashionable idiom as well as the *dernier cri* of socialism, wrote as badly as Melville.

But Callaghan, like Melville, had something to say, and he has learned to say it with increasing richness and power. He has given us a modern vision of the human condition which has no parallel in Canadian fiction. It is this that makes him an important writer. Beginning, like the other writers of the 'twenties, with the ruins of a world just "saved" by a War to End War, he reacted to its confusion and despair with complete originality. F. Scott Fitzgerald had dared to be the unillusioned historian of the age; Sinclair Lewis pumped salvoes of ridicule into its materialistic flanks; Hemingway sought assurance in the animal virtues of courage and endurance; Farrell espoused and elaborated the environmental determinism that had impelled Sister Carrie on her way; and Dos Passos and Steinbeck cried with inflammatory force that "the system is wrong". For Callaghan, however, none of these reactions was acceptable; nor could he, as Faulkner did, return to the history of a region and reconstruct it as myth. Instead, he faced the facts of his generation and probed

through and *beyond* them to find a secure ground for action and belief. He became, in short, a religious writer—not one of the apologists who defends traditional religion by contriving convenient modern *exempla*, but an artist who looked searchingly at his experience (including the potent -isms and -ologies of the day) and concluded that the temporal world cannot be self-redeemed; that human frailty is bearable only in the light of divine perfection.

In this sense, Callaghan's vision is closer to the art of T. S. Eliot than to any of the novelists whom he resembles superficially. But his consuming interest in the life of the ordinary, inarticulate man and his compassion for human suffering has given his work a unique character. Confining himself largely to people who "feel" — people who are barren of "ideas" in any sophisticated sense—he has had to discover a means of revealing dramatically the nature of their quest for significance in the terrifying flux of the modern world.

At length (and this takes us to the story of his development as a novelist) he has wrought out a fictional form in which the surface events function simultaneously as realistic action and symbolic action, revealing both the empirical and the spiritual conflicts of his protagonists. This duality, moreover, is never merely a tricky fictional device calculated to entertain both the naïve and the knowing; it is fundamental to Callaghan's perception of the interdependence of the spiritual and empirical realms. Man's career occurs in the imperfect world of time, but its meaning (man's dignity or "place") depends finally on a larger reality *out of time*. To escape the first world is physical death; to ignore the second is to embrace the condition of the Wasteland—life-in-death. This tension, to which Callaghan's best fiction gives dramatic form, is the fundamental tension of life. By exploring the relation of these two worlds—empirical and spiritual—Callaghan has written the "little man's" *Ash Wednesday* and *Burnt Norton*. To appreciate more fully the nature of this achievement we must turn to the novels themselves. ★ ★ ★

It is not difficult to understand how the readers of Callaghan's first novel, *Strange Fugitive*, could see in it the same promise that they saw in Hemingway or Sherwood Anderson. A contemporary literary

agent would have described it as a "fresh, gutty" book, naïve in style but electric with energy. Reflecting the doubt and confusion of its decade, it tells the story of a lost little man, Harry Trotter. Harry, having worn out the novelty of marriage after three years, yearns to be a big guy in his community. He leaves his wife (temporarily, he believes), becomes a successful bootlegger, and shacks up in a luxury apartment with a Titian-like blonde of infinite variety. But the jungle morality of the underworld leads Harry from armed robbery to murder; and his sexual and financial success fails to still a nagging awareness that his mother and his abandoned wife somehow represent an ideal to which he ought to return. Impelled to make some gesture of atonement, he marks his mother's grave with an extravagant monument, then returns to the (Toronto) underworld to entertain his friends and enemies at a party calculated to exceed any orgy they might have imagined. But in the grim clarity of dawn Harry's dissatisfaction returns. He dismisses his concubine and telephones his wife, full of a premonitory knowledge that he cannot return to her. And then, as he steps out of his office for coffee, he suddenly finds himself looking into the business end of a smoothly operating machine gun.

Undoubtedly this story, with its jazz-age atmosphere of speak-easies and available women, and its dramatic testimonial that crime does not pay, said what a conventional reader wanted to hear. Harry Trotter, after all, was a weak-witted, dangerous little rat who got what he deserved. Society maintains its health by exterminating such unscrupulous rodents, or by allowing them to exterminate each other.

But the book is crowded with a host of things which suggest that Callaghan wished to communicate something quite different than this conventional platitude; that he was interested not in the feelings of an outraged community but in the plight of an inarticulate and confused soul such as Harry Trotter. If we respond to the signals whereby Callaghan attempts to lure us past the surface image of Harry's disastrous career to see the spiritual drama of which it is the external sign, we get a story that sounds something like this. Harry Trotter was a child who was closely attached to his mother. In Vera, his wife, he acquired a "neat", straightforward and absolutely devoted partner—a

girl his mother "would have liked". But as the early delights of marriage settle into a routine that is taken for granted, Harry turns more and more to egoistic satisfactions—to domineering over his fellows and to dreaming of sexual conquests. He no longer thinks of how he can make Vera happier, but of how he can advance *himself*. He wants to be a boss, not a servant. And so, while Vera thinks of "becoming a Catholic", Harry turns first to the labour movement, and then to crime. In a nocturnal scene in which Harry talks to an old labour leader, Isaac Pimblett, Callaghan attempts to draw together the themes which have already been introduced. For the man who seeks power, Isaac argues, both marriage and the church are obstacles to be overcome. He warns Harry against marriage, and recalls that at an important labour rally the sound of church bells made him forget what he was going to say. And yet, he admits unhappily, "You can't get away from it [the church]. It's right there in the centre of things." As the conversation proceeds the reader senses dimly that the obligations of religion and marriage are somehow related aspects of the same thing. If Harry is to realize what Callaghan later calls his "foolish dream of power", he must renounce all ties of love and duty. This curious scene ends with a crucial decision for Harry: "I'll be damned if anybody'll ever boss me again."

At this stage nothing is clear; but the consequences of Harry's decision soon lead the reader to re-examine the world which he has rejected. His new life is clearly the jungle world in which man's egotism gallops without rein. Harry has left everything behind, including the supporters of the Labour Temple, the Salvation Army, the Communists and the Agnostics, all of whom cry with cacophonous assurance, "Peace on earth good will to men." He is now able to possess all the women, clothes, cars, food and liquor that he wants. And all he has to do to maintain his position is to rob and murder when necessary, and to exercise an eternal, jealous vigilance. This is the secular world of individualism, stripped of every restraint.

But in this maelstrom in which he "had lost all identity", Harry longs for an ordered life with Vera, to whom his achievements mean nothing. What, then, *does* Vera represent? Since Callaghan does not

consistently give his characters symbolic names, we cannot say that Vera is obviously "truth" or "right". This, nevertheless, is exactly what she represents. Harry, who had slept with his Mother until he was nine (the age of confirmation, perhaps), grew up to embrace an adult truth. But the truth of adult life is inexorably a compound of delight, monotony and adversity; it can never equal the idyllic "Maydale", Harry's childhood home. His all-too-human failure, then, is his refusal to accept the full conditions of a contract that would require him, finally, to search for a value *beyond* the treacherous value of the senses and the selfish demands of self. Even when he returns to Maydale to monumentalize his childhood memory and discovers that his mother lies in "a desolate place of stones and dried grass and rotten twigs"—even then he is unable to return to the humility and self-renunciation that his union with Vera demanded of him. Harry Trotter, for all his spiritual agony, rejected the self-renouncing law of love for the jungle morality; he was one of the lost.

But this reading of *Strange Fugitive*, someone will surely object, is no more demonstrably accurate than the book reviewers' crime-does-not-pay interpretation. Unhappily, this objection is sound, for the fabric of the novel is so full of untied threads and accidental knots that no reader could be expected to see its pattern clearly, or to be convinced by its statement. For all its surface "freshness", what we see in *Strange Fugitive* is the uncertain attempt of a young artist to say something that he has felt profoundly.

It is worth dwelling on the defects of this book for a moment more so that we may see clearly the artistic problems that Callaghan had to overcome. On the realistic level, he failed to give all of his *dramatis personae* an organic function in the action. In real life, perhaps, every person with whom we have more than casual contact adds his pebble or sliver to the developing structure of our identity. But in fiction, where the artist strives to create an illusion of completeness within limited space, there is no room for passing minutiae; these things must be distilled to produce the maximum effect with the minimum of means. *Strange Fugitive* distracts the reader with characters and motifs that have only a momentary importance in the tale.

What, for example, happened to the Farrells, Harry Trotter's amiable neighbours who figure largely at the beginning of the book? And what about Eva Lawson, the secretary of Harry's underworld partner? After a close-up description of this girl and her employer, Callaghan abandons them (and *us*) with: "They became friendly and seemed fond of each other and sometimes worked together in the evening." We need either much more or much less of such characters.

In the same way, Harry's desire to assert his power as a checker player in the early part of the story is a largely unrealized motif. Later on he strives to become "king" in a life-and-death contest which is just as ruthless and inhuman as a checker game, but Callaghan fails to point the analogy. The checker sequence remains as an unasimulated episode, quite unrelated either to what precedes or follows.

In *Strange Fugitive*, then, we have a first definition of Callaghan's two worlds, and an illustration of the failure of one individual to rise above the mechanical, cause-and-effect morality of the empirical realm. At the same time, we see that Callaghan's statement has failed artistically, in part because of the facility of its style, but more seriously because of its failure to make surface incident and implicit meaning fully resonant and coherent.

* * *

In the two novels which follow *Strange Fugitive*, Callaghan moves deeper and deeper into his exploration of the two worlds with which man must come to terms if he is to realize his humanity fully, but his mastery of both style and form are still uncertain. If theme and plot are married, they maintain separate establishments. Thus *It's Never Over* and *A Broken Journey* both develop in a series of episodes which, whatever their symbolic significance, fail to cohere as plausible action. Now if the convention of Callaghan's fiction were Gothic or expressionistic, we would accept such implausibility without cavil. But since he is searching in the objective environment for a clue to something more satisfying than the jungle morality, the whole success of his fiction hinges upon his ability to create an empirical world which is verifiably the world that *we know*. If we do not accept his empirical world, we shall certainly *not* credit his spiritual perceptions. We will convict him of "rigging" the evidence.

Thus in *A Broken Journey*, the reader understands that the hero, Peter, has betrayed his dignity when he turns from Marion, the object of his fullest love, to the purely physical embrace of a mistress; the reader understands, too, that Peter's spinal injury, suffered when his mistress pushes him down a stair, represents a spiritual injury which will maim him permanently. Symbolically, then, we understand why Peter, now almost paralyzed, refuses medical attention and embarks with Marion on a long-projected journey to the primitive "Eden" of Algoma. He hopes to realize the love which he had temporarily abandoned as too "difficult". Symbolically, the abortive journey is meaningful, but at the level of fact it is incredible. By failing to create a believable empirical world, Callaghan has failed himself and his reader. His statement possesses only a theoretical validity.

These works, however, prepared Callaghan for better things. Though unsuccessful in themselves, they taught him what he could not do, or what he must learn to do. Meanwhile, through the narrow discipline of the short story, he learned to achieve a completeness of effect that eluded him in the novel. A good dozen of the stories collected in *Now That April's Here* (1936) treated one aspect or another of the grand theme with a luminous sureness and economy. He was able, moreover, to shift the emphasis of his exploration from negative to positive: instead of showing how people like Harry Trotter and Peter Gould failed in their quest to find their secure "place" in the universal scheme, he learned to create characters who *achieved* the quest.

The shift from negative to positive begins with *Such Is My Beloved* (1934), a remarkable novel whose hero is a priest—a "little man" like Callaghan's other heroes—but one who has made an overt spiritual affirmation. It is significant, I think, that Callaghan should now turn to an explicitly Christian pattern. Since many of the protagonists of his earlier work were led to "feel" the religious position as the only workable answer to the human predicament, it is appropriate that he should examine this conclusion in terms of a hero who has bound himself fully to the religious way of life. As Malcolm Ross has pointed out in his introduction to a recently published reprint of the novel, the entire action is controlled by a master irony—the tension

between the grasping, egoistic *exclusive* forces of man's life *in time*, and the unselfish, humble *inclusive* values of a world *out of time*. From the point of view of "the world", Father Dowling's practical application of the principle of all-embracing love (his conviction that two prostitutes of his parish are as worthy of love as its greatest do-gooders) is a scandalous breach of propriety. The temporal Church, fearing for its good name in the community, treats Father Dowling as sick—mad, and turns the prostitutes over to the law. The law, in turn, merely acts as a punitive force, protecting the health of society. A Marxist observer (Father Dowling's friend) is pitying but finally interested in the problem as an economic phenomenon rather than a case of souls in distress. And the devotee of sociology merely sees the problem as an evil that might be overcome by eugenics. But where the judgment of the law, the Marxist or the social worker would be final (since *of the world*) the judgment of the church is *not* final. Father Dowling is as much a part of the church as his worldly bishop is, and his suffering and disgrace (his "crucifixion") does not rob him of his perception of the timeless fullness of Christ's love. Thus though Father Dowling has failed by all temporal standards in his quest, he has, in the best sense of the Christian faith, triumphed. His faith, though it does not (any more than the Communist or legal or scientific faiths) wreak miracles in the world of objects, nevertheless adumbrates an order in which *every* soul has its place, its dignity. Father Dowling, as Malcolm Ross rightly points out, symbolizes "the Church in her implicit being, *sub specie aeternitatis*, the Church not of this world, Love." This is man's resting place.

In *Such Is My Beloved* Callaghan has created his first coherent parable of the nature of man's earthly quest. The symbolism is traditionally Christian, but it is never *imposed* upon the materials. The novel is a "test" so to speak, of the conviction towards which Callaghan's heroes move, and though the temporal church does not come off unscathed, the test is nonetheless valid; for love—a *transcendent* love such as Father Dowling's—is the only response which gives meaning to the inescapable facts of human weakness and pain.

Yet *Such Is My Beloved*, significant as it is in Callaghan's development as an artist, is not fully satisfactory as a novel. The Robisons,

the powerful parish do-gooders, are too thinly realized to be convincing as Father Dowling's opponents, and the sad Italian family, burdened with twelve children, plays an exemplary rather than organic part in the novel. Nevertheless, Father Dowling's story clinches Callaghan's confidence in his perception of *two* worlds which are indispensable to man. His subsequent work will proceed to show that Love is a possible attainment in the life of Everyman.

They Shall Inherit the Earth (1935) though still unsuccessful in creating a coherent world, gives us a hero who learns through pain and suffering that love is as much a renouncing of the self as a triumph of the ego. The most interesting thing about this work is the new meaning which Callaghan attaches to the figure of his heroine. In the first novels there had been a clear-cut distinction between the luscious mistress and the loved one who (whatever her beauty) filled the hero with an oppressive sense of mingled duty and longing. Now, in the figure of Anna, we discover that physical love can become a blessing and a fulfilment if the lover will only give himself unreservedly. Real love teaches a vast tolerance and a willingness to submit the selfish needs of the self to a larger unity. Thus Michael Aikenhead, having gone through the ordeal of rejecting those whose imperfections he ought to have understood, learns the meaning of love from his mistress:

"She's everything I'm not," he thought. She went on from day to day, living and loving and exposing the fullness and wholeness of herself to the life around her. If to be poor in spirit meant to be without false pride, to be humble enough to forget oneself, then she was poor in spirit, for she gave herself to everything that touched her, she let herself be, she lost herself in the fullness of the world, and in losing herself she found the world, and she possessed her own soul. People like her could have everything. They could inherit the earth.

True love is, finally, a recognition of divine love which lifts us above the particularity of the temporal order into the timeless permanence of the One.

★ ★ ★

Having thus defined the nature of his two worlds and tested his conviction that man can realize his humanity only by applying the values of the second to the circumstances of the first, Callaghan

devoted himself in the novels which followed to deepening and sharpening the expression which he gave to his vision. *More Joy in Heaven* and *The Loved and the Lost* are good novels by any standard. In style they are firm and direct. The stereotyped diction has given place to a much more concrete, precise vocabulary: sentences which habitually tapered away in spineless participial constructions have been eliminated; and the narrative manner has moved more and more towards carefully dramatized scenes. Still better, image-symbol motifs are no longer used episodically, but are maintained skilfully throughout the entire action. Callaghan, in short, has gone far towards giving his fictional structures the coherence and richness that is fundamental to art.

In this process one other important development has taken place. Callaghan now knows (the intuition stems, perhaps, from Father Dowling's ordeal) that the hero who achieves his quest will be, in worldly terms, a baffling, implausible figure. To him the values and conventions of "the world" are at best medial; he will be judged, therefore, as a simpleton, an unprincipled fraud or a saint. But the world rarely recognizes its saints. Joan of Arc, one of Callaghan's characters realizes, "had to die . . . simply because she was what she was." In the same way, Kip Caley and Peggy Sanderson die. They play out fully the glorious agony of the "way of love" which blessed Micheal Aikenhead and Anna at the conclusion of *They Shall Inherit the Earth*.

More Joy in Heaven is one of the most piercingly ironic books in modern literature—a relentless document of the fate of a Saviour. Kip Caley, a convicted bank robber, is released on parole on Christmas morning. "It's your birthday," a reporter tells him. Through contact with a priest he has seen the futility of his early egotism; he now wishes simply to be a humble, ordinary person, living with and for his fellow men. But the world welcomes Kip extravagantly as a prodigal son; he becomes a public figure—a symbol to the general public that human nature is basically good and that the system of law and order is a redemptive system. Tragically, Kip is deluded into believing that this welcome is sincere; he fails to see that his "friends" use him to reassure themselves about their own charity or to fatten their prestige

and their pocketbooks. He imagines that they are genuinely interested in his dream of serving the fallen. But when they are asked to endorse Kip's appointment to the prison parole board, his supporters bow to the will of Judge Ford, the arch-representative of punitive law and order. With Old Testament austerity the Judge rejects the inflated image of goodness which Kip's public has made him. The idea of redemption *in time* is a facile delusion: there can *not be* "more joy on earth than there is in heaven." In these legalistic terms mankind is incorrigible; the judge is as completely committed to a belief in man's evil as the most hardened criminal.

What Judge Ford's view leaves out of account is the transcendent power of love—of faith; and it is this power that Kip finds in the undemanding devotion of a little waitress, Julie Evans, and in the faith that Father Butler exhibits. Encouraged by these faithful, he adopts the dangerous course of befriending the troubled, the criminal and the weak, only to find that *they too* "use" him. In a denouement of nightmarish violence, Julie momentarily believes that two of Kip's ex-con acquaintances have persuaded him to join them in robbing a bank. She informs Father Butler. Knowing that these "friends" of Kip's are as much committed to the jungle morality as Judge Ford is to punishing it, and knowing that they will "use" Kip if they can, the priest informs the police of their plan. But Kip, who had tried unsuccessfully to dissuade them, now feels that *he* (through Julie and Father Butler) has delivered them to the law. To forestall this betrayal he meets them outside the bank they had planned to hold up. But the law, incapable of making the kind of distinctions of which the priest is capable, ambushes and destroys the Saviour with the two thieves. The dying Kip succeeds in returning to Julie, and they understand that though the world exterminates the kind of selflessness which they have learned, they have gained *life*. As a final savage thrust, the community which had made Kip an empty symbol of its "goodness" (its generosity towards prodigal sons) buries him in unconsecrated ground.

As any summary must, the foregoing fails wretchedly to suggest the complex play of motives and values which give *More Joy in Heaven* its depth and power. Here there is scarcely a character or

an image which does not function organically in the devastating spectacle of Kip's martyrdom—Mankind's terrifying habit of making and breaking plaster saints without grasping the meaning of *real* saintless. This is indeed a work calculated to make mad the guilty, appal the free and confound the ignorant.

In *The Loved and the Lost*, the action is, if anything, still more tightly structured. Here, in the highly particularized setting of Montreal, the symbols of Callaghan's vision assert themselves with an immediate eloquence and power. To begin with, the forces of Callaghan's two worlds find their focus in two closely balanced protagonists, the self-assertive Jim McAlphine, and the self-renouncing Peggy Sanderson. Each world has its own ideas, its own manners, and its own images, but both exist within the *single* city of Montreal. The whole action of the drama concerns the possibility of the two orbits merging—a possibility which is almost fulfilled.

Peggy Sanderson, as we meet her, is already fully at home in her orbit. She is one of the "poor in spirit" who knows that Love is the way to blessedness. We can love God (Peggy does not use the name) by forgetting self and loving His creations. This intuitive knowledge enjoins upon Peggy a simple affection for the poor and despised, who are often, she discovers, warmer and freer and more *human* than the proud, the grasping or the self-satisfied. The poor and the despised, in this case, are negroes, the symbolic equivalents of Father Dowling's prostitutes and Kip Caley's ex-cons. In this world, believing that love cuts across all the barriers of race, politics, talent and rank, Peggy is happy. Whatever the criticisms levelled against her (and *everybody* criticizes her—negro and white alike) Peggy is serenely sure of her place and her dignity. She lives in terms of her private intuition of an ultimate brotherhood.

Jim McAlphine, on the other hand, is equally committed to the stratified temporal order (and this order, we should note, includes the academic world of organized thought). McAlphine has striven since childhood to be a force in the world of things. He has calculated every move of his career in terms of *self*-betterment, and is about to achieve his goal (to become an influential political columnist) when the story opens. But unhappily for his materialistic dream, he meets Peggy

Sanderson and is arrested by an unfamiliar quality in her, a "relaxed stillness . . . a charming innocence", an aura of repose and certainty that he has never known.

The action of the story, then, is Jim McAlpine's romance with Peggy—his quest to apprehend and finally to share with her the serenity which she possesses. It is a tragic action, for McAlpine is unable, at a critical moment, to have complete faith in Peggy; thus (like St. Joan) she is destroyed by the forces of this world—the world in which poor and rich alike serve the deities of self.

It is important to note, at this point, a new development in Callaghan's theme. Just as Jonathan Swift turned in Book IV of *Gulliver's Travels* from the Court, the Law, the Professions and the Schools to excoriate human nature itself, so Callaghan emphasizes in *The Loved and the Lost* that *human nature* (the force which underlies such phenomenon as the Law, Marxism and Politics) is guilty of Peggy Sanderson's martyrdom. The despised negroes of St. Antoine are as much responsible for her death as the sophisticates of Westmount. It is the oppressed, undoubtedly, who first inspire the love of the saints, but the oppressed add their all-too-human pebbles to the shower of stones that the world launches against its Peggy Sandersons.

The body of image and incident with which Callaghan fills out this beautifully conceived structure adds a dimension that was at best inchoate in the first novels. It is probably true, as Malcolm Ross has suggested, that Callaghan "plays by ear" in constructing such harmonies. His avowed anti-intellectualism would seem to argue against a high degree of self-consciousness. But whether self-conscious or "natural", his mature control of form cannot be gainsaid. The examination of two image patterns in *The Loved and the Lost* must suffice as illustration. In his opening description of the geography of Montreal, Callaghan tells us that "Those who wanted to remain as they were liked the mountain. Those who wanted a change preferred the broad flowing river. But no one could forget either of them." As this basic dichotomy develops, it defines pictorially the complex limits of the action. The mountain, the home of the rich and powerful *whites* appears as a menacing barrier of *black* stone to Jim McAlpine. The lower town, home of the negro population, on the other hand, appears

as a dazzlingly *white* blanket of snow. White and black, then, light and darkness, sight and blindness, are characteristic of *both* parts of the human city. The weak and despised, living near the river, want change; the rich and the powerful, living on the mountain, prefer things as they are. But neither group is blameless. The meeting place of the two groups is the secular temple of an arena where they witness the legal ritual of a hockey game.

This, then, is the mixed community of mankind in which Jim and Peggy must test the validity of their respective views of the *meaning* of man's quest. Again the white-black imagery helps the reader. Jim, as a child, had been excluded from the garden of his wealthy friends by a high black hedge. As an adult, this hedge is translated for him into the black barrier of the mountain. And it is this barrier which he is determined to conquer. He will climb his mountain or hedge, and guard his position jealously. Peggy, on the other hand, found her sanctimonious "socially acceptable" home an intolerable cage of man-made rules. She discovered pleasure in simple communion with a negro family—the outcasts of the community. Peggy's course, in short, led her to recognize the value of *love*—quite uncompromised by worldly considerations. Jim's course led him to value the worldly rewards of money and power above all else. For him, black has become the symbol of hate and exclusion; for her it is the sign of love and community.

These symbols define the difference between Jim and Peggy, but when Jim begins to see that *his* view is inadequate (when he begins to chafe at the eternal need for vigilance which his career imposes upon him), Peggy introduces him to a new set of symbols. She takes him one day to see a carved leopard, and an antique church that she has known about. The leopard, with its air of jungle violence, is on view in a department store, the jungle of commerce. It frightens Peggy; it is her opposite. The little church, on the other hand, is beautiful—a magical structure: "it could sail away lightly like a ship in the snow." Looking from the church to Peggy and back again, McAlpine sees them both bediamonded with snow. He is unaccountably happy. Later—after his failure to believe in Peggy has resulted in her death—he attempts to rediscover this church. In his grief and

awakening he has renounced forever the values of the black mountain, and he has seen with appalling clarity the leopard-like fierceness that lurks in human beings, black and white, strong and weak. But he is not yet capable of entering Peggy's world; the little church eludes his search, and the snow through which he has first seen it, melts while he tramps forlornly through the streets. It is not the physical churches, whose bells proclaim their presence on every hand, that Jim seeks, but the *essential* church—love—the source of Peggy's secret radiance.

The Loved and the Lost, then, sees Morley Callaghan's art reach a distinguished fulfilment. It is a parable as old as faith, as relevant as man's apparently undying need to realize his best self, and as durable as language. *The Man With the Coat*, a further exploration of the paradox of the two worlds has already been published in a mercilessly edited magazine form, and has since been considerably rewritten. *The Loved and the Lost* leads us to look forward with well-advised hope to its appearance in permanent form.

The Guaranteed Annual Wage

—Security for the Better Paid?—

by

JOHN YOUNG

Do the demands for the guaranteed annual wage threaten Canadian unemployment insurance schemes? Will automation change the nature of those plans? Here is a summary of the findings of the Queen's Industrial Relations Department on this controversial issue.

Few issues in the field of labour relations have given rise to so much controversy as the question of the so-called guaranteed annual wage. Indeed the literature of the late 1940's and early 1950's contains a spate of books and articles of varying degrees of popularity and erudition dealing with the subject of wage guarantees. Examination of this material shows that there was by no means unanimity among economists as to the feasibility of this type of security. The chief protagonists, however, had quite definite but conflicting opinions. On the one hand, employers objected that acceptance of the guaranteed annual wage would force them to shoulder the full burden of unemployment in a competitive system where they did not have control over the forces that were responsible for unemployment. On the other hand, interested sections of organized labour were consistently vocal in expressing their concern and demands for pay checks every week in the year.

When the guaranteed annual wage finally appeared in the United States in 1955, it usually took the form of *supplemental unemployment benefits*. All the interested parties, however, did not recognize immediately that the guaranteed annual wage had undergone "a sea change". Gone was the original idea of unlimited liability with employers being committed to provide 40 hours full pay per week per year. In its place was the concept of limited liability. Employers

were required to contribute a specified number of cents per man-hour worked to build up an insurance reserve to a specified level. As long as the reserve was maintained at that level, the employer was not required to make further contributions. To restrict claims upon the reserve itself, definite limitations were placed on the size and duration of benefits. Benefits were usually integrated with state unemployment insurance payments, total receipts from both sources generally providing a laid-off worker with between 60 and 65 per cent of his normal after-tax take-home pay. While it remained true that an employer did not know in advance what the exact cost of his plan would be, the cost of operation for any given period was only *indeterminate within determinate limits*. It was the latter characteristic which made supplemental unemployment benefits acceptable to many employers.

Once established, supplemental unemployment benefit plans spread rapidly throughout the United States. By December 1956, about two million workers were covered by such plans. Between June 1st and December 1st, 1956, the "big three" automobile companies are reported to have paid out more than \$4,000,000 in benefits under their plans.

Since it is almost a truism that industrial and labour relations practices develop along similar lines in the United States and Canada, it is not surprising that the growth of supplemental unemployment benefit plans in the former country was followed by like activity in Canada. While coverage is not as extensive as in the United States, supplemental unemployment benefit plans may be found in this country in the automobile industry and its subsidiaries, in can companies, rubber companies, metal manufacturing companies and a brewery.

Although the adoption of the principle of limited liability made supplemental unemployment benefit plans palatable and acceptable to many employers, worried voices have been raised questioning how companies are to recover the increased costs involved in such plans. If employers can be persuaded that the cost can be recovered by an improvement in efficiency, or through an increase in the price of their products, or through a reduction in other forms of wage payment,

there should be no objection to supplementation. Some employers fear, however, that costs are likely to come out of profits. In the short run these fears are probably well founded. In the long run, however, in business enterprises earning only "normal" profits, the cost of all fringe benefits will be defrayed either by keeping money wages lower than they would have been in the absence of such benefits or by improving efficiency. If the return on invested capital in an industry is reduced below "normal" as a result of a wage increase, new investment will be discouraged in that industry and this will create pressure for passing on the increased cost, either by reducing wages or by increasing prices. The returns on invested capital in the industry would thus tend in time to return to their "normal level".

Whether an employer will be able to pass on to the customer an increase in labour cost depends on a number of things: on whether competing companies are similarly affected and make corresponding price increases; on whether demand for the product is inelastic; on whether the market is a buyer's market. In industries where labour costs represent a relatively small proportion of total production costs, employers will, of course, have a much better chance to pass on the increase to the consumer (or to absorb it) than in industries where labour costs represent a relatively large proportion of total production costs.

It has been suggested that if an employer agrees to establish a supplemental unemployment benefit plan which is not unduly burdensome, that will not be the end of the matter. There are certain to be further demands from the union for a more liberal plan. The obvious reply is that unions have always wanted "more"; that they are definitely going to continue pressure for higher wages; that the *form* in which they want higher wages changes from time to time, from place to place, from industry to industry. As unions are essentially political in some characteristics, union leaders will tend to press for those things that they conceive will affect their constituency significantly. In the face of these facts, it would seem that employers who engage in "package bargaining" need not be unduly concerned about the form of a wage increase. Of far greater importance than its form is the size of the total wage bill.

Over the past two decades, the history of collective bargaining suggests that far too much time is spent at the bargaining table wrangling over relatively insignificant items. At the same time, far too little attention is paid to the total impact of these items on the cost structure. All too often a settlement is announced in terms of " x cents per hour across the board plus y cents per hour for fringe benefits, including z cents per hour applied to the supplemental unemployment benefit plan". Many employers seem to think that that type of settlement is desirable as it permits "unreasonable" demands to be pared down or eliminated. Along with many union leaders, they appear to overlook the fact that such "knock down" tactics are not conducive to responsible collective bargaining, leading rather to manoeuvring by both sides to defeat the other party. The advantage of package bargaining, in this connection, is that it concentrates attention on the overall cost of the supplemental unemployment benefit plan. If employees wish to receive protection against periodic layoffs by means of the employer's contributions to the supplemental unemployment benefit plan, then they must naturally expect to receive smaller wages than those available in the absence of the plan. Package bargaining will emphasize this fact and demonstrate the fallacy of the belief that fringe benefits, including supplemental unemployment benefits, are something chiselled out of the employer by tough bargaining over and above the going wage for the job.

Now that supplemental unemployment benefit plans have been generally accepted, one may be tempted to believe that they represent a dead issue. Demands of union leaders for improvements, notwithstanding, competent management negotiators and conciliators have indicated that some local union committees frequently press for this particular fringe benefit rather half-heartedly. Indeed, in one case, the members of a particular union negotiating committee are said to have admitted that they were demanding supplemental unemployment benefits on the insistence of their international union although the local membership was quite disinterested. Such a state of affairs may well be misleading even to those who are familiar with the ebb and flow of collective bargaining. Certain questions remain unanswered and several issues have yet to be resolved.

By definition, *supplemental unemployment benefit plans* focus attention on an issue of interest to all Canadians. This is simply the question of the adequacy of benefits being paid under the Unemployment Insurance Act. Union leaders assert quite emphatically that such payments are insufficient to meet the needs of unemployed workers. Bearing in mind the fact that average weekly earnings in Canadian manufacturing industries are currently a little less than \$65.00, many people will agree that the sums provided under the Unemployment Insurance Act are hardly an adequate substitute for normal earnings. For the purposes of benefit payments, the Act takes \$57.00 or more per week as its highest classification of earnings. At this level, a qualified individual on lay-off may obtain weekly benefits of \$23.00 if single, or \$30.00 if he has one or more dependents.

The fact that Canada has a nationwide system of unemployment insurance predicates general agreement that the problem of the jobless ought to be tackled on a national basis. Despite this, benefits available for laid-off workers have been kept at such levels that demands have arisen for supplementation. These demands, however, have generally been concentrated in industries with relatively high average annual earnings, where the employees have been able to take part of their remuneration in the form of supplemental unemployment benefits contributions. Employees in less well-paid industries, on the other hand, have been unable to accept such benefits. As a result, extra protection is not available to those who are most likely to require it.

Examination of existing Canadian supplemental unemployment plans indicates that the maximum level of benefits will provide a laid-off employee with an amount equivalent to 65 per cent of after-tax take-home pay, when supplemental unemployment benefits are added to national unemployment insurance payments. Careful consideration of available evidence seems to indicate that the present level of benefits will have little effect upon labour mobility and employment opportunities.¹ If, however, the level of benefits should rise until it closely approaches or equals normal wages, then there can certainly be no financial incentive for the unemployed to seek available work. Far

¹ Cameron, James C. and Young, F. J. L., *Private Unemployment Benefit Plans in Canada*, Bulletin No. 15, Department of Industrial Relations, Queen's University at Kingston, 1957.

more serious than that, the whole system of national unemployment insurance would tend to be undermined. That system was initiated to cushion financial difficulty resulting from loss of employment. It was never intended to provide a laid-off employee with his usual income. Consequently, if supplemental unemployment benefits plus national unemployment insurance payments approximate usual income, privileged groups will in fact be receiving public monies for purposes contrary to public policy. While unions cannot be criticized for pressing the interests of their members in the face of what they deem to be an unsatisfactory national policy, the result of their efforts has been to create serious inequities in the treatment accorded to different groups of employees. This situation can only be aggravated by increases in the level of benefits payable under existing plans.

Quite apart from the issue of inadequate national policy and the various questions arising out of it, perhaps the most significant influence on supplemental unemployment benefits plans will be the effect of automation. The impact of the latter must be considered under two sets of circumstances: firstly, in the transitional period from the traditional system of production to the automatic factory, and secondly in the era of automation proper. The problems of both periods are already emerging as automation establishes itself at an ever increasing pace. These problems arise from the differing nature of production under the older as contrasted with the latest industrial systems.

Traditionally, production has been cut back if business falls off, and expanded if business increases. Major increases or decreases in production have therefore been accompanied by marked fluctuations in employment. Under automation, however, production can no longer be so responsive to changes in demand. As Peter Drucker pointed out in *Harper's*, April 1955:

Automation requires continuous production at a set level of output for a considerable period of time—three months, six months, maybe a year. This means that short term adjustments cannot normally be taken care of by changing production schedules except at exorbitant cost.

During the period of transition, supplemental unemployment benefit plans will have a dual function. In the first place, they will be of use in cushioning temporary lay-offs occasioned by fluctuation associated with the traditional system of production, or those caused

by major reorganization for automation. Secondly, they will be helpful in assisting the relocation of employees whose jobs are being permanently discontinued.

Once automation is established with relatively inflexible production schedules and a stable work force, supplemental unemployment benefit plans themselves may undergo considerable changes. If lay-offs become things of the past or very rare events affecting few people, it is questionable whether employees will wish to continue to receive part of their wages in the form of protection against occurrences which are highly unlikely to take place. When this situation arises, there may well be a demand to convert *supplemental unemployment benefit plans* into *security benefit plans*.

Security benefit plans already exist in the United States and along with supplemental unemployment benefit plans are generally categorized as the post-1955 guaranteed annual wage. Negotiated by the United Glass and Ceramic Workers, these plans are very different from the supplemental unemployment benefit plans favoured by the Auto and Steel Workers. Both are similar inasmuch as they are financed by employer contributions at the rate of so many cents per man-hour worked. The glass industry, however, has a much higher degree of job stability than that found in the automotive and iron and steel plants. Since the need for supplemental unemployment benefits is consequently not very great in their industry, the Glass Workers negotiated a plan tailored to suit their own needs. The resulting security benefit plans provide for employer contributions to be paid into an individual account for each employee. Once this account reaches \$600.00, further payments are directed into a separate vacation account from which the employee may supplement his normal vacation pay. The \$600.00 in the security benefit account may be used not only in case of lay-offs, but also in the event of incapacitating sickness or injury. Withdrawals from the account may be up to \$30.00 per week. Should an employee resign, be discharged or die, he or his estate receive any balance in his account.

Security benefit plans, which are not integrated with state unemployment insurance payments are not likely to appeal to employees faced with frequent lay-offs. For these people, the insurance feature

of supplemental unemployment benefit plans will be more attractive than fully vested individual shares of employer contributions. Consequently supplemental unemployment benefit plans will remain popular until the need for them has been removed by the advance of automation. As technological change provides relatively stable employment the average member of a supplemental unemployment benefit plan may feel like the union official who disapproved of such benefits when they were first negotiated. This man, presumably in a stable industry, is reported to have remarked that supplemental unemployment benefit plans were "like equipping Arab camel drivers with life jackets in case they ever drove into a mirage that turned out to be a real lake". If employees develop similar opinions, then they may decide that they can get better value for their money by changing supplemental unemployment benefit plans into security benefit plans.

The provision of fully vested individual accounts under security benefit plans may well prove to be far more expensive than supplemental unemployment benefit plans. Once the reserve of a supplemental unemployment benefit plan has reached its designated level, and so long as that level is maintained, the employer is not obligated to continue contributions into the reserve. Security benefit plans by contrast establish the maximum balance to be held in individual accounts, but once this has been reached and so long as it is maintained, contributions are diverted to provide additional vacation pay. Thus the employer is faced with the cost of contributions to the plan, as long as he remains in production.

Although the introduction of the principle of limited liability effectively countered many of the original objections to the guaranteed annual wage, the inadequacy of national unemployment insurance payments and the impact of automation will provide important unsettled issues in the field of supplemental unemployment benefits. If steps are taken to correct the inadequacy of national unemployment insurance payments, the government may have to face the question of whether such plans *in their present form* are in accord with public policy. So far there has been no general statement of government policy on supplemental unemployment benefit plans. Individual plans have been dealt with on their own merits by the Department of

National Revenue and the Unemployment Insurance Commission. While there would therefore appear to be a strong case for clarification of government policy, other forces may resolve the situation. The government may be saved from the necessity of taking action if the impact of automation changes the nature of existing plans.

Intermezzo

—Autobiographical Fragment—

by

RICHARD CHURCH

Following up his delightful first autobiographical volume, OVER THE BRIDGE, Richard Church has now written its sequel, THE GOLDEN SOVEREIGN. We are pleased to present an extract from this volume, due for publication in November.

Summer came early and took swift hold. I went to the Land Registry every week-day, resuming my lunch-hour explorations with the Titian-haired Arthur Sullivan, either standing to read at the bookshelves of Denny's in The Strand, or Glaishers in High Holborn (the managers seeming to vie with each other in their hospitality toward our hungry intellects), or sitting in the gallery of St. Clement Dane's church, or St. Anne's, Soho, bemused by Bach's mathematical forms, or the lighter confections of Rheinberger and Caesar Franck, while the steak and kidney puddings, previously consumed in a cabmen's eating-house, rumbled round our digestive systems, and in the process temporarily drained our immature brains of blood.

It was a period of weltering purposes, bewilderments, delusions. It was also empty. Although I was swotting (a different activity from studying) for the Civil Service examination, and reading with the utmost recklessness, such authors as Spenser, Oscar Wilde, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Milton, Stevenson, Keats, Shelley and Bret Harte; putting in a seven-hour day at the Land Registry, and continuing to carry my usual share of the household chores at home, yet my life was empty. I had the sensation of groping my way along a vacant corridor.

Nothing appeared to happen. I was waiting. At the same time, I was being hurled along. I could grasp at passing impressions, but they dissolved at my touch. The home that was no longer

a home stood in the flood of this strange, quiet nightmare, but it was a castle of sand, slowly crumbling. The furniture, formerly the anatomy of my accepted universe, became unfamiliar. I found myself sitting alone in the drawing-room, or in my own room, looking around me in surprise, as though I had used the wrong door-key, and were a trespasser there.

I observed a change, too, in myself. I read books in a different way. I was more self-conscious, and no longer lost myself absolutely in the scene, the situation. I looked coolly at the words. Some faculty of alertness, of utter identification, had died. I asked myself, was this what death meant? Was this how death came home to the living survivors, laying its cemetery in their minds, their hearts? Grief, then, must be a negative; loyalty to the memory of the dead little more than a cauterisation. I grieved the more, despairing in the very elusiveness of grief.

With all this, my physical health improved. I was constantly hungry. I was no longer responsible, or proxy, for Mother's suffering. Wherever she was, she did not need me now. My nerves were not drawn to that necessity. In this respect, I was idle. Even prayer, that misplaced and abused exercise, was dropped, as an agent in the puzzle, the cheat.

Everything else, indeed, that might rouse my emotions, re-awakening forces best left alone, was dropped. I could hear the fall, the world-wide subsidence of all sensation, all meaning, as the cosmos I had built around my mother's person, collapsed, card by card.

Strangest of all the new sensations, was this uprising of physical vitality. It was like the tumult of a mob approaching along a deserted street. It affected my mind, making me feel that revolution was in the air. I was half frightened. Could these be my own limbs, that craved for violent movement? Was this warmth racing through my veins, bracing my back and stomach (normally such inert areas), quite acceptable, and to be trusted?

But I did not consciously ask myself these questions. I was only half aware of the changes, as a fisherman idling by the seashore between deep-sea voyages will see, without seeing, that the tide has turned, and is flooding in.

The effect of this enlargement was to drive me out, cycling or walking, obedient to a muscular craving aided by my reluctance to be left alone in the house; a mood obviously shared by Father and Jack, who each went his separate way. We were blown apart, litter from an explosion, part of the wreckage of our home.

Father made an effort, however, to keep things together. He found a woman willing to come in during the mornings to clean up the house, and gave her a door-key so that she could let herself in after we had gone to our day's work. I encountered her one morning, because she had come earlier, to spring-clean the parental bedroom—the all too familiar bedroom. I stared at her powerful arms and heavy bust, as at something abnormal. The blood surged up, over my face and neck. I knew too much of this business; the structure, the ways of womanhood. It still claimed me, this precocious knowledge; but I wanted to escaped.

She responded to my equivocal glance, mistaking it for friendliness, and I was quickly made a confidant about her aches and pains, her ailing husband and her five children. I might have been the family doctor, or a parish priest. I murmured something consolatory and fled from the burden.

Father's next step was to seek out old friends. Fatuously pursued, it was to lead him to years of trouble, and also to affect my freedom and development. Its first effect, however, was happy. He and I went one Sunday afternoon—Jack having already gone 'over the hill'—to North Side, Clapham Common, to call on one of his Post Office cronies.

This was a musician named Harry Bridge; semi-professional, because in his off-duty hours, he played the viola in the local 'Shakespeare Theatre' orchestra on Lavender Hill, and also conducted an amateur orchestra which, at some national festival, had been warmly praised by Hans Richter who had shaken this modest English postal worker by the hand, and told him that he was an artist.

So he was; and a saint as well. He was a modest little figure, worn out by overwork, and distraught through sheer simplicity of spirit. He seemed to be wholly ignorant of the ways of the world, and might have been a character conceived by Hans Andersen, put to music by

Humperdinck. His true love was Haydn, though this quiet, reverential passion did not detract from his devotion to his wife Annie. She was even simpler, a gentle soul with a voice like a distant flute, heard through woodlands and hardly distinguishable from the accompanying complaint of doves. She ministered to her Harry, and to their two sons, whom Jack and I had met once or twice during our infancy, they being just two years, respectively, older than us.

Now Father, perhaps with a view to doing something toward our musical interests, sought out this other-world family. We were instantly welcomed, but with no hearty display. The little house in a turning off Clapham Common received us as it were into the eighteenth century. We might have entered Dr. Burney's music-room at Deptford. The air was filled with resin-dust, from the rubbing of bows; violin, viola, 'cello and 'bass, all the stringed instruments being played in that household.

Nothing was said about our recent loss. Annie Bridge took me by the hand, and made a little murmuring sound, as of a bee approaching an isolated flower. I could distinguish no word, but instantly I was comforted.

We discovered that the two boys were already professionals, both having won scholarships to the Royal Academy of Music, the elder for the 'cello, and the younger, Bertie, for the double-bass. Bertie, two years senior to me, was a male version of his mother Annie; gentle, simple-hearted, almost over-wrought with sympathy for all living things—and quietly, deeply religious. He was already playing third 'bass in Covent Garden Opera House, and was remarked in the profession as a master of his instrument.

The elder brother, the 'cellist, was a handsome fellow, touched by a gentle frown of perplexity, as through living in dread of being parted from his violoncello and bow, a fatality that would have made him wholly inarticulate and helpless. Gentleness emanated from him, too, as from the rest of this extraordinary family, but only to form a kind of mist, through which he could be but dimly perceived as a personality, while he must have seen the world through it as no more than a vague series of irrelevant masses, remotely connected with his music.

Father and I stayed to tea, that June afternoon, and Bertie and I talked together, recalling how in our distant infancy, we had played with his toy trains. Then music engulfed us, and for the first time in my life I listened to the earlier of the two trios by Schubert.

While the meal was in progress, Harry Senior sitting not at the head of the table but beside his Annie, with only a tea-cosy between them, over which from time to time she reached to place a buttered crumpet on his plate, the while glancing at him with reproachful affection, on account of his absent-minded toying with his food; Harry Junior exactly emulating his father, sitting half-turned from the table, one elbow on it, his hand buried in his long brown hair, meditation weighing on his eyelids like sleep. In the midst of all this, and to the interruption of my Father's monologue upon the intricacies of the route between Stow-on-the-Wold and the Wye Valley, there entered an addition to the party.

He was Old Harry's brother, Uncle Charlie. No two close relatives could have been more unlike. Whereas Old Harry was small, narrow chested, with lined features set in the cast of gentle abstraction, and tinged with pallor over brow and cheek, Charlie was stout, rubicund, bald. He was also a little irascible.

I instantly sensed that something was amiss. The harmony of this musical family did not extend outside the home to its further members. Annie fluttered in nervous apprehension, and I strongly suspected her of saying, almost aloud 'Oh, dear!' as she gathered herself together in order to fetch a boiling kettle from the kitchen, to re-fill the teapot and lay another cup and saucer. As she passed her husband, beside whom I sat, I heard her whisper, "Now Harry, you're not to say anything! Don't start it!"

But it was young Harry who seemed most perturbed. He looked up at his Uncle Charlie, and his already lined young forehead crinkled like a concertina. The sleepiness left his eyes, and I could see that he was prepared for battle.

All this mystified me. I was uncomfortable, for like my bother, I hated controversy and argument, loud quarrels or bickering.

No hostility broke out, however. The truce lasted through tea, and Uncle Charlie and my father engaged in a hearty dialogue about

other colleagues. It appeared that Charlie also was a Post Office man, and had formerly worked with Father and Old Harry in Hobart Place, Victoria, until the family feud caused him to apply for a transfer to another district office, out of daily contact with his brother.

Later in the evening there entered a third brother, very like Old Harry in appearance, but deaf and dumb. This disability had prevented him from entering the Post Office as a sorter, but he made a safe living as a wood-carver. A panel of his work, fruit and foliage in the manner of Grinling Gibbons, hung over the door of the sitting-room where we were all gathered at tea (a double-room with folding-doors removed).

The meal finished under some restraint, and Uncle Charlie wiped his head with his handkerchief, wheezed irritably, and suggested "a little music." I saw Annie tremble. This was the moment. Then the genius of compromise shone from the younger son Bertie, the 'bass player. He suggested the Schubert trio, and there was immediate assent. We left Annie to clear away the tea things, and withdrew to the front half of the sitting-room, where stood a boudoir grand by Broadwood (*not* the spurious Broadwood-White), and a small copse of music-stands. What with the bulk of the piano, the splay legs of the stands, the 'bass lying on its side and the 'cello (with extended peg) lolling over an arm-chair, little room was left either for performers or audience. I sat on the kerb of the fireplace, and Bertie joined me, for he seemed eager to further our acquaintance.

Our conversation was enthusiastic, for we were discovering, moment by moment, mutualities of interest in music, and country matters, and religious adventure. I quickly found that he did not read much, and that my self-dedication to poetry was something of a novelty to him, which he found endearing but incomprehensible. But he respected it, and said so. I needed no more encouragement. A proud gratitude welled up and almost overwhelmed me. I must have shewn it, for he smiled and nodded at me, exactly as his mother had done over our bereavement. The evening sunlight flickered through the lace curtains and hovered like butterflies around his handsome head. I could hardly see him, because my eyes were suffused. I had to take off my spectacles and wipe them, thus changing the scene to a mass of

glowing shapes, the sunlit Broadwood, the gilt music-stands, the vague figures of the performers, or rather those about to perform.

For the music of Schubert had not yet begun to flow. The score was being handed out, examined, commented on, hummed at, while discussion went on as to who should play which instrument. It was finally decided that as Bertie was in deep conversation with me, he should not be called upon. Young Harry sat down at the pianoforte, perplexity still written on his brow. He wiped his hands with his handkerchief, tucked it up his cuff, and leaned forward to examine the score, frowning still more as he did so, as though to suggest that what with the mysteries of music on the one hand, and the distractions of having to contend with everyday life, on the other, he was likely at any moment to resign the contract made so shyly at his birth, by dear Annie and Old Harry.

This last was to play the violin-part, and for that purpose he now had to make up his mind which of two ready instruments he should use. Three were examined, but one was out of court as being quite distasteful to him. How it had got into the house, he explained somewhat querulously, no one knew, but he suspected his brother Charlie of having bought it at an auction. Charlie accepted the accusation meekly, or absent-mindedly, for he was busy fitting a string to an out-of-commission 'cello, a garishly red instrument for which he plainly had little respect. But Young Harry allowed nobody to touch his own violoncello, and there it lolled, a spoilt darling, ready for utterance, still in the main arm-chair.

With a grimace that drew the muscles of his mouth sharply, as from toothache, Young Harry touched a key to give the tuning note. He played a few chords—and rapture flooded over me as though a caress had surprised me, touching the hair at the back of my head. The velvety tone of the Broadwood was softer, more woody, than that of our Klingmann; but it compensated by coming from an open grand—with that instant contact—which is always just lacking in an upright piano.

I paused in my excited flow of conversation with Bertie, and he looked at me, half enquiring, but wholly patient, for I believe that he was letting the contents of my speech flow over him. Our friend-

liness, our mutual warmth, were enough, though most of my references to things and persons literary and philosophic were unintelligible to him.

This sudden pause in our conversation resulted in one of those social silences which are said to occur either at twenty minutes past, or twenty minutes to the hour. A marble clock, with figures of a blacksmith and a husbandman supporting it, affirmed the superstition. The time was twenty to seven, and the sun at that same moment withdrew from the room, leaving us to contract our range of consciousness, and to concentrate upon the universe of the ear, privy from the distractions of that of the eye. Dusk was falling.

The effect of the silence was galvanic upon Young Harry. He suddenly returned to the current world, a spasm shook him, and he leaned across the keyboard of the piano, his brown eyes alight with a touch of malice, and said to his Uncle Charlie. "And are you coming to hear Tannhäuser on Thursday?"

Annie was out in the kitchen, and thus no feminine influence was present in the darkening music-room to prevent the explosion that followed. Uncle Charlie struggled to his feet, bow in one hand, the other hand grasping the reddish 'cello as though it were a turkey which he had just strangled. His face grew purple, his eyes stared glassily.

"You're young," he gasped. "Harry, you don't know yet. You haven't lived long enough. But people like him come between father and son; they are blasphemers. They crucify all that is good and sacred in music. We've had this out before. It's upset our family. I've been kept away from you all—and now, the first time I come to see what can be done, you say this to me! I tell you, Young Harry, and you're my own nephew; I tell you once and for all, that I'll have nothing to do with this wicked charlatan, or his damnable works. Let them bring him to Covent Garden, with his Ring of the Nibble-lungens, and his Tan-houzers! It doesn't make him a musician; it doesn't change my belief that you and Bertie are being ruined as instrumentalists by playing his horrible works, with their wicked tricks and fraudulent discords. It's enough to make me weep!"

And he did weep, to our intense embarrassment. The tears gathered in those bulging, glassy eyes, like blood out of stone, and Old Harry, with his fiddle under his arm, trembling and quavering, muttered over and over again.

"Oh, come now, Charlie. There's no call for all this. The boys are young. You can't expect—old heads on young shoulders—".

What might have happened if Annie had not returned to the party, I dared not think. Indeed, I was incapable of thinking, for the storm appeared to be blowing all round me. Bertie had put his hand on my knee, in concern over my distress.

"They don't understand," he pleaded with me. "You can't expect them to. It's all so big—everything different—but they can't see that it had to come. Verdi has said all that could be said in the old forms. But Wagner is another world. The more I play his work, the more I learn. He's more like a god than a man. But what's the use of arguing about him—quarrelling from him?"

"Now, now," quavered Annie, "what is all this? Why haven't you begun your music? Who began it *this* time?"

She looked reprovingly, but with infinite timidity, from one to another of her menfolk, the four musicians (two of them also post-office sorters), and I could have sworn that she shook a finger, as in a kindergarten of naughty children. "Now come along, Harry dear," she said to her husband. "Just you get along with it."

But Young Harry, who had caused the disturbance, was too upset to settle down at the keyboard. He flung back his hair, looked at his uncle accusingly, and stood up.

"No!" he cried. "I can't take the piano part after that. You'd better. I'll play the cello."

And he picked up his own instrument, bent over it, his hair almost sweeping the strings, and began to tune it, screwing the keys, and his own features, simultaneously, as in a kind of nervous agony.

"Uncle Charlie's old-fashioned," whispered Bertie to me, leaning across the fireplace. "Father doesn't really understand Wagner either, but he's more tolerant. That's due to Haydn, whom he worships. Haydn was an experimenter too. Father is kind of—of *prepared* for the change, you see."

His further words were drowned under an expostulation of tuning up, this time with a still angry and lachrymose Uncle Charlie at the piano, giving the note. Old Harry was trembling at one knee, and from moment to moment his head nodded violently in the aftermath of the storm. I gathered, however, from Bertie's innocent stage-whisper that Uncle Charlie had not been near the house for six months, and that when his brother had refused to take sides in the previous quarrel—though his tastes were known—Charlie had put in a request to be moved from the South West District Post Office in Hobart Place in order to remove himself from even this remote contagion with Wagner.

Schubert bowed himself into the room through an atmosphere of constraint. His boyish gaiety, and bubbling outburst of good humour, were quite incongruous with the expression of set obstinacy on the face of the pianist, the worried anxiety of the fiddler, and the anger of that of the 'cellist.

But that made no difference to the movement of the music; music that came running up the shore round me, sunlit, foaming out of the deep, as playful yet strong as a flooding tide, sun-drenched, and pungent out of the mid-ocean of genius.

I leaned forward, half-losing my nervous distress, and clasping my hands between my knees, stared at the whitening knuckles, unaware that my fingers were aching, conscious only that I was moving into another and larger chamber in the house of music. And I was conscious, too, that I was here without brother Jack, and that this was an intrusion I could not help, since he had gone off on another pursuit that demanded all, perhaps more, than he could give.

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The excitement of this new friendship that suddenly had come to flower out of a seed set long ago in childhood, made me insistent to share it with Jack. I could see there was so much to enchant him, lighten his melancholy temperament, and even to dilute the intensity of his love-passion, in this family circle where music was the daily bread.

One Sunday, when it was inconvenient for him to go 'over the hill,' and Father was absent again—somewhat mysteriously—with his Humber motor-cycle, plus the sociable sidecar (which I had helped to assemble), I persuaded Jack to come with me to Clapham Common. The occasion made us both shy, because we realised that this was the first time we had been out together since Mother left us.

The afternoon, of a sunny day in July, was hot, and the streets of suburban London were deserted. A placid smell of dust and privet hedges charged the air with laziness and sleep. We had been busy during the morning, cleaning up the house while Father roasted the joint. Now he had departed, blurting down Half Moon Lane, temporarily ruffling the silence of the afternoon. But it closed again after him, like pond water settling over a flung stone.

Hardly a sound disturbed the neighbourhood when Jack and I set out at a little before three o'clock. The elms in Half Moon Lane stood in the dark mantle of their own shadows. From one of them floated the lifting murmur of a pigeon's voice, and the abrupt stop. The suburb was digesting its Sunday dinner, with the *News of the World* over its head as a shield from the light. Even the light itself was subdued.

Jack and I walked toward Clapham, breaking our reserve by shy, generalised remarks as though we were strangers. Indeed we were so, for we had come together again for the first time since Love, and then Death had entered our home, and shewn it to be so fragile.

I watched my brother while we walked. The intensity of his emotions, concentrated now upon the timid and inexperienced person of the girl whose cool beauty and reserve had thrown him into a perpetual state of frustrated frustration, which even her gentle loyalty could not assuage, had laid down the sufficiently sparse flesh. He was more than ever like Savonarola. I almost had the illusion of seeing his great beak of a nose protruding from under a cowl, his eyes invisible.

He stooped as he walked, and a little hunched, guarding something.

"Don't you dare to fall in love," he said suddenly, as we approached Brixton.

"Why?" I asked, equally as guarded.

"It's torture!"

With that we went on in silence again, but sensibly drawn closer to each other. After awhile I ventured upon some consolation.

"It'll be all right when you're married."

His head drooped a little more forward. "But when—when?" he demanded. "We come out of College this term, and start teaching in September. I shall just be turned twenty-one, and she's only twenty. Her people won't hear of it. You can't blame them."

Then he stopped, turned, and stared at me, deeply, consumingly. I stopped too. It was impossible to pass this barrier of fire.

"And what about *you*? Mother's been gone three months and what is Father doing? Where does he go lately?"

The passionate query meant less to me than to Jack. Father had always been somewhat of an absentee in my life; his enthusiasms remote, his enormous physical vigour unintelligible. I saw now that Jack who had been his companion, though a slightly reserved one, all through the cycling years, was frightened. Perhaps he was trying to shift the burden. After all, he had been the first to break, in 1908, the enclosure of our unique family life, with its involved emotions and interests.

He must have read my thoughts, for he went on, as we resumed our way toward the haven of the Bridges' home, "And there's you. I can't leave you alone: not yet."

I had not contemplated these possibilities. I lived removed from the immediate drama of events and actualities, and thus had little political sense. I had not learned to put two and two together. I was otherwise occupied with the excitements of the dictionary, and the drug of verse. The only reality that I could appreciate was the prospect of a room to myself, somewhere close to the assurance of food and warmth, where I could fulfil my verbal dreams without interruption.

Even now I did not fully grasp what Jack meant. So I said nothing. The idea of being left utterly alone in the world was one I could not entertain, except under the conditions of my monomania. I could desert the world, in order to pursue my purpose: but the world must not desert me.

This self-concern made me respond with some ardour to Jack's words. He was seldom given to demonstration; signs of affection, or expressions of praise from him loomed up like hillocks on a plain. So though I accepted this surprising gesture in silence, I was inwardly eloquent. I seized him by the arm, and walked along with him for at least a dozen paces. Then I realized that his artesian emotions had sunk back to their normal depth, escaping from my exuberance. The spiritual contact survived, however, and we walked on in silence, or intermittent conversation, very happy together, he in his responsibility for me, I in my faith in him.

The Bridge family made Jack as welcome as they had made Father and me a week or two earlier. Again the Sunday tea-table was spread in the back room, with Annie fluttering like a moth behind the tea-cosy, and Old Harry at her side, dependent upon her even for the conveyance of bread and butter, with bloater-paste, to his plate. He accepted visitors as he accepted the rest of his life's furniture, with an impersonal sweetness. But his character managed to give an assurance, in spite of its distraught habit, that he knew the true value of things and people, and that he would recoil with obstinacy from a fake Stradivarius, as well as from a pretentious friend or musician. I had already noticed how affectionately, though somewhat dismissively, he had received my father. I now saw him accept Jack with a more continuous interest. Throughout tea-time he studied Jack's hands. They appeared to fascinate him.

Meanwhile, my brother warmed up. He sat opposite Old Harry, listening and responding to a technical cross-talk about counterpoint, a subject the two Bridge boys were struggling with in their studies at the Royal Academy. Jack emerged from his cavern and sat there in the full glare of debate, while I amused myself as a listener, trying to count the threads of the argument, and to see them as a living demonstration of the art of counterpoint, the fact being that each enunciation by Jack, after provoking a babel of voices, was repeated by Young Harry lower down the scale of the tea-table.

I realised, too, that throughout my life I had never before seen Jack in other than our own domestic setting. He must have felt the same about me; but I had nothing to demonstrate. I was in a state

of foreboding. Jack's remarks during our walk to Clapham had come home to me with belated effect. I watched this still united family of four, and it brought back to my mind the disaster which had crept upon our home, with gradual stealth, and then suddenly struck: only now was I beginning to realise with what shattering force.

After tea, I retreated into a corner, beneath one of those novel phonographs which Young Harry had introduced to the house. It stood on a pedestal above me, its horn sticking out above my head. Young Harry demonstrated it, playing a cylindrical record of Caruso singing an aria from *Il Trovatore*. It sounded like a tiny, far-off voice from fairyland. Harry then showed me Caruso's autograph in his album, embellished by a self-caricature drawn by that warm-hearted master.

All this, however, was but a preamble to the business of the evening, the usual Sunday night quartette playing. Uncle Charlie had not appeared. He was still sulking in his tent, after the last altercation about Wagner. Old Harry accordingly had a suggestion to make, as though it were something utterly unprecedented, an inspiration belatedly showing itself in his autumnal years—that the evening's music should start with one of Haydn's thirty trios for strings.

"There, Harry, and very nice," said Annie, who might not have heard this suggestion every Sunday night for the past twenty-five years.

With his dear wife's encouragement, Old Harry began to explore one of the piles of sheet-music which stood about the room, in the corners, on the chairs and sofa, in and on cabinets, under and on the grand pianoforte. Jack volunteered to help him, and immediately the two were withdrawn from the rest of us, into a world of 'unheard music,' that magic still merely in notation, dumb within the confinement of the staves.

I recognised in Jack's absorbed activity, the power that had so often caught me up in those distant days of childhood, aeons ago; sweeping me on out of my station of day-dreams, only to leave me higher up the slopes of that dangerous range of fantasy.

But more was happening. Jack had stopped sorting over the piles. He was immersed in something particular. I knew by the poise of his whole body that he was concentrating upon one of his enthusiasms.

It was much the same physical stance as that of a kestrel when it halts upon air, its wings spread, and still, yet at the same time vibrant in a lifting intensity, a throb of directed purpose, before the plunge. "Mr. Bridgel!" he said; or rather, he commanded.

Conversation died away, and Young Harry nervously lifted the ruby needle from the revolving wax cylinder on the phonograph, thus snatching the voice of Nelly Melba into oblivion.

Jack rose from the floor, still looking at the opened sheets in his hands.

"We ought to play this," he said. He spoke quietly, finally. There could be no denial, no opposition. "I've never heard it, but I've had the score out of the library. It's one of the greatest things I've ever heard."

"You mean *not* heard," said Young Harry, wryly, smiling his whimsical, half-distracted smile.

"This is Brahms at his best," Jack went on soliloquising rather than addressing himself to us. "It's the Piano Trio in C major."

"Dear me, that's very difficult," said Old Harry indulgently, shaking his head to indicate that Brahms was not to blame.

"But it's astounding!" cried Jack. "It's so—so *tense*, with the hesitation of strength in the first movement. I long to hear the effect of that when it's played. It's not easy to follow on the page. But all that comes after; the gaiety of the second movement, and this remote Hungarian music of the andante, with the solid peasant dance of the last movement, festive yet tragic. Oh, it suits me, it suits me!"

I stared at him. Never before had I seen him emerge so far. Not even on the occasion when, as a boy of thirteen, he built a steam locomotive that made a record run and then blew up, nearly braining him in the explosion, had Jack shewn himself so triumphant.

Nobody could withstand that force. Within a few minutes, Jack was at the piano, Old Harry at the violin, and Young Harry at the 'cello. One or two differences of view about tempo, a false start, owing to a defective tuning of the fiddle, and then the music launched out into the open, Jack playing from sight, his great nose white, his lips indrawn, the muscles of his cheeks twitching, his silky hair lying lank over the neat skull. I could *feel* the knowledge, instantly trans-

lating itself from theory to living music, as it flowed from his hands. They appeared to cling to the keyboard, like hungry birds alighting there, for he had devised a muscular stance (after reading an exposition of Tobias Matthay's method) in keeping with his own character, so that much was done with a minimum of effort, the full significance and authority finding expression mostly in what he did *not* do or say.

It was almost a devastating experience for me. I saw, for the first time, my enigmatic brother's personality stripped naked, and I was both awed and charmed. Apart from my wonder at the bravura of playing such a work at sight, I recognised that this particular trio by Brahms, which I have never heard performed since that Sunday in the July of 1910, might have been composed as a prophetic portrait of my brother. He, too, had the passionate reserve, the latent force of lyrical joy and humour, the basis of robust sanity, the sudden soaring up into self-immolation under the prompting of agonised emotional sacrifice.

Bertie and I sat together again during this performance, and I had the illusion that we were kneeling side by side at a sacrament. The wry humour of the last movement (*allegro giacoso*) must have touched Jack at the very core of his nature, for he played it as though he were possessed, and actually broke into a sardonic chuckle, in time with the heavy beat of the dance rhythm. The sweat glistened on Old Harry's time-tonsure; and Young Harry at the 'cello, at each emphasis of the detached string quavers, gave a rapid bob over his instrument, causing his mane of hair to fly over his face and almost to flick the strings, adding an unwanted pizzicato.

Annie, sitting with her sewing in the back-room, spoke up when the triumph ended.

"That last piece was very loud, Harry dear," she said.

But Old Harry paid no attention to this gentle criticism. He was trying to say something to Jack. Words failed him, however, and after an effort that shook his whole frame, nothing came but tears. They flowed down his withered cheeks, tears of joy, and he groped for his handkerchief to assuage them. But what with this effort, and the attempt to pat my brother on the shoulder, and the burden of the violin and bow still in his hands, he finally gave way, and stood in helpless confusion, vaguely murmuring, "Good boy! Good boy!"

Young Harry meanwhile resumed the manner of the tired professional, the mask of perplexity over his features, the wrinkles in his forehead, while he tossed back his hair, and worked at a bit of silent stopping up and down the 'cello strings. He was waiting for more.

"Come along, Bertie," he said. "It's time you took a turn. Give us a 'bass solo."

Bertie eased himself up from the fender, where he and I had been sitting like two dumb tailors. The great double-bass was turned round from its dunce-posture, face to the wall in the corner by the doors into the back-room, and Bertie (his fingers and thumbs already slightly splayed at the tips, an occupational distortion) began to tune up. It was like a shire-horse rousing from sleep.

Accompanied by Young Harry, who sat at the piano as professionally as he sat at the 'cello, Bertie gave us a bravura little lyric by Giovanni Bottesini; a touch of love-laughter among the giants. We all made merry over it, and on this note of comedy over the pathetic emotions of the instruments that, like Atlas, carry the sphere of music—the double-bass, the bombardon, the bassoon, the big drum, Jack and I left, with the assurance that the home was always open to us, Old Harry seeing us to the door and still trying in vain to say something to Jack about his miraculous bit of sight-reading. He patted Jack again on the shoulder, before closing the door.

"Nice old boy," said Jack, walking glumly beside me.

Ballade

by

C. A. ASHLEY

In winter, so the poets all record,
Lugubriously, we cannot obviate
The thought of what may be our last reward.
We seek diversion and prepare to skate,
To ski, to dance, to plan some monstrous fête,
With old-time merriment and roasted ox.
Some animals are wise: they hibernate;
I long for the autumnal equinox.

"Snail's on the thorn": at last it strikes a chord,—
The laggard hounds are many days too late;
The season passed that we have most abhorred.
Men full of energy, the streams in spate;
Now all the animals proliferate.
The hope of spring! A yearly paradox,
When each man thinks he's found his destined mate.
I long for the autumnal equinox.

Listless we sit, far from the madding horde,
While drunken bees their honey pots inflate.
But in the cool of evening, on the sward,
New thoughts develop in the freshened pate,—
All nature now seems to be profligate.
As summer-making swallows come in flocks,
We *can* compare with days intemperate!
I long for the autumnal equinox.

The feasts of Christmas-tide soon satiate;
Advent of Spring man's claim to reason mocks;
Midsummer's night — remember Bottom's fate!
I long for the autumnal equinox.

Consummation

by

R. O. HURST

Deep in the tortuous bowels of the earth
The angry fire of ages stealthily
Burns a molten path below the reach
Of man's desiring penetration.

Pent are the hidden flames which at her birth
Sucked at the skies with hungry tongue;
Their cooled desires are locked beyond the search
Of ancient winds that fan our tired hopes.

The passionate heart of man has known the worth
Of savage fire imprisoned in the breast,
Kindled by the searing flame eagerly
Before the leaping spark died in the night.

There remains only the hotness of our breath
And deep in the earth a smouldering fire;
The cold crust of the earth is our grave
When we no longer feel the warmth of life.

The Problem of Professionalism

—The Case of the Social Sciences—

by

ADRIAN MARRIAGE

Sub-division and specialisation within the social sciences have been accompanied by a steady pressure for more professional schools in the universities. What are the consequences when more than half our university students no longer engage in the pursuit of pure learning?

The point has long passed when the chief preoccupation of the social sciences was the question of what the chief preoccupation of the social sciences ought to be. One says "has long passed", but perhaps it should rather be "seems finally to have passed", for it was not so long ago that MacDougall devoted almost a quarter of his little introduction to psychology to discussing what psychology was, and not so long ago that the conferences called by LePlay House in London were dedicated to such nice issues as where the sociology of small groups began and where social psychology left off. However, if the issue is dead, it still lies in an unquiet grave, as I venture to say we may reasonably infer from the ill-concealed anxiety the social anthropologists manifest as the supply of primitive peoples threatens to run out. But that, of course, is legitimate enough. If an analogy will help, the febrile introspectiveness of adolescence is of a kind which may fairly be called excessive, in that it splinters purpose and obstructs effective action, yet the problem of *identity* persists with undiminished relevance into adult life, and indeed, is never so problematical for that matter as when life ceases altogether. Specifically, if the social scientist is not to study everything, (which is not even a practical difficulty since it is a logical impossibility anyway), then he must patently have certain criteria of relevance which enable him to select what constitutes an article of concern to him and reject what does

not. The same applies, needless to say, to all other branches of scientific inquiry. The point I make is that we may no longer easily discover social scientists perpetually engaged in putting the finishing touches to the prolegomenon of a work which they never embark on.

If, therefore, we discuss this question of what the social studies should be studies of, we discuss it, I suggest, in an altered context of both purpose and circumstance. What the alteration consists in may be briefly stated. It is that the social sciences have grown in recent years at a rate unprecedented in their short history. What was once, for instance, in sociology a relatively small field within which the questions being asked were gross and repetitive is now an extremely large field within which the questions being asked are often very precise and novel. I believe it is true to say that this growth has taken place mainly in the last fifteen years, and I suppose it may be attributed above all to the tremendous impetus which war-time operational research lent to the social sciences, both in the matter of refinement, through application, of research techniques, and also in the no less important matter of the recognition of the value of the social sciences in practical human affairs which resulted from this episode. This growth has not been, it almost goes without saying, merely one of bulk. It has been a growth which corresponded with the terms of Herbert Spencer's formula of the evolutionary process, namely as a tendency to greater integration of the whole and greater differentiation of the parts. The integration is less conspicuous than the differentiation, but I do not think it should be long before that also is visible even to skeptical observers. However, it is the differentiation which strikes the eye. If I may be allowed to speak from personal experience, when I went up as an undergraduate student of sociology to the London School of Economics, a lecturer in sociology was a lecturer in sociology, — like the primrose by the river's brim, "it was nothing more". If one discriminated the staff at all, (other, that is, than on the basis of irrelevancies like their age, teaching skill, and so forth), it would be in respect of the degree to which they had professed and declared certain "interests", and these interests in their turn were almost always extensions of interests they had as ordinary members of the laity. For example, one of them might be a member of the

Fabian Society, and in line with this would be devoting himself to a study of the nature and distribution of property rights in contemporary western society. Another might have engaged at one time in marriage guidance work, and was therefore much exercised with the thorny problem of the future of the family,—i.e. whether it had one, and if it did what sort. Courses were more or less interchangeable and qualifications were more or less generic, or at least, that is how it struck a contemporary.

Nowadays it is quite different. We have political sociologists, we have sociologists who have dedicated themselves to the study of race relations, we have those whose knowledge barely extends beyond the sociology of knowledge, and there are some who seem to have fore-sworn their lives to the study of social mobility. The publication of an esoteric monograph was always a good way of calling attention to one's merits, but it stood for little more than a demonstration of the reconditeness of one's scholarship, the tacit line of reasoning being, "If he knows as much as that about a subject as weird as that, what must he know about the field in general". Nowadays one publishes a monograph in order to establish a competence, a visible expertness, and far from being expected to move on to the more "important" and comprehensive themes, one is rather required to stay with it, to cultivate one's garden, to plow one's furrow, until the crop yield is good enough to allow for a decent standard of living, like the members of that peculiar profession mentioned by Georg Simmel, who wait fully attired in evening dress in the hope of being called upon to join a dinner party where the numbers of the guests have reached thirteen.

It is possible, of course, to treat this specialisation,—of people knowing more and more about less and less,—somewhat frivolously, as though it were no more than a consequence of the economic dilemma of too many candidates for too few jobs, (which, by the way, in part it is). Nonetheless it is a real enough thing, that is to say, it reflects real changes in the subject itself. The stage has in fact been reached when one can no longer be a sociologist as such, but must be a *something* sociologist, or a sociologist of *something*. The situation is repeated in varying degrees in the other social sciences. One hastens to add, however, that it does not seem to be the case that they are

becoming fragmented in this process, or that the process is taking place randomly or arbitrarily. On the contrary, it is my impression that there is a larger area of common ground between the different departments of inquiry in the study of human behaviour than has ever existed before.

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Where there are alternatives there is choice. Where there are competing ends and scarce resources, sooner or later we must have a scale of priorities, whatever we call it, however we disguise it, notwithstanding that we remain unaware either of its existence or its operations. The scarce resources are students, teaching time and money. The alternatives are different kinds of expertness, social problems met or unmet, skills taught or untaught, purposes nourished or neglected. Concretely, my hypothesis is, (if it may be allowed so resounding a name), that we shall very shortly be obliged to undertake what may fairly be called an agonizing reappraisal in this field as to *who* is going to teach *what* to *whom*. This is a cryptic observation, but illustration should serve to make its implications clearer.

If we are, then, to make acknowledgement of the differentiation I have referred to in the way we organise our university departments, the way we select and arrange our curricula, the qualifications we seek in the staff we appoint, we shall have to do so in accordance with agreed and articulated rules. As I see it, there are broadly three ways of doing this, excluding those arrangements which are not properly speaking "ways" at all, i.e. do not represent any systematic and explicit method.

The first of these approaches I would tentatively typify as *the problem-oriented method*. By this I intend a view of the social sciences which would see them as the application of the scientific temper of mind and scientific methods of inquiry to urgent issues of social administration and social reform. This was the cast in which they first appeared in American universities, and this is how they continue in many centres even today. It is easy now to be contemptuous of this approach on account of the intellectual philistinism which has too often been a feature of it. But it has very much to be said for it. There

is a real sense, after all, in which the social sciences may be seen as the heirs to those great traditions of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment which made possible the critical, secular and humane examination and evaluation of human affairs. The matter has been quite boldly stated by Gunnar Myrdal who says, "Social science is social criticism". What, I suppose, we must guard against is that social criticism should be taken as social science. The unhappy paradox here, of course, is that the problem-oriented method is often just as deeply rooted in what Bury calls "received ideas" as the attitudes it sets out to indict. It is worth remembering in this context that in the light of certain persuasions of social theory there is no such thing as social disorganisation, just different types of social organisation. There is a perspective in which this is obviously true. Equally there is one in which I think it is not. But what the more naïve social scientists fail to realise all too often is that before the terms on which the first is true can be translated to the terms on which the second is true, something must intervene, namely, some kind of explicit statement of the norms in relation to which a given state of affairs may be adjudged either organised or disorganised . . . and these norms are in essence moral judgments. There is nothing wrong in moral commitment so long as we know what we are doing, and so long, I might add for my own taste, as the only available vessels for our thought are not the dusty husks of genteel liberal ideologies.

The second approach is harder to describe for we are really only on the margins of being able to say what its exact implications would be. It would consist, to put the matter very briefly, in the formulation of a comprehensive or general theory embracing the entire range of phenomena coming under one's accredited purview. This would be a series of inter-related propositions of a high order of abstraction to which any observation subsequently made could be shown to have an explicit logical relationship. This is the kind of thing which has been attempted with such brilliant obscurity by Talcot Parsons and his colleagues. He, of course, is not the first by any means, but he is among the first to do it, perhaps, with the analytical scrupulousness and the formidable scholarship which the task demands. As to the ultimate necessity of such an undertaking there can be no debate. Where possi-

bilities of legitimate difference exist is in connection with the question of whether it has practical utility in the present state of the field, whether, in other words, it will serve to lend a much wanted coherence and direction to research which is certainly as things stand all too often *ad hoc*, discontinuous and theoretically trivial. If our answer is "No", and I feel that in many cases it must be, it is obviously unwise to take such a system as the predicative base for organising our studies. My own view, which is offered half facetiously, is that the principal use of this orientation so far is to inculcate the intellectually therapeutic value of paradox and to confirm students in their very correct suspicion of the poor honorific value of plain speech. But the intention here is less to consider the desirability of such an approach than to suggest that it is a possible one.

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The third alternative I want to discuss, and the one I want to deal with most fully, is that education in the broad area of the social sciences should be *professionally oriented*. To obviate the need for a full definition of a profession and for the further effort of saying in a determinate way what shape professional education would take I should like to invite the reader to hold in mind existing models, primarily that of social work. It should be said that it is in relation to the experience of teaching sociological courses in a graduate school of social work that the following observations are made.

A profession, of course, is not a subject, except in so far as it is taken as a subject of study, e.g. in the analysis of occupational rôles. It is rather a nexus of interests or concerns which stands at the point of intersection of a number of other subjects which already have a being in their own right. The practice of medicine for example stands upon physiology, pharmacology, bio-chemistry and many other disciplines, while social work depends upon psychiatry, sociology, cultural anthropology, political science and so forth. To the degree to which this dependent relationship must hold true for all cases then obviously professional education can never be an absolute, in the sense that it can never acquire complete self-sufficiency. It derives its vocabulary from somebody else's lexicon, and we are therefore obliged to assume

that somebody else will have at the very least provided the raw material to which we then apply our particular operational focus. I am not altogether convinced that this is inescapable, but it is probably prudent to assume for the time being that it is. It means, however, that professional education derives its *raison d'être* not from the logic of disciplinary structure but from certain other premises, some of which will be mentioned below.

Like sin, this approach is one of those things which can be said to lack advocates and at the same time to have very little need of them. As a development in our system of higher education it has already gone so far that opinions about it are almost an impertinence. Rather it is a question of what we shall do with it now that we have got it. Consider, for example, how many professional schools, departments, faculties and other administrative mutations we have on the typical campus today: social work, nursing, medicine, pharmacy, law, engineering, teaching, architecture, not to mention such nascent entities as criminology and rehabilitation. In a recent year at the University of British Columbia, by my rough calculations, the number of students registered for what may fairly justly be called professional studies was around 2,700, compared with about 2,500 in the non-professional courses, and of this second figure something over a thousand were freshmen who would undoubtedly later go on to professional studies. The brief submitted by the Canadian Association of University Teachers to the Gordon Commission drew attention to similar figures for Canada as a whole and expressed a characteristic concern about the trend which I shall have occasion to touch upon below. In other words, the number of our students engaged in professional education already exceeds the number of those who might be said to be in pursuit of pure learning, and we may have every confidence that this number will increase both absolutely and relatively. In addition, discussion has been initiated in some universities as to the feasibility of reorganising the curriculum so as to permit undergraduate degrees in social work, either as a four year program leading to a Bachelor of Social Work or in the Tweedledum variant of a B.A. (Social Work). One could cite many other instances and many other ways in which this tendency is manifesting itself, as in the increasing degree of

unconditionality with which professional schools are specifying their academic pre-requisites. From another quarter of the world one learns that the University of Liverpool is setting up a teaching position in Industrial Sociology, while a Readership in Advertising is mooted at the London School of Economics. In fine, as industry and commerce, government agencies and professional associations all increase their pressures on the university,—be it in the shape of grants and scholarships or plaintive demands for trained personnel, with sideways glances at the new phase of the Cold War,—as students become, as I venture to suggest they are progressively becoming, more and more career and security minded, then we may expect this process to acquire even greater momentum.

What the eventual consequences of this trend will be for the life of the university and the community can be little more than a matter of conjecture. On the other hand, we have by now had enough experience of this development to be able to indicate with a reasonable amount of assurance some of the advantages and disadvantages which the system brings.

In the first place I suggest that it endows the student's work and for that matter the teacher's with a more or less definitive focus. We have yet to devise a satisfactory answer to the question which Robert Lynd posed a few years ago, namely, "Knowledge for What?" It is all very well to say, as one may confidently expect someone to say, that just as virtue has its own reward so the pursuit of learning is its own self-sufficient end. This is very true, not least because as it is commonly stated it is a tautology. But I doubt very much whether as a formula it resolves the dilemma of how the individual student shall inform his work with clear purpose, nor the equally chronic and urgent one of how we can create an idiom of shared meanings through which the teacher and the student can communicate effectively. Nor is this question of focus merely a matter of achieving a consensus as to the goals of action to which learning is addressed. It is a characteristic of professions that sooner or later they should work out a code of ethics, a statement of the moral assumptions from which professional conduct takes its point of departure and an effort to heighten awareness of the moral consequences of professional activity. This is something on

which social work is particularly strong, and it is also something on which some of the non-professionally organised social sciences are often rather weak. It would take more space than is available to make this point with sufficient concreteness to bring it home to those for whom it is not a practical issue, but perhaps one small example will help. There is a growing recognition that no sociologist is properly equipped unless he possesses some field work skills, for instance in interviewing. Now this may be and in fact generally will be at a superficial level, as when the investigator is sampling political opinion. But it sometimes aims to go rather deeper than that, and when it does there is no question in my mind that the student must be alerted to recognise when the situation is becoming uncontrollably therapeutic in character. This calls for considerable diagnostic awareness and moreover for a keen sense of professional protocol, a sense, be it added, which the student is unlikely to have acquired by his own unaided devices. The danger is no doubt slight, but one has seen it happen. Again, it might be claimed that the glib and thoughtless use made of autobiographical assignments among adolescent students in some university psychology departments falls into the same class of error.

A second benefit of the professional orientation in education is that it makes for precision in learning. A certain amount of well-intentioned casuistry is called for here as it would be hard to conceal from any reader who did not already know it that there is a sense in which professional education is very imprecise. The ambiguity is aptly illustrated by reference to the field of psycho-analysis. I think it would not be unfair to say that in the austere groves of academic psychology psycho-analysis is, for the most part, an object of at best condescension and at worst of contempt. It is alleged to be grossly speculative in method, mythological in its categories, and totally untested with regard to its boasted effectiveness. There is undeniably a substantial amount of truth in this. We in social work have frequently been impugned for our slavish credulity in this respect, and not without some justice. Yet in the long view the charge is misplaced. We are not concerned as such with the academic respectability of Freud's theories. Rather we are bent on knowing what systematic explanations of human behaviour will best enable us to understand the apparently meaning-

less, silly, despicable or disgusting behaviour of our clients, and what accounts of the problems we have to face in our practice will permit us to live in some expectation of solving them. This is a perspective which admittedly does not make for very nice or fastidious thinking, and I dare say the use of ideas as tools tends eventually to rob them of some of their inherent dignity. But equally it is a perspective in which there is little place for idle intellectual virtuosity or sophistry, and it is possible at least to argue that to use ideas as tools is no less useful and honorable than to use them as *objets d'art*. In short, the critique of application provides a touchstone or criterion for the rigorous assessment of the quality of thought. One would not claim that the criterion is exclusive of others. There is no real dichotomy here at all. I am calling attention to some of the consequences of the institutional context of scholarly activity. I take it that nobody wishes to give countenance either to earnest dogmatism or pyrotechnic frivolity.

There is in addition a whole range of advantages accruing to this method of organising higher education which are not of sufficient theoretical significance to warrant spending much time on. I refer to the gain in social visibility which the university acquires in a highly realistically minded culture, to the enhanced likelihood of attracting funds, donations, and so forth. These factors are far from being negligible, but I think it would be agreed that they are largely the concern of the professional bureaucracy of university administrations.

There are inevitably disadvantages with this system as well as advantages, some of which may be inherent, while others may be merely historically adventitious. I have already touched on a number of these disadvantages in attempting to fill out the picture of the benefits, and what I have to add now will by no means exhaust the inventory that a suitably motivated person might be able to draw up.

The most pregnant of these is hard to put in a few words for it is an elusive and subtle issue, and even more than that, it is one which has all too often been affirmed as a piety rather than expounded as an argument. I am speaking of the view that in our civilisation the university has represented a centre, sometimes an embattled one, of disinterested learning, intellectual integrity, otherworldliness, and so

forth,—a citadel of the eternal verities. This is undoubtedly a powerful proposition, and like Voltaire's God, if it had not existed it would have been necessary to invent it. Otherwise it is difficult to see what university presidents could say each time they inaugurated a new school of home economics. True as it is, however, it poses a bigger issue than it resolves, for if the university is to be the guardian of all that is most valuable in the culture, if, so to speak, it has an obligation to the community to hold itself inviolate, how at the same time can it ensure that it makes these values available to the community? I presume there is agreement that we hold these responsibilities in trust, and that the unassailability of our right is bound up with the capacity to discharge our obligation. How then do we preserve ourselves from spiritual narcissism? How do we prevent a fortress from becoming a capsule? I do not know which would be in the event the worse side to err on, but I believe it may be the case that the professionalism I have spoken of exposes us to some danger of losing our chastity. It has become a glib cliché among intellectuals to talk of *la trahison des clercs*, by which they generally mean that a professor of their acquaintance has bought a TV set, but if we rub the greasy marks off an over-used piece of conceptual currency I think we may discern a real coin of truth there still. The world, as Wordsworth said, is too much with us, whether it be in the shape of loyalty oaths, a preference for atom bombs as opposed to ballet dancers, business men in the seats of academic authority where doyen scholars used to sit, or an undergraduate culture in which the student who talks about the lecture for more than a minute after he and his fellows have left it makes himself a pariah dog. What is the equivocal optimum of the commerce we should hold with the world of affairs? And would an access of professional schools subvert the integrity and pride of mind even further? These are questions as portentous, doubtless, as the language in which they are being uttered, but they are real ones nevertheless.

Partitioned Indochina

—Economic Consequences of the Viet Nam Truce—

by

PHILIP STUCHEN

For over three years Canada has been represented on a supervisory commission of the U.N. responsible for policing a partitioned Indochina. What have been the results of the partitioning? How do the economies of Communist North and Western-influenced South Viet Nam compare? Can the division be maintained in perpetuity?

Canada is today making a significant contribution both in terms of manpower and material assistance in various parts of the world. Whether it is as members of the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East, as technicians under the United Nations and Colombo Plan auspices, or as representatives on the International Supervisory Commissions in Indochina, Canadians are being sought and are finding favour in the respective assignments for which their services have been called upon. Perhaps one of the heaviest continuing commitments—no longer in the headlines but none the less fruitful—has been the joint civilian and military Canadian Delegations supplied to the three Commissions functioning in Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia or the Three Associated States of Indochina as they were collectively known. Established by the Geneva Agreements of July 20, 1954, the Commissions—each consisting of Indian, Polish and Canadian members—have continued to carry out their major task of enforcing the overall cease-fire. During this time no serious or large-scale outbreaks have occurred or been renewed.

In the past, Canada's interest in Indochina has been a limited one. Apart from minimum trade relations which have exceeded the figure of a half million dollars only once in the last ten years, the presence of Canadian-born Roman Catholic missionaries chiefly in Viet Nam, and the occasional visitor to view the historic ruins of Angkor Vat in Cambodia, there has been little exchange made by us

with these remote parts of South East Asia. Now, however, with one hundred and fifty Canadians stationed in the three countries as Commission personnel since the end of 1954 (subject to replacement on an annual basis), there has been an increasing and closer interest between the respective countries and our own. By means of personal communications sent back home to their families, the periodic visits of Canadian newspapermen, CBC—television and—radio commentators, the occasional tours of Government officials, and a first-class documentary film made on-the-spot by the National Film Board, Canadians generally are being better informed and brought up-to-date on life and conditions prevailing in Indochina.

Another feature which is of special interest to Canadians is that Indochina has been under the control of the French over the past seventy to eighty years. Although the era of French rule was terminated by the costly military encounter of Dien Bien Phu in May, 1954, a considerable background of French culture and economy has been left behind; for example, next to the local dialects the French language is spoken in all parts of the three countries and is usually employed in conducting trade and commercial negotiations. Further, at this time, an extensive aid programme financed by United States funds operating on a budget of approximately two hundred million dollars for the current fiscal year in South Viet Nam alone could be viewed favourably by Canadian suppliers for the future. Canada is one of nineteen countries whose exports have been granted most-favoured-nation tariff treatment by South Viet Nam which, in turn, has been reciprocated by our country. For those who view "trade as the best form of aid", the high regard in which Canadians are held by Vietnamese governmental and commercial officials should facilitate and make for an extension of economic and trading relations between our two countries.

Following the departure of the French, there has been the usual speculation as to whether the contribution resulting from the occupation of the country over the years has been beneficial to the Indochinese or whether the French have reaped more material advantages by treating Indochina as an 'assimilated colony'—that is, as a part of France rather than a part of Asia. Without becoming too involved in

any such controversy but at least being aware of its existence and the respective points of view which always present themselves at the end of a colonial era, we might proceed to examine the economic status and developments following the granting of full independence to certain of these former dependencies of France. Perhaps of special concern is the case of North and South Viet Nam which became two separate entities by their partition at the seventeenth parallel on the cessation of hostilities, thus rendering each less economically liable and creating two problems where one had existed previously. Added to this state of affairs and to be normally expected in a country so recently rent by war is the continuance of substantial armed forces by the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam in the North under the Viet Minh or communist leader, Ho Chi Minh, and the Republic of Viet Nam to the South lead by the democratically inspired President Ngo Dinh Diem; in both instances thousands of highly trained troops are being maintained at considerable cost and delay to the economic recovery and industrialization programmes intended for both halves of the country.

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What we now refer to as Viet Nam is an elongated area less than the size of the Province of Newfoundland—approximately one thousand miles from north to south and about a third that distance at its widest point—extending along the South China Sea just south of Mainland China. In the time of French control Viet Nam included the Protectorates of Tonkin and Annam in the north and central portions, and the colony of Cochin China in the south. The military division at the seventeenth parallel coinciding with the Ben Hai River leaves Tonkin and part of Annam in the North (as it will be subsequently referred to) and the greater portion of former Annam and Cochin China making up the South. In actual area the division has been an almost even split—about 60,000 square miles north of the seventeenth parallel and almost 66,000 south of it; as for population, the numbers are also nearly equal with ten to twelve million inhabitants being claimed by the former and an estimated ten to eleven millions for the latter. Each area has a fertile river delta—the Red in the North and the longer Mekong in the South—which are productive

for paddy-growing as well as accounting for some of the most over-populated regions in the world (particularly is this the case in the North where rural population density reaches the figure of 1,500 people per square kilometer in certain localities).

The division of Viet Nam has made more evident the respective productiveness of the two halves which has meant no permissible exchange of goods as well as no intercommunication of persons over the guarded border since it has been established. Thus, important surplus staples like rice and maize which were formerly available from the South to feed the heavily populated areas of the North are no longer being supplied; in turn, the shipment of coal and other minerals as well as manufactured products such as cement and cotton goods from the North, which normally found a ready outlet in the South, has been curtailed. The North has always been regarded as having the necessary requisites for industrialization: not only an adequate manpower supply but a superior type of worker (probably due to the more variant weather than that of the South); an abundant supply of high-grade anthracite coal for power purposes as well as for export; a wide array of known minerals including iron ore, zinc, tin, wolfram, phosphates, manganese, and graphite; satisfactory port facilities at Haiphong (for ocean and coastwise traffic) which serve the Tonkin delta and connect with Hanoi, the capital city, a hundred kilometres distant by means of a much travelled highway and railway.

Being next-door to the Chinese on their northern border, the Viet Minh have been subjected to constant and strong influences from that source for many years. In fact, the great majority of Vietnamese are ethnically, culturally, linguistically and physically related to their Chinese neighbours. (The largest foreign groups in the past have included about a million Chinese chiefly residents of the South and, at their peak, about 40,000 French-born citizens). It is from their close neighbours that the Viet Minh have sought and received most substantial aid in the form of materials and technicians to carry out their reconstruction programme since the end of the recent conflict. Two railway lines from Hanoi to the Chinese border at Lao Kay and Langson had been rebuilt by 1956 and represent economic and strategic links between the two countries; in fact, the trip to Moscow via

Peking by rail commences on this latter route which is about 300 kilometres from Hanoi to the border. Along this same route are strung tele-communication lines which appear to have been made possible by Chinese effort; the ruined telephone system linking all main provincial centres to the capital is also being put back into shape. Air passenger service has been established over the past year on a limited schedule between Hanoi and Canton with small Czech craft, larger Russian planes and Chinese air personnel in evidence. A match factory on the outskirts of Hanoi with substantial output has been recently completed by Chinese aid again; reports credit Russian technicians with the erection and equipment of a tin plant at Cao Bang, the completion of the municipal water works at Nam Dinh and numerous industrial projects planned for the future.

More important, the restoration of the cement works at Haiphong and the management of the Hon Gay coal mines since the departure of the French have had the benefit of either (or both) Chinese or Russian technical assistance. The output of coal is claimed to be up to the near-normal or average production achieved under former French private management, i.e., 1,200,000 tons per year. To what extent the textile production at Nam Dinh has been expanded is not definitely known but it would appear to be re-establishing itself as an important producer of cheaper quality textile materials; at one time these mills were known to employ the largest number of workers in any factory in all Indochina.

Generally, there appears to be a steady and hard-working but unspectacular contribution being made in the North. There is evidence of great physical effort being expended but without too satisfying a final result judging from our standards of efficiency and mechanization and, for what they mean, the repeated exhortations of the Government's demands for greater individual contribution and sacrifice. Roads are in poor condition and what few vehicles and trucks are available seem to be at the disposal of the army; most goods and foodstuffs would appear to be humanly transported by backbreaking methods. It is claimed that war damage of dikes and irrigation canals has now been repaired. However, with less available arable lands than in the South, there still exists a great problem of raising sufficient

rice to meet their needs. As a result, rice or paddy was from last reports still a rationed item in the North although not rationed in the South. Even with two rice crops a year being harvested in certain parts of the Red River delta there is a real dependence upon imported rice from Burma given as a gift from the U.S.S.R. While shipments totalling 100,000 tons were indicated as having come from that source last year (and a continuing arrangement made by Russia with Burma for a supply of 400,000 tons over the next five years), rice will likely continue to be required despite local claims that they are fast becoming self-sufficient.

But technical assistance and material aid come not from only China and the U.S.S.R. North Viet Nam has concluded economic aid and technical assistance agreements with the governments of a number of the communist satellite countries, most of which have diplomatic representation in Hanoi. The latter include North Korea, Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Albania and Bulgaria. In addition, there are consular representatives from India, Indonesia, the United Kingdom and a 'General Delegation' from France; the last remaining American official representatives departed from Hanoi in December, 1955. Trade agreements were negotiated last year with France to the modest extent of less than five million dollars and with a Japanese non-governmental trade mission amounting to variously reported totals of two million pounds to 8.4 million dollars. These are the only two non-satellite countries who have resumed commercial relations with the Viet Minh but the results to date in both cases do not appear to have been particularly productive. In the case of the satellite countries the trading agreements are really exchange or barter arrangements; further, with most of these agreements, the political significance is perhaps more real than the technical or economic aid supplied. Quantities or dollar amounts of such goods are never given locally although figures on the "disinterested aid" from China and Russia were stated at the time of the visit of Ho Chi Minh to those two countries in 1955 as being 800 million yuans (approximately 350 million dollars) and 400 million roubles (or 100 million dollars). It was not known at the time whether these amounts covered aid given in the past or to be supplied in the future.

Nor is it easy to gauge accurately the extent of industrial or agricultural production and progress in the North. For example, agrarian land reform modelled on the Chinese version which was intended to increase agricultural production above pre-war levels as well as to rid the landlord class has accounted for internal troubles within the Ho Chi Minh ranks; this episode in recent months reveals the first publicized evidence of resentment felt within the country and of further difficulties ahead. Last year the Viet Minh announced their first One-Year-Plan setting impressive improvement objectives and targets over the previous year but giving forth no official production or crop figures. One must depend upon the inadequate official announcements and releases appearing in the authorized daily press--'Nhan Dan'. To visit and see at first hand the various projects and industries is not possible either, since the outsiders' travels are at all times 'conducted'. Trade figures as we know them are not publicized and the various shipments of foodstuffs from Russia, textiles from China, tug-boats from Russia, scientific and hospital equipment from East Germany, and bicycles from Czechoslovakia are identified as 'gifts' from such donors of the Sino-Soviet bloc. Merchandise of a utility type in the state-owned or cooperative stores has become more plentiful in recent months and varies from Czech beer or toys to cloth and pharmaceuticals from China; French goods of a consumer as well as luxury type which predominated in the past have been pretty well exhausted by now. Czech and Russian motor cars are seen in the streets of Hanoi--not in great numbers--while the more numerous heavy trucks are Soviet-made; agricultural machinery on exhibition occasionally is 'gifted' from either Russia or China while the required petroleum products are received from the former.

What goods are supplied or how repayment is made to their many benefactors is not clear to outsiders accustomed to normal trading practices. There would appear to be only a limited number of products which could be utilized in token amounts at best. In addition to the coal and other minerals (most of the latter yet to be developed in sufficient quantities for export), forestry products and precious woods, and manufactured goods such as textiles and cement, there is some tea, medical herbs and handicraft goods--none of which build up

to a substantial trade balance. With limited resources of native skilled technicians and mechanization to quicken the industrial development of the North, it will require considerable time before the extreme impoverished condition of the North is appreciably improved. For the present it suffices to say that Canadians would be appalled at both the mere numbers and utter poverty of the North Vietnamese, the primitive agricultural tools at their disposal, and the almost complete lack of skill and machinery in their industrial pursuits. Noting these serious limitations, and still lacking reliable information and statistics, one can observe that considerable progress has been made in rehabilitating rail transportation facilities; more recently coal output has been maintained; industrial production has been restored and modestly extended; but agricultural production is still inadequate to meet requirements.

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Quite a different picture presents itself in the South on practically every count. Unlike the tense-looking populace which faces one everywhere in the North, the South Vietnamese (many of whom are formerly from the North, born in Hanoi and educated at the University there) appear to be a more relaxed and prosperous looking people. Here one moves about with ease and under no restrictions; government and commercial officials can be freely interviewed; industries and government projects may be visited and inspected; army personnel and installations are not as common a sight as in the North; the airport and docks—points of entry to the country—are not under guard to the visitor; newspapers—French and English as well as several Vietnamese—circulate freely; cars and vehicles including motorized cycles move about in such numbers as to create a traffic problem and in marked contrast to the parade of pedalled bicycles and the few private autos in the North; shops are full of goods of even a luxury character and include articles manufactured in the United States, France, Japan and Hong Kong; government and bank reports are issued regularly presenting a detailed, statistical account of the nation's economy. In short, the way of life—socially as well as economically—is found to be much more in tune with the western conception.

In addition to reverting to a regime of autonomy and adjusting to the departure of the French commercial and military ranks (as did the North), the South had to contend until early 1956 with considerable unrest caused by rebel and insurgent sects. This delayed the Government's attempts to get on with the economic restoration programme. Rice cultivation was seriously curtailed or rendered impossible; normal operations in the rubber plantations were severely hindered and under guard since the Viet Minh found them advantageous spots from which to operate and infiltrate; movement by road and by canal in certain areas was most hazardous; the advent of almost a million refugees from the North created a considerable demand for relief and resettlement. In time, political consolidation took place by means of a referendum and a national election which confirmed President Diem and his party, the convening of the National Assembly and, finally, the promulgation of a new constitution by October, 1956.

Just as coal has been the mainstay of the North's economy so have exports of rice and rubber from the South been great piastre earners; in fact, in the old days, these three products constituted as much as eighty per cent of the entire country's exports. The rubber industry in Viet Nam—essentially a French enterprise from its inception—is the South's chief export, having in recent years exceeded the value of rice exports. While the French have lessened their commercial activities in some fields yet their substantial investment in the rubber plantations will likely cause them to continue to maintain their original workings. In South Viet Nam, the rubber industry is characterized by the large estate or plantation of more than 500 hectares; the small holdings which constituted a third of the total under cultivation suffered more because of the ten years of war and rebel infiltration. However, in recent years production has exceeded over 50,000 metric tons annually reaching a high of 62,000 in 1955. With as little as 1,000 tons being retained for local use the balance of the output was exported in the past to France almost exclusively; more recently, shipments in increasing volume have been made to the United States, thus becoming a potential dollar earner. Presently employing from 30,000 to 35,000 workers, it might be said that the industry offers a higher standard of living and more satisfactory working conditions than those

enjoyed by rural dwellers and urban workers generally. While little in the way of support is given by the local government to the industry—still almost entirely in French hands since efforts to interest local Vietnamese have not succeeded—more consideration will need to be given to the planters' demands if they are to maintain their present operations and extend their processing activities.

Another important industry in the hands of non-Vietnamese is the milling and marketing of rice; over the years the Chinese rice merchants have monopolized this activity. As already indicated, production of rice in Viet Nam developed to the point where two-thirds of Indochina's exports constituted rice and rice products; in the mid-thirties this proportion fell to fifty per cent or less; by 1955—the last year of exports—rice shipments totalled only 22 per cent of all exports. The availability of adequate rice supplies contrasts with the near-starvation conditions existing in the North which had been dependent to the extent of 200,000 tons of rice or more being supplied annually from the South. From present indications in 1957 there will be a resumption of rice exports to other than the North—these, in the past, included substantial amounts to France and her dependencies. Further, a vast new project of almost fifty thousand refugees settled in the Cai San area (less than a day's drive southeast from Saigon) is expected to reclaim former rice lands destined to produce an estimated 200,000 to 300,000 tons of rice for export within the next two crop years. This project and similar ones undertaken for other potential crops such as cotton, tea, sugar cane and tobacco could produce surpluses for shipment abroad or at least assure that home demands were adequately met.

That the production of rubber and the marketing of rice—the country's two leading exports—have been in the hands of non-Vietnamese for some years might explain in part the legislation introduced by the Government last fall. All native-born residents must become Vietnamese citizens and alien subjects are prevented from participating in certain selected commercial occupations. While the first measure could be considered an answer to the law of Red China which claims that all persons of Chinese descent are citizens of China regardless of naturalization or birth in any other country, the second reflects

strong economic nationalist tendencies aimed at the Chinese and remaining Indian traders. Prior to these restrictions it had been necessary to set up a series of regulations to bring order out of the chaotic trading situation resulting from over 10,000 Vietnamese import and export firms which had sprung up overnight in the early months following the cessation of hostilities. By laying down certain minimum qualifications and restricting importers to three categories of goods (out of a total of eighteen) and a required deposit of 350,000 piastres for each category, it has been possible to eliminate the less worthy and uneconomic importers. The regulations still leave 1,500 traders—considerably more than the number of old firms, chiefly French, which handled the export and import trade in the past.

Public finance has also required strenuous measures. During the transition period, the National Bank of Viet Nam was established in January, 1955, thus giving financial autonomy to the country; at the same time the customs union formerly including the Three Associated States came to an end and, for the first time, the Government gained control over its imports. It became necessary to transform the traditional trading and banking pattern from one based exclusively on French francs to one using dollars on a world-wide basis. By July, 1956, the Government introduced a fiscal measure establishing "a free exchange rate" for foreign currencies commencing at seventy two piastres to the dollar and to be determined henceforth by a daily rate based upon the supply and demand as reported to designated banks. The chief purpose of this innovation was to encourage the utilization of inactive and reluctant capital in the financing of economic and industrial development. While the results in this direction have not been too stimulating, it may have discouraged to some extent black market currency operations. Since international trading operations continued at the official exchange rate of thirty-five piastres to the dollar, it was hoped that the price level of goods and services would not be seriously disturbed.

Naturally, the departure of the French has had its attendant problems. In addition to the reduction of business operations by certain French companies, the leaving of the French Army by last summer created considerable dislocation and unemployment amongst

those Vietnamese who had been rendering services over the years to French families, their firms and the military forces. (At the same time the departure of French professional and technical persons made apparent the serious lack of Vietnamese sufficiently trained and experienced for even minor clerical and administrative posts suddenly required at governmental and commercial levels. With this observation it must be fairly admitted that many Vietnamese who had proceeded to France for education or professional training had remained there and did not return home; particularly was this true amongst those with doctors' degrees). To accentuate this displacement problem the refugee influx from the North amounting in numbers to almost ten per cent of the existing population added to unemployment especially since most of them arrived in the Saigon-Cholon area where employment opportunities were limited and where their rural backgrounds would hardly stand them in good stead. It became necessary, therefore, to resettle many of these persons in the suitable agricultural areas of Central Viet Nam where they now exist in small units of their northern communities, even retaining the names of their former northern towns and villages.

Perhaps the most spectacular contribution is the previously-mentioned and much publicized refugee resettlement at Cai San. Within a period of eight months, by the fall of last year, almost fifty thousand refugees had been settled in an area of 80,000 hectares of rice lands which had remained uncultivated for ten to fifteen years. By digging two hundred kilometres of canals by hand for irrigation and transportation purposes, by preparing 30,000 kilometres of land through the utilization of one hundred tractors especially brought in for the purpose, and by supplying the necessary housing materials, this project has quickly taken shape and over 8,000 houses had been built and were occupied when the project was visited last September. The chief crop will be rice but other subsistence crops and vegetables will be grown as well; fishing in the main canals and in those more recently dug is already productive. Each settler has been given three hectares of land (twice or three times what he normally cultivated in the North); a boat as his present means of transportation; mosquito netting; hand implements; rice and other plants for seeding purposes;

eventually a water buffalo. While estimates vary, crops up to 300,000 tons of rice are considered to be realizable for export from this area as well as to sustain an intended maximum of one hundred thousand settlers. This project has won much favour amongst the Vietnamese and other "Cai Sans" are being considered since—unlike the North—substantial tracts of cultivable land are still available in the South for agricultural development.

While the Cai San programme was made possible through the efforts of several interested departments of the Vietnamese Government, United States aid sparked the whole effort and supplied the hundred tractors and necessary technical support. Various types of assistance from the United States including economic and technical assistance, refugee aid and the commercial import programme have been stepped up since 1954. It must be recalled that considerable assistance had been expended by the United States in the North as well as in South Viet Nam in the early fifties; a figure of 95.6 million dollars represents the total technical assistance for Indochina for the U.S. fiscal period from 1950 to 1954. In fact one meets American technical mission administrators in Saigon today who functioned in similar capacities in Hanoi only a few years ago. More recently, in the U.S. fiscal year of 1954, 320 million dollars had been allotted to South Viet Nam; in 1955-56 the total was 193.7 million dollars and, for the current year, it is intended that the sum will be 200 million dollars.

Simultaneously with this aid programme there has been a notable effort to curb the inflationary price tendencies which are almost inherent in the manner by which the assistance has had to be made available; serious monetary problems as well as substantially increased budgetary demands have had to be coped with; both the military and security forces have had to be maintained and strengthened (a condition which has had to be equally met in the North); local government authorities and facilities were required to be set up in areas taken over from the Viet Minh; trading relations have been extremely out of balance with exports accounting in value for only 20 and 26 per cent of the 1956 and 1955 import totals respectively; tax revenues have been declining during the unstable period in the country and

following the break-up of the Associated States; and to repeat in this related context, the problem of caring for and re-establishing almost a million refugees from North Viet Nam had to be faced.

Not only are we informed of how the aid funds are intended to be spent and the apparent difficulties encountered in so doing but the local government authorities have made known their desire for the expansion and diversification of agriculture production in order to become more self-sufficient and, in time, to be independent of foreign aid; further corrective measures are to include transferring settlers from the poorer to more productive rice areas, providing raw materials and equipment for secondary industries, and creating more useful employment possibilities. Under a five year plan which is to be launched this year provision is made for short term, medium and long term projects. Agricultural development plans make up the first two types and include, more immediately, the completion of the Cai San project; the commencement of similar programmes by the use of mechanized means to be known as the Bac Lieu-Camau project, the Plaine des Joncs project, and the Hauts Plateaux project. In addition to rice cultivation other crops such as maize, sweet potatoes, tapioca and tobacco are intended along with stock raising. Medium term projects include the increased cultivation as well as the development of new types of sugar cane in the areas of Tuy-Hoa and Vaico; the introduction of new crops such as silk, cotton and jute which are to be encouraged through training programmes in the cultivation and marketing of these products.

Under the longer term plans it is intended to rejuvenate the rubber plantations with high yielding trees; expand the present coal and sugar mill production; construct a paper mill, a cotton spinning mill and a wall board plant. In addition to the road building, irrigation and dredging operations inherent in the above mentioned plans, a public works programme would call for the improvement of the Saigon airport, the installation of new water works in the Saigon-Cholon area and the equipment of additional electric power plants especially for industrial development. By such a programme of shifting activity from the trade sector to the production sectors, and chiefly,

agricultural production stimulated by the bigger project (rather than a variety of smaller undertakings), it is hoped in time to reconvert the country's economy.

Despite the withdrawal of the French, there has been a continuation of limited assistance from that source under a bilateral aid programme. During 1955 and 1956, assistance totalling 63.7 million piastres was given by France for the services of experts in agriculture and public works, the granting of training bursaries, and the financing of recovery programmes and refugee settlement. At present South Viet Nam is also a beneficiary of Colombo Plan Aid with direct British, Australian and Canadian participation. Canada has received some fifty-four trainees for technical and university training; maintenance courses in agricultural and road-building machinery have been offered to thirty-seven selected Vietnamese for a period of about six months while the balance are registered in engineering, forestry and commerce courses at Canadian universities. No technical instructors have been sent to Viet Nam as has been done in the case of Laos and Cambodia, nor has any capital equipment been supplied. Our accumulative commitments to date for all three countries total almost \$250,000, more than half of which was accounted for by the project of Vietnamese trainees brought to Canada. Obviously the availability of French-language educational facilities in Canada has been particularly helpful in this venture. Under United Nations' auspices, an Economic Survey Mission including over twenty specialists visited South Vietnam from November, 1955, to February, 1956, for the purpose of studying the country's economic development needs and the measures to be taken. While the Report is yet to be made public several experts—financial, commercial and industrial—are known to have been recommended to assist in meeting certain of the more obvious shortcomings and difficulties ahead.

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International political compromises which have been reached in terms of partitioned Germany, Korea, and Viet Nam, have created subsequent problems and uncertainties not only for the political expert but perhaps more particularly for the economist in each case.

This post-war pattern of countries existing by halves has been accentuated by the respective ideological conflicts and further, as in the case of Viet Nam, by having lately acquired the direction of its own affairs. Because the Sino-Soviet bloc countries are giving aid to North Viet Nam and the South enjoys assistance from the United States and other Western allies, the economic status quo could be sustained indefinitely. Both portions of Viet Nam represent primitive economies and will continue to require considerable outside technical assistance and training as well as material support for years to come. That each half will become so absorbed or consumed with solving its own pressing economic and social problems as to be diverted from the political clamour for and the eventual realization of a united Viet Nam is too much to hope for. For even if such a state of affairs did develop it would last only until such time as one became economically stronger than the other and commenced to make its superiority felt. Perhaps it could be said that we are at the stage of such a test of economic strength at this time and it would indeed be too venturesome to suggest the final outcome. Suffice it to say that, in contrast with the little one sees and the more one does not hear about in the North, economic development and techniques are somewhat more substantial and advanced in South Viet Nam and may possibly continue in that state.

REVIEW ARTICLE

ARNOLD TOYNBEE -

Historian or Religious Prophet?

by

WILL HERBERG

Arnold J. Toynbee has long been a source of perplexity to historian and religious thinker alike. With whom, it has always been asked, does he really belong? Is he essentially a "scientific historian" (as he once styled himself), endowed with an understanding of religion rare among historians; or is he actually a religious "prophet" who finds in history the confirmation of his message? Friendly historians, such as Allan Nevins, tend to take the latter view, and so are prone to overlook Toynbee's professional faults and shortcomings, which loom so large in the strictures of hostile critics (cp. *Toynbee and History*, ed. by M. F. Ashley Montagu, Porter Sargent, 1956). Theologians, on the other hand, seeing him as a great historian, are often ready to forgive him his startling unorthodoxies, so grateful are they to have a scholar of his eminence come out in favour of "religion". Both—theologian and historian—are deeply impressed by his vast erudition and unfailing self-assurance; but neither, it seems to me, has been quite able to escape a certain feeling of uneasiness when confronted with Toynbee and his writings. Just what is he really saying about religion and civilization? Just what does it all add up to in the end—a new interpretation of history, a new vindication of Christianity, or a new religion for a newly emerging civilization? Toynbee has much to say on these matters in the ten volumes of *A Study of History* and in such smaller works as *Civilization on Trial*, but what he has to say is so scattered, so shifting in tone and emphasis, and in the last analysis so ambiguous, that even careful readers have been left in uncertainty and confusion.

We can now be grateful to Dr. Toynbee for relieving us of this embarrassment. In his Gifford lectures delivered at Edinburgh in 1952 and 1953, and recently published under the title, *An Historian's*

Approach to Religion (Oxford, 1956, 318 pp., \$5.00), he states his position with such clarity that even the common reader, for whom the book is apparently meant, may easily see the drift and burden of his thinking on religion.

Dr. Toynbee is disarmingly modest in his personal claims and pretensions. "I know very well," he says in the preface to this volume, "that I have been presenting merely one view among many possible alternatives. My object in writing is to ask questions, not to coin dogmas" (p. vi). Yet even the friendly reader will have to admit that the book which follows belies these words; it certainly sounds self-assured and dogmatic, at points even oracular. This impression comes not merely as the result of the "compression in the writing", to which Toynbee, apologizing in advance, attributes it. It comes primarily, I should say, from the very rôle that Toynbee assigns to himself as historian. For Toynbee finds that it is the historian's mission to transcend the self-centredness that is alleged to be inherently characteristic "not merely of human life but of all life on the face of the Earth" (p. 4). This self-centredness is a "necessity of Life", yet at the same time also a sin, the Original Sin; it engenders both intellectual and moral error: the former "because no living creature is in truth the centre of the Universe"; the latter "because no living creature has a right to act as if it were the centre of the Universe" (pp. 4-5). Of all men, it is the historian, Toynbee tells us, who is best equipped to break out of this self-centredness and see life in a broader perspective, for it is the historian who possesses a technique for transcending (though never more than partially) his own time and culture by surveying other ages and civilizations from a standpoint beyond them all. The historian, therefore, is the witness to an ecumenicity of time and place against the local and temporal parochialism in which the rest of mankind seems to be inextricably involved; he is, in Toynbee's view, the witness to the universal against the particular, to the eternal against the transient moment.

So crucial is this conviction to Toynbee's thinking that we had better pause a moment to ponder it. We cannot deny the grandeur of the vision, but neither can we suppress our doubts. When Toynbee makes self-centredness the "essence of Terrestrial Life", is he not

confusing self-centredness with self-awareness, of which self-centredness is a perversion, and precisely for that reason sinful? And is he not merely enhancing the *hybris* of the historian, and therefore of himself as historian, by his claim that the historian possesses the secret of "transcending self-centredness in the Time-dimension . . . [and] the Space-dimension alike" (p. 7)? At any rate, it does not seem far-fetched to trace to this source the self-assured dogmatic tone of Toynbee's writings, which he himself quite sincerely disavows but which no candid reader can entirely overlook. The Historian (to indulge, for a moment, in Toynbee's penchant for capitalization) is bound to sound oracular, since he does in fact deliver the oracles of the transcendent source of wisdom which is History. And yet it is a History curiously dehistoricized, for the oracles it proclaims are, in the end, the eternal oracles of the Timeless.

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It is with this conviction of the historian's mission that Toynbee proceeds to present his *Religio Historici*, his mature conclusions as an historian on the role of religion in human life and its prospects in our time. The book breaks up into two parts of ten chapters each. Part I, "The Dawn of the Higher Religions", is devoted to a broad-gauged historical survey; the second part, "Religion in a Westernizing World", is concerned with our contemporary problems and perplexities. In both parts, but especially in the earlier chapters, Toynbee's argument follows his discussion in the monumental *A Study of History*, to which the reader is continually referred in a series of footnotes.

Toynbee's historical survey may be briefly summarized. In the beginning, it seems, man worshipped Nature. Only when he had succeeded in establishing a measure of control over Nature did man proceed to worship himself, first in the form of the Parochial Community, the divinized city-state so characteristic of the ancient Near East and of the Greek and early Roman cultures; then, after the city-state had broken down, in the form of the Oecumenical State (the Chinese Empire, the Roman Empire). Finally, as the Oecumenical Community itself begins to break down and to lose its grip on the allegiance and imagination of men, there emerge the Higher Religions, which (according to Toynbee) bring man into touch with Absolute

Reality. These new religions are the work of the Internal Proletariat, the displaced and uprooted segments of the disintegrating civilization; the Dominant Minority seeks other ways out, perhaps the most important of which is another round of self-worship, this time the self-worship of the Philosopher, the Stoic or Confucian "sage", who prides himself on his godlike autonomy and his superiority over the vicissitudes and mutabilities of human affairs.

The Higher Religions find themselves at first in bitter conflict with the Oecumenical Communities, but at a certain stage the latter begin to take them over, both politically and spiritually. The collapsing Oecumenical Community—we may think of the Roman Empire in the fourth century—realizes the futility of trying to suppress the Higher Religion that has arisen in its midst, and decides to "recognize" it, indeed to make it the religion of the Empire. The Higher Religion invariably yields to the blandishments of Power. But it also yields to the blandishments of the Intellect, for it tries to make its original "prophetic vision", which had emerged on the "poetic level of the Subconscious Psyche" (p. 126), intelligible in terms of the rational categories of Philosophy; the result is Metaphysics and Theology, in which the poetic-mystical insights are gravely distorted, if not altogether lost. But perhaps worst of all is the tendency of each of the Higher Religions to succumb to the insidious temptation of the Self, and to proclaim itself "unique" and "final" as against the others. This tendency is particularly virulent, it seems, in the "Judaic" religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—because of the vicious Jewish ideas of a "jealous God", the "chosen people", and an "exclusive supernatural revelation." It is when he talks about the Jews, with their "narrow", "primitive", and "immoral" conceptions of God and religion, that Toynbee comes closest to losing that tone of cultivated urbanity which many find so delightful in him.

Despite these unfortunate defects in the Higher Religions, the Catholicism of the early middle ages, along with the Mahayana Buddhism of the time of Asoka, win Toynbee's genuine admiration, for in them he sees the "epiphany" of the Higher Religions in relatively uncorrupted form. But the mistakes of the Papacy in the thirteenth, and the Protestant movement in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries,

destroyed this happy condition, and precipitated the disintegration of Christendom and the outbreak of the Wars of Religion (the first of our "Times of Troubles"). In reaction, secularism grew apace, and thoughtful men acquired a deep distaste for religious controversy and even for religion as such. They turned increasingly to Technology, first as an innocent avocation which men of all religious views might pursue, and then as a Power-conferring mystery, which could turn men into gods. As a consequence, the disintegration of Western Civilization, which has been going on for the past three hundred years, has led to a recrudescence of the old idolatries—the Idolization of the Parochial Community in the form of Nationalism; the Idolization of the Oecumenical Community in the form of the emerging World State, to which men seem to be turning more and more in revulsion against the excesses of Nationalism; and the Idolization of the Technologist, in the form of the worship of Science. The first and third, Toynbee thinks, are being seriously discredited, Nationalism by the wars it has engendered and Technology by the sinister image of the atomic bomb it has brought into being. The Oecumenical State, on the other hand, will soon embrace the whole world, and form the next phase—or perhaps the next type?—of civilization.

This World State, however it comes to be established, will severely and increasingly restrict economic and political freedom. It will even, Toynbee notes with apparent approval, forcibly impose birth control so as to maintain human welfare by checking the catastrophic rise in population bound to come with the establishment of world peace and security. "In these circumstances," Toynbee concludes, "it might be forecast that in the next chapter of the World's history, Mankind would seek compensation for the loss of much of its political, economic, and perhaps even domestic freedom by putting more of its treasure into its spiritual freedom, and that the public authorities would tolerate this inclination among their subjects in an age in which Religion had come to seem as harmless as Technology had seemed three hundred years back. . . . Religion would be the field, once again, in which human beings would seek the freedom without which they cannot live, and also, once again, the field in which the public authorities would be the least chary of leaving open the necessary vent" (pp. 246, 251).

Since, therefore, religion seems likely to become again the primary concern of mankind in a totalitarian or semi-totalitarian World State, we would do well, Toynbee urges, to review and revise our religious ideas and behaviour in the light of the inevitable world dispersion of the major faiths. Specifically, Toynbee enjoins us to see that all of the Higher Religions possess a "common essence", only too often obscured by the overlay of particularistic features they have acquired in the course of history. This "common essence" consists of certain "timeless truths and values", to be found in some degree in all of the Higher Religions, but best expressed in Christianity and Mahayana Buddhism. What are these "timeless truths and values" that constitute the "essence" of all the Higher Religions? Toynbee's answer may perhaps be stated as follows. All the Higher Religions affirm an Absolute Reality, which is also the Absolute Good; some hold it to be personal and others impersonal; this is of minor importance since both aspects are merely partial. Nor does it seem to be of much more importance that some of the Higher Religions (Buddhism) attain their "vision of Reality by looking inward into the Human Soul," while others (Christianity) achieve this by "looking outward toward a god" (p. 86); in both cases, we are assured, it is the same Absolute Reality, with which it is Man's highest blessedness to get into contact. This end can be gained only by Love, since Love is the very nature of the Absolute Reality that is sought. The way of Love involves Suffering, since Life is inescapably self-centred, and acting upon Love means running counter to Life. Hinayana Buddhism seeks to resolve this ultimate predicament by extinguishing the Self; Mahayana Buddhism and Christianity, on the other hand, do not try to escape Suffering; "they both accept Suffering as an opportunity for acting on the promptings of Love and Pity" and "they both believe that this idea is practicable for Man because the trail has been blazed for Man by a Supreme Being who has demonstrated his own devotion to the ideal by subjecting himself to the Suffering that is the necessary price of acting on it" (p. 89). (This "Supreme Being" is alternatively Jesus the Christ and Siddhartha the Buddha.) Toynbee therefore speaks of a "Christian-Mahayana way of life", which he sees as constituting the very quintessence of the Higher Religions. It may be noted in passing

that even Buddhism cannot be forced into this pattern without some violence; the Christianity that emerges is quite unrecognizable.

In view of the assumed identity in essence of the Higher Religions, especially when taken in their supreme expression, the Christian-Mahayana gospel "in which God is revealed as being Love, and Suffering as the price and opportunity for following Love's lead" (p. 116), Toynbee urges an attitude of far-reaching "tolerance", which he interprets not merely as an assurance to all religions of the right to be themselves and speak for themselves, but primarily as the attitude that no religion is in any real sense unique, and therefore no more final or ultimate than any other. In fact, Toynbee goes so far as to say, they all have their place, not only because each sees an aspect of the Absolute Reality that the others overlook, but also because "each . . . may prove to have an affinity with one of the diverse alternative possible organizations and orientations of the Human Psyche" (p. 141). In short, "the missions of the Higher Religions are not competitive; they are complementary" (p. 298). On this "universalist", if not syncretist note, Toynbee concludes his confession of faith as an historian.

* * *

This bare summary does not begin to do justice to the richness of Toynbee's exposition, the passion of his conviction, and the ease with which he moves back and forth among the most diverse times and cultures. Nor, on the other hand, does it bring to the surface the aberrations, obscurities, arbitrary constructions, and outright misconceptions which abound in every chapter, almost on every page. This is not the place to report the verdict of professional historians on the work of their distinguished colleague, but it is no secret that it has been consistently harsh and critical. Even the reader without an expert knowledge of the history of religions will find much of Toynbee's developmental scheme hard to accept. Was Buddhism indeed the work of the Internal Proletariat during the breakdown of Hindu civilization? By all indications, it would seem to be the creation of a member of the Dominant Minority, on a par with Confucianism and the Hellenistic ethical cults, though developing into a world religion where the others did not. Was there nothing indeed to the Protestant Reformation but parochialism, disintegration, and the encourage-

ment of nationalism? Is it in line with the best scholarship to say that as a result of the sufferings inflicted by Assyria and Babylonia, the prophets of Israel were able to achieve a vision of Yahweh, no longer as "a volcano or perhaps the weather", but as a being "who had more in common with the god in the Sun, who was worshiped by Ikhnaton, Andronicus, and Aurelian" (p. 88), the latter two of whom lived many centuries after the last of the prophets? There is much that is suggestive in Toynbee's construction of the "dawn of the Higher Religions", but much also that is arbitrary and misleading.

My criticism, however, goes deeper. It is, in briefest form, that Toynbee the historian in effect dissolves history into a cyclical eternalism, and that Toynbee, who until yesterday spoke as a Christian and is still (as one reviewer puts it) "inclined" that way, has surrendered everything Christian in the Christian faith in favor of a new syncretistic religion inspired by the Buddha and not by Christ.

It may seem paradoxical that any one should charge Toynbee, whom some regard as the greatest historian of our age, with being so thoroughly anti-historical in his approach to history that he dehistoricizes virtually everything he touches. Yet his emphasis on the eternal and the timeless, and his disparagement of the unique, the particular, and the temporal should give us pause, since it is an attitude which he himself cannot help but identify with the "Indo-Hellenic" outlook, to which temporality is essentially unreal and history never more than an inherently meaningless pattern of eternal recurrence. Eric Voegelin, in his profound historical study, *Israel and Revelation* (Louisiana State University, 1956), describes incisively how "the Spengler-Toynbee theory . . . dissolves history into a sequence of civilizational courses" (p. 133), and goes on to quote Toynbee himself to prove this point. Accepting Jeans' estimate for the duration of the earth, Toynbee, in the first volume of *A Study of History* (p. 463), calculates a future of 1,743 million civilizations in successive cycles. "Imagine," he exclaims to the astounded reader, "imagine 1,743 million completed histories, each of which has been as long and as lively as the history of the Hellenic Society; 1,743 million reproductions of the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church and the Teutonic *Voelkerwanderung*; 1,743 million repetitions of the relations

between our Western Society and the other societies that are alive today." We are tempted to ask: "And 1,743 million Toynbees as well in endless succession, just as we have the endless succession of boddisattvas in Buddhism?"

For it is only in Buddhism, or more generally in the "Indo-Hellenic" *Weltanschauung*, that this vision makes sense, for it is only in this *Weltanschauung* that temporal particularity and historical uniqueness are swallowed up in cyclical recurrence, and only the timeless and eternal has true being. In the Christian faith, as every word of the Bible is enough to prove, it is the historical and the particular that are real. Christian faith is not a system of "timeless truths and values", as Toynbee seems to think, but a witness to the "mighty acts of God"—his acts of creation, judgment, and redemption—in his historical encounter with Israel and climactically in Christ. To eliminate the historical, the *heilsgeschichtlich*, from Christianity is to eliminate its Christianity, and to reduce it either to a metaphysic about Absolute Reality or else (as in Toynbee) to a sentimentalized cult of Love and Suffering. Love and Suffering, of course, play a central part in Christianity, but the loving God (whose love is also wrath) is not an abstract Absolute Reality, but the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of Israel, whom man meets in personal relation in the context of life and history; and the Suffering Messiah is not the Ideal or Principle of Suffering, but the Anointed of God who dies on the Cross, is resurrected, and is seen as returning in power and glory. Yes, the God of Christianity, and the Father of Jesus the Christ, is precisely that very Yahweh whom Toynbee cannot forbear sneering at as the "god of a community of Nomads", "perhaps a volcano or perhaps the weather", a "parochial war god." It is this God whom Abraham worshiped, in whose name Isaiah spoke, whom Jesus revealed as his Father, and whom Paul proclaimed to the heathen. It is this God who is Creator, Judge, and Redeemer for the believing Jew and Christian, and in this sense and in this sense only, Absolute Reality.

By rejecting this God, and choosing instead to stand on the ground of religion understood as a system of "timeless truths and values", Toynbee is not avoiding taking a particular position, but is

rather assuming one, which, despite his objections to absoluteness and finality, he holds to be final and absolute, the fixed measuring rod for all religions. He is, in fact, adopting "Indo-Hellenic" spirituality as normative against the authentic tradition of the Christian faith. Naturally, he judges Christianity adversely and wants to remake it in the Buddhist image. This is his right, but it is not his right to attempt to do so under the guise of restoring the "essence" of Christianity—which he identifies with the "essence" of Mahayana Buddhism—by purging it of its alleged historical corruptions (the sense of uniqueness, the belief in "election", etc.). For, as it happens, these alleged historical corruptions are of the true "essence" of Christianity, and to purge them away is to surrender the faith or to transform it into something else.

★ ★ ★

What Toynbee most detests in Christianity—its un-Buddhist biblical character—he quite rightly traces to the Jews, and so he detests the Jews. He cannot find words enough with which to denigrate them and the vicious doctrines they have introduced into Christianity—the teachings about a "jealous God", the "chosen people", and the uniqueness and ultimacy of the biblical faith. Yet there was a time when Toynbee understood these teachings better. Yahweh's "exclusiveness", he once held, has an "indispensable" value for "the historic role which the God of Israel has played in the revelation of the Divine Nature to mankind" (*A Study of History*, vol. VI, p. 45); religious syncretism he once described as a mark of the disintegration of a civilization (V, 527 ff.); and in his "survey of Saviours", he once spoke of "this god of many epiphanies but of *one* Passion", "a *single* figure [rising] from the flood and straightway [filling] the whole horizon: there is the Saviour . . ." (VI, 276, 278; emphasis mine. W.H.). Exclusiveness, uniqueness, historicity: less than two decades ago, Toynbee still had a good word to say for these as aspects of religion.

But not today. Today, Toynbee is above all the dedicated prophet of a new syncretistic religion of quasi-Buddhist character as the religion appropriate for the Oecumenical Community that he holds to

be emerging. Devoted to this cause, he naturally must see in the Jew, with his inexpugnable sense of historicity, particularity, and uniqueness, and his obstinate witness to the God of the Bible, the primordial enemy, the very embodiment of spiritual corruption. This is the secret of the notorious anti-Jewish bias Toynbee displays in his writings, particularly the more recent ones. In *The Professor and the Fossil* (Knopf, 1956, 258 pp., \$4.00), Maurice Samuel has impressively documented the incredible "confusions, prejudices, and intellectual distortions" that permeate virtually everything Toynbee has to say about the Jews. But Samuel does not inquire into the ideological sources of this strange obsession in an historian who claims, even though only partially, to transcend the prejudices of those caught in the flux of history. Such an inquiry might prove most revealing.

The truth of the matter is that, as Professor W. F. Albright pointed out so brilliantly not long ago, "Toynbee is a modern gnostic", who like all gnostics attempts to remove the biblical-historical basis of Christianity and to replace it by a "mixture of Platonizing Christianity with Hinduism, under the influence of C. G. Jung". More specifically, I should say that Toynbee is a latter-day Marcion. Like Marcion, he is outraged by history with its "scandal of particularity"¹; like Marcion, he detests the Jews, the Old Testament, and their influence upon Christianity²; like Marcion, again, he is revolted by the doctrine of the "chosen people"³; like Marcion, too, he tends to make Love into a god, and Christianity into a love-cult⁴; like Marcion, finally, he represents

¹ "His [Marcion's] attitude to Judaism was rooted in a repudiation of history, which classes him with the Gnostics . . ." (E. C. Blackman, *Marcion and His Influence*, S.P.C.K., 1948, p. 125).

² "In Burkitt's judgment, 'the real battle of the second century centered around the Old Testament.' The point of this is that the underlying issue was whether religion is to be regarded as rooted in philosophy or mythology (so the Gnostics) or in history . . ." (Blackman, *op. cit.*, p. 119).

³ Marcion saw the God of the Old Testament "vitiated by his partiality for one people" (Blackman, *op. cit.*, p. 118).

⁴ "Marcion's supreme God was a God of love only . . . [On the other hand, Tertullian argued] that God is not *sola bonitas*, but *severitas* and *judiciariae vires* are proper to him . . . [Origen showed against Marcion] that the Bible does not present a clear-cut antithesis of just God in the O.T. and good God in the N.T. . . . The O.T. witnesses to God's mercy as well as to his judgment, and the N.T. to his condemning judgment as well as to his forgiving love" (Blackman, *op. cit.*, pp. 96, 80).

an "Orientalizing" and "Hellenizing" influence in Christianity.⁵ The twentieth century is not the second, and so the content of Toynbee's "neo-Christianity" is not the same as Marcion's; but the animus is the same—a revulsion against the "Jewish" God of the Old Testament, and a determination to reconstitute Christianity on a new "spiritual" basis. If anything, Toynbee's synthetic religion is even more remote from any kind of recognizable Christianity than was Marcion's.⁶ To Marcion, at least, Christ was supreme; to Toynbee, he must share his eminence with the Buddha, who supplies the norm along which Toynbee's Christ is remodelled. In short, Toynbee's anti-Jewishness, like Marcion's, is of one piece with his repudiation of authentic Christianity, for Judaism and Christianity, despite their dialectical tensions, are united in the indissoluble unity of the God and the Book they hold in common.

It is well to recognize that Toynbee is preaching a new religion, and that the new religion he is preaching is as irreconcilable with Christianity as it is with Judaism. For the Christian and the Jew, that

⁵ "Irenaeus . . . classed Marcion with Valentinus and the rest [of the Gnostics] . . . The ideas so vigorously attacked by Irenaeus and other Christian apologists were not a new growth of their day or even of their century, but a Christian adaptation of a syncretistic religion whose roots go back before the Christian era, and which was characteristic of Hellenistic culture and due to the contact of classical Greek religion and philosophy with the religions and culture of the Orient" (Blackman, *op. cit.*, pp 82, 83).

⁶ Toynbee's arguments in attacking what is Jewish (i.e., biblical) in Christianity go back to the pagans in the ancient Hellenistic world who were carrying on a war to the death with the new religion. Compare Toynbee's well-bred sarcasm about the Jewish-Christian claim of "chosenness" with Celsus' notorious diatribe against the Jews and Christians on the same head:

Toynbee: "The historian's point of view is not incompatible with the belief that God has revealed Himself to Man for the purpose of helping Man to gain spiritual salvation that would be unattainable by Man's unaided efforts; but the historian will be suspicious, *a priori*, of any presentation of this thesis that goes on to assert that a *unique* and *final* revelation has been given by God to *my* people in *my* time on *my* satellite of *my* sun in *my* galaxy" (p. 135).

Celsus: "Jews and Christians appear to me like a host of bats or ants who come out of their hiding place, or like frogs who sit in a swamp, or like worms who hold a meeting in a corner of a manure pile, and say to one another: 'To *us* God reveals and proclaims everything . . . God having abandoned the heavenly regions, and despising this great earth, takes up his abode among *us* alone, and to *us* alone makes his announcements' . . ." (Origen, *Contra Celsum*, IV, 23, 27).

In these matters, it seems to be true that the more things change, the more they remain the same: the twentieth-century Christian Toynbee apparently understands what is involved in the doctrine of "election" no better than the second-century pagan Celsus, and responds to it in very much the same way.

should be sufficient. The secular democrat, who is ready to take over his Jewish-Christian values without inquiring too closely as to their ground and origin, ought to note that Toynbee's neo-Buddhist spirituality is closely linked with an utter despair as to the prospects of Western democracy. In this book, he simply writes it off as a thing of the past; the new order he envisages in the emerging Oecumenical Community is virtually totalitarian, involving "the loss of much of its [mankind's] political, economic, and perhaps even domestic freedom" (p. 246). Toynbee seems quite unconcerned at this prospect, if indeed he does not give the impression of actually welcoming it for the sake of the religious revival that he believes will grow out of the collapse of democracy and the elimination of all freedoms but that of religion, which for some reason he assumes will be spared by the masters of the World State. Toynbee's religion is thus, as one might expect from its essentially Buddhist character, a religion of escape from responsible action in the world, a religion that is calculated to serve as a substitute for such action and as a compensation for the loss of the democratic freedoms. This kind of religion, which refuses to challenge the self-idolatrizing pretensions of the totalitarian state and is content to confine itself to a "spiritual" realm in which it is tolerated by the "public authorities" because it is regarded as "harmless", is not the religion of the prophets in which Judaism and Christianity find their inspiration, and which the secular democrat knows how to appreciate, even if he cannot share it. In the last analysis, Toynbee's new religion is a repudiation of almost everything of significance in our secular and religious traditions.

THE NEW BOOKS

Two Critical Years

CANADA IN WORLD AFFAIRS, 1949 to 1950. By W. E. C. Harrison, O.B.E. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. 1957. Pp. vi + 374. \$4.00.

Professor Harrison's volume is the sixth in a series of biennial surveys of Canadian external policy which the Canadian Institute of International Affairs has been producing since 1941. It is to be warmly welcomed not only for its clear analysis of two critical years for Canada, but because it helps to fill one of the gaps in the series that unexpected delays have, unfortunately, created. Seven years ago, the volume covering the period 1944-46 was published only to be followed last year by Professor Keirstead's description of the years 1951-53. The volume by Professor Spencer on the years 1946-49 has been completed and should appear shortly. Accordingly, the way is at last clear for the orderly publication of surveys for the years since 1953 and three authors have already been assigned their respective periods.

Mr. Harrison was faced by the baffling problem which confronts every author in this series—how to deal with the problems of a two-year period without giving some background for the preliminary description of the difficulties facing Canada, and how to conclude his survey without leaving too many issues dangling uncomfortably on the edge of the abyss. Like a sensible man, the author decided to give a pretty exclusive background for the origin of NATO, regardless of what Mr. Spencer may have to say, in order to explain the debate in the Canadian House of Commons on March 28, 1949, and to carry his description of the Korean war down to the commencement of truce talks in July, 1951. As it is he must end his book with the great debate over the relationship of West Germany to NATO just beginning and with the experts drafting the Colombo Plan, of

which he gives an excellent analysis. This survey is less personal than Mr. Keirstead's in its value judgments and scrupulously avoids admonitions or moralistic obiter dicta. But it does give a balanced account of two difficult years when the possible danger of war over Berlin, the devaluation of the Pound, the outbreak of war in Korea, and the appearance of Chinese volunteers on the scene in November, 1950, brought the most anxious moments to the government in Ottawa of any period since the war. Although Mr. St. Laurent ventured to say at the end of 1949 that "... when the accounts for 1949 are balanced, they have not been too unfavourable in the cause of peace" (p. 175), the best Mr. Pearson (whose cheerfulness the author somewhat exaggerates) could do for 1950 was to admit it ended "in crisis and disappointed hopes" and then add "there should be no reason for despair or for slackening of effort." (p. 363) Mr. Harrison is too sound an observer to overestimate the part Canada could play in this period. He does point out that "a quickened sense of nationality and a physical acquaintance with other countries" helped to explain "our readiness for some working form of internationalism" (p. 12), but concludes that "our policy was as practical as our situation in the world made possible." (p. 364) There is no room for narcissism in volumes of this sort and of that truth Mr. Harrison is well aware.

The book offers some penetrating comments on persons and policies, such as the description of Messrs. St. Laurent and Drew during the election campaign of 1949 (p. 111), which may explain why the latter is to-day High Commissioner in London and not Prime Minister in Ottawa. Sometimes there is a tendency to overwrite which should have been resisted. Nothing is gained, for instance, either in accuracy or vividness by referring to "the learned Mr. Abbott or the pin-striped Mr. Towers" (p. 138). This reviewer recoiled from the description of Korea as "a bisected political

baby which two sets of armed mothers would spring to war to put together again and apply to the pap of their own defensive and ideological nurture". (p. 233) The book is admirably free from errors or misprints, although the date of the coup d'état in Czechoslovakia is advanced a year (p. 3) and Mr. Rasminsky's name is misspelled (p. 8). It will long be used by any student of Canadian policy as an essential reference for this period.

F. H. SOWARD

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A Challenge to Liberals

FREEDOM WEARS A CROWN. By John Farthing. Edited by Judith Robinson. Toronto: Kingswood House. 1957. Pp. xx + 188. \$3.50.

This is a very great book, admirably edited after the author's death by Judith Robinson, and with an excellent short introduction by Hon. E. D. Fulton. It is a sustained and eloquent protest against the political ideas, or lack of ideas, which dominated Canada during the long rule of Mr. King, and from his retirement until June 10, 1957. It is a powerful statement, nobly phrased, of a philosophy for Canadian Conservatism. But it is also very much more: a summons to Canadians to think about what their country is, whence it came and where it is going; a summons to choose where it shall go.

We can choose Marxism. We can choose American republicanism. We can choose "pure Canada", rootless, cut off from its history. Or we can claim, or rather re-claim, our heritage, "the greatest and richest tradition in the life of man", "the ideal of the King-in-Parliament". Marxism Mr. Farthing rejects, with a respectful hatred. American republicanism also he rejects, with a respectful conviction of its inferiority. "Pure Canada" he rejects with contempt: "the draughty-headed faith in the future, without any conscious reference to the past to give it substance or guidance",

"the wide open spaces from sea to sea and from ear to ear", "the ever more pure abstraction of a physical environment", "the usurping fallacy of mere geography".

Practically everyone in Canada rejects Marxism, so Mr. Farthing does not waste time explaining why he does too. But Canadian "nationalists" constantly appeal to the United States "as an example of pure geographical loyalty", which it is not, and of a country governed by pure majority rule, which it is not either. They want to make Canada as nearly as possible what they imagine the United States to be, though it never seems to occur to them that this would involve the destruction of French Canada, which, in other moments, they equate with "pure Canada". It becomes necessary, therefore, to examine what the United States and Canada really are, the bases of their respective Constitutions; the meaning of democracy; the foundations of national unity.

In the course of that examination, Mr. Farthing challenges every one of the cardinal doctrines of Liberal "nationalism", pulverizes them with wit and logic, and calls us back to our own native, Canadian, British, free, constitutional monarchy, which alone has the power to unify us, to make and keep us free, and to enable us to play our part in the struggle to make and keep the world free.

This book is not just destructive criticism. There is plenty of that. There had to be. There could have been even more, notably some concrete examples of the Liberal "nationalist" subversion of our Constitution these last thirty years and more; for many readers may find it hard to believe that the thing has been as bad as Mr. Farthing makes out. But the essence is there, and the essence of the positive alternative also, both rigorously argued, both superbly presented. And, despite the deliverance of June 10, all of it still needs saying. Out of his treasure, Mr. Farthing has brought things new and old. No Canadian who cares for the future of his country, or of civilization, can afford to neglect one word of it.

EUGENE FORSEY

CANADIAN LABOUR CONGRESS

The U.S. Supreme Court And Its Justices

CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL: A REAPPRAISAL. Edited by W. Melville Jones. Ithaca: Cornell University Press. Toronto: Thomas Allen Limited. 1956. Pp. xviii + 195. \$3.25.

MR. JUSTICE. Edited by Allison Dunham and Philip S. Kurland. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. xi + 241. \$3.75.

THE SUPREME COURT IN THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT. By Robert H. Jackson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1955. Pp. viii + 92. \$2.65.

Because the nature of the American constitution has tended to make almost all major questions of public policy justiciable, it is the Supreme Court which often takes the decisive stand on great issues in the United States. Of no court has this been more true than the Warren court, and it is of exceptional interest today to consider the role of the Supreme Court in American life. Taken together, the three books under review help to explain how the Supreme Court of the United States has achieved its peculiar eminence, and played its great part in American history.

Two of these three books discuss and assess the qualities of individual judges, the third deals with the court itself. The first is a series of lectures celebrating the bicentennial of John Marshall at his alma mater, the College of William and Mary. The second is a series of lectures delivered at the University of Chicago in an attempt "to rescue the Court from the limbo of impersonality". The third volume is Mr. Justice Jackson's Godkin Lectures at Harvard, the manuscript of which was almost complete at his death.

The Supreme Court is an institution: it is also a body of nine men. Of these nine, one is of decisive importance—the chief justice. For it is he who shapes the collective personality of the court. Not the least of John Marshall's achievements was that he was the first to create of the court a coherent instrument by his assertion of the dominant role of the chief justice.

Charles Fairman, in one of the best essays in the Marshall volume, rightly attaches importance to the fact that it was Marshall who first "established the practice of massing the Court behind one opinion . . . It is . . . wise that . . . the Court's controlling thought be compressed into a single controlling expression." Marshall not only shaped the court, he shaped the law. In the eighteenth century it was natural for common lawyers to think more in terms of principle than of precedent. "The law of England," as Lord Mansfield said, "would be a strange science indeed if it were decided upon precedents only." In those days there were available in America few if any law reports to which the practitioner could refer, so that, as Julius Goebel says, the legal profession was memory bound. Thus Marshall's opinions were singularly free from the elaborate citation of precedents which is so often an obsession of modern judges. This kind of approach to law, simple and direct (and the lucidity of Marshall's opinions had something to do with their enduring importance), free from precedent and stated in terms of principle, is the kind of law which is appropriate to the task of statecraft which, under Marshall's guidance, the Supreme Court has come to assume in the United States. Not all of the essays in this volume on Marshall are of the quality of Fairman and Goebel, but on the whole the enterprise is worthy of the great judge whom it celebrates.

Mr. Justice deals on the whole with judges whose place in American history is now secure. It will therefore have its attractions for the general reader. The various essayists succeed in most cases in making their subjects attractive and intelligible. With Holmes this is not difficult, and Francis Biddle (who was once the great man's law clerk) has produced a pleasant and attractive essay. To present Taney in an attractive light is a more formidable task, and Carl Brent Swisher wisely emphasizes that Taney's strength lay in his ability to see the issues before the court "in terms . . . of the intimate life of the diverse communities which made up the United States of his day." Among Taney's papers have been found a number

of draft opinions on questions which fortunately did not come before the court in his day. In these it appears that he would have found unconstitutional the Legal Tender Acts, the conscription law, and the Proclamation of Emancipation. Taney truly represents a strand of American opinion which is recognizable in each generation. An essay in this volume which may be somewhat disconcerting to the general reader is William Winslow Crosskey's "Mr. Chief Justice Marshall". Mr. Crosskey is an ardent and single-minded Federalist who, in his own words, attempts to "convince the reader that the usual view of John Marshall's career is hardly tenable. John Marshall did not carry on a continual frontal assault, uniformly successful, upon the subversive principles of Jeffersonianism. Instead, he fought a long and stubborn rearguard action to defend the Constitution against those principles. And it was, on the whole, a losing fight." Perhaps the best essay in this collection is Charles Fairman's lucid and warm picture of the sceptical and tough-minded Joseph P. Bradley who exemplified the qualities of professional detachment and legal craftsmanship.

In his Godkin Lectures, Robert Jackson set himself to consider the role of the Supreme Court in the United States in "an age of rebellion against liberty". He reminds us of its limitations and makes useful comments on the procedure by which it reduces the flood of business to a controlled flow of essential questions. He does not agree with those who would have the Supreme Court act as the supreme expounder of the general common law for all states of the union. He feels that such a role is too complex and too ambitious, and that in any event the Supreme Court is not well-equipped to deal with "the common law questions which pertain to the great body of private law". The great function of the Supreme Court is that it is the highest political institution in the United States, charged with maintaining "the great system of balances upon which our free government is based. Whether these balances and checks are essential to liberty elsewhere in the world is beside the point; they are indispensable to the society

we know." He admits the difficulties inherent in this role, e.g. "In case after case in which so-called civil rights are involved, the question simmers down to one of the extent to which majority rule will be set aside." The Supreme Court is the great guardian of the constitutional order. But it cannot discharge this task alone. It can only function effectively "in that kind of society which is willing to submit its conflicts to adjudication and to subordinate power to reason." This goes to the heart of the problem of the survival of constitutional democracy.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been the subject of a vast literary and scholarly output which is worthy of its importance. Where can we find its equivalent in Canada? What do we know about our own Supreme Court and its judges? It is, one would think, high time that something was done.

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Flaws in American Foreign Policy

THE FATE OF EAST CENTRAL EUROPE: HOPES AND FAILURES OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. Edited by Stephen D. Kertesz. University of Notre Dame Press. 1956. Pp. xii + 463. \$6.25.

Looking at a bulky volume such as *The Fate of East Central Europe*, one suspects that the first principle of scholarship is fact-finding. Nowadays, individual researchers, teams and organizations file, collate, summarize, catalogue, edit and publish compendia of collected articles, reference manuals and bibliographies, and one feels the emphasis is on data-collecting rather than on insight and the search for truth. A happy delusion seems to prevail that crucial problems will be solved by gathering all the available information and explaining it away. It is forgotten that the mere proliferation of factual descriptions cannot replace thought. The work loses in sharp contours and direction what it gains in elementary historical completeness, and

the chief merit of the product is that it may contain nearly complete information on the subject. The usefulness of such a reference text cannot be denied. But it seldom achieves what it claims, its utility is of brief duration, and it can rarely give inspiration to an author writing a more definitive work on the subject.

Within this general criticism of the system, *The Fate of East Central Europe* should be appraised as a work constructed according to the classic recipe. An impressive body of experts has been induced to contribute under the distinguished editorship of Dr. Kertesz and this has "assured the validity of their approach" to the problem. But what does this 'validity' of approach involve? Does it embrace any recommendations consistently expounded and logically developed throughout the text? Does it include policy suggestions treated from the point of view of each nation represented by the distinguished contributors? The book clearly did not have this goal in view: it bulges with facts, the vast array of which it carefully catalogues, but constructive concepts seem to be of secondary interest. Indeed, a collective work of this kind—despite the variety of papers of great merit—can seldom have the strength and punch of an homogeneous essay conceived and written by a single first-rate mind. The massive accumulation of facts in the study obscures its purpose, which is to present the "hopes and failures of American foreign policy". Nowhere in the symposium have the direct causes of the present plight of East Central Europe—the blunders made by the U.S. and Britain at Teheran and Yalta—been explicitly and fully exposed. Soviet expansionist policy in East Central Europe has been treated almost as a *deus ex machina* and the U.S. absolved of its blunders as if it were not a free agent to conduct a responsible foreign policy!

On the whole, however, the standards of objectivity have been satisfied. In his paper, which bristles with first-hand knowledge, Dr. Mosely concedes that "The expansion of American interests and responsibilities had been unforeseen and unplanned". (p. 73) Dr. Byrnes bluntly uncovers all the basic weaknesses of the U.S. foreign policy: disarmament induced by

what can be termed American 'momism' in politics; confusion over the meaning of the doctrine of liberation and over the attainment of the latter's goals; the implications of Dulles' speech on retaliation ("While we did not significantly influence our enemies", says Prof. Byrnes, "we terrified our friends with our new enthusiasm". (p. 91); lack of machinery to co-ordinate the many agencies involved in the policy-making process and many others. But the following statement appears unduly complimentary: "American foreign policy toward East Central Europe since 1947 has been courageous, generous, principled, generally consistent, and as effective as American power and the world situation allowed". (p. 99)

The accounts of American foreign policy included in part I are excellent so far as they go; but they give a bird's eye view; and, with the exception of Dr. Kertesz's chapter on Hungary, no detailed treatment of postwar American policies in relation to particular countries has been included in the later part of the book. All five parts of the symposium stand apart from each other and there is no attempt to fuse part I with II and III, and the latter two with part V. The authors of "Creation of a Soviet Empire in Europe" and "On the Periphery of the Soviet Union" deal mainly with the internal postwar problems of satellite countries with short references to diplomatic relations with the U.S.; part V is devoted to the problems of a rather hypothetical future. Within this framework there is no room for the problems of the immediate future.

The book would be more complete if it included a discussion of possible variations to the present theme of neo-containment in American foreign policy. If active liberation had served its purpose as a verbal weapon in the cold war and were of no practical application, the theory of a neutral belt in East Central Europe could be considered a possibility. The investigation of its implementations would have reached perhaps beyond the scope set by Dr. Kertesz: it would have to deal among other things with the psychological acceptance by the American public of the present economic and social systems of Central

Eastern European states. The present symposium—it should be noted—contains two first-rate chapters on East-West trade (by Professors Haberler and Spulber) which would make an essential part of a discussion within this wider context and which are here somewhat suspended in the air.

The present failure of American foreign policy—as drastically demonstrated during the Hungarian crisis—lies in the absence of a clear and unequivocal attitude to the problem of East Central Europe. The book makes this abundantly clear, though in an indirect way. By giving a detailed account of postwar developments in satellite countries written by top experts (parts II and III) it shows the price which has been paid for such a policy in the past. It is a pity that it does not say what price will have to be paid in the future for the present lack of policy—instead of indulging in generalities and deliberating somewhat futilely on “post-liberation problems”.

W. J. STANKIEWICZ

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Italian Politics

ITALY AND THE ALLIES. By Norman Kogan. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1956. Pp. 239. \$5.50.

A defeated nation anxious to remain a belligerent, but as an ally of its former enemies, is seldom in an enviable position, especially if its military potential is negligible. This fact is well illustrated by Norman Kogan's study of the intricate story of Italy's relations with the Allies from the collapse of Fascism in 1943 to the signing of the peace treaty in 1947.

Throughout the four year period covered by Kogan's study, a time when the social structure of Italy seemed to be threatened by the rise of the Left, the Allies did not always agree on a policy for that country. Since Russia was willing to concede Italy to Anglo-American predominance in return for supremacy in Eastern Europe, the determining of policy for Italy was left to the British and Americans. Kogan shows that in all issues the British always adopted

a harsher policy towards Italy, whom they wished to see weakened and reduced in importance. They also sought to bolster the House of Savoy and the conservative forces. Moreover, they objected to giving Italy allied status; to improving the status of Italian prisoners of war in Britain; and to granting Italy UNRRA supplies. As late as 1947 the Labour government even sought, quite unsuccessfully, to have Italy excluded from the European Recovery Program.

The Americans, on the other hand, consistently followed a more lenient policy, and were willing to make a distinction between the Fascist regime and the Italian people. The Americans were in a position to be generous, and their government was not unmindful of the voting strength of Italian-Americans in the election year of 1944. Like Churchill, Roosevelt did not want to see radical changes in Italy, but he was less anxious to support the House of Savoy.

Kogan traces the confusing details of the armistice negotiations in 1943 and the granting of the anomalous status of co-belligerency to Italy, now “an enemy state, fighting at the side of its enemies, against a former ally” (p. 46). He also shows that the “harsh” peace treaty was drawn up during the rapidly deteriorating wartime alliance, when the East and the West were trying to find a *modus-vivendi*: “In the process of reaching a *modus-vivendi*, Italian interests were usually sacrificed. What concessions were made seem to have been granted only as part of the East-West struggle” (p. 169).

The author also analyzes with remarkable clarity the rise of the many political parties and the predominance of the Christian-Democratic party. He states that, supported by the British and the Americans, this party made the creation of a “new and different” Italy impossible. He underlines that in the crucial elections of 1948 Italians were warned not to expect any American aid if they supported pro-Soviet parties. He also emphasizes the Church's role in that campaign and notes that if the Italians voted for the Left they were threatened with starvation on earth and with damnation in Hell.

This book is the best exposition available in English of Italian contemporary history, diplomacy and politics. The author has used a great quantity of mimeographed material not yet available in documentary collections. He has also interviewed many of those who participated in the events he discusses. Mr. Kogan feels that the Christian-Democratic party, whose main *raison d'être*, he claims, is the protection of the Church's privileges, makes organic reforms impossible. He questions whether a successful American policy for Italy can be promoted through the medium of political Catholicism. Regardless of Mr. Kogan's judgment of the Christian-Democratic party, his analysis of contemporary Italian politics underscores the contention of those who bemoan the post-war failure of the non-Communist Left to make headway in Europe as one of that continent's major tragedies.

E. CAPPADOCIA

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

Atoms for Peace

ATOMS FOR THE WORLD: UNITED STATES PARTICIPATION IN THE CONFERENCE ON THE PEACEFUL USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY. By Laura Fermi. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. 227. \$3.75.

Mrs. Laura Fermi, widow of Enrico Fermi, attended the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy in Geneva in August, 1955 as the "historian" for the United States delegation. *Atoms for the World* is her story of that participation. This Conference, the first of its kind, was so highly successful in bringing about the exchange of much hitherto classified information that the cynics were confounded. The World's most distinguished atom scientists were there in force. The exhibition of atomic charts, models of reactors, and working equipment, including a nuclear reactor flown over from the United States, contributed to the spectacle. All of these were wonderful

material for a reporter, and Mrs. Fermi has made the most of the opportunity by writing a fascinating account.

Human interest and technical information are woven together in the current manner of journalistic reporting. Numerous administrators and scientists are sketched by descriptions, incidents and quotations. The atmosphere of tremendous effort needed in preparing for the Conference in less than seven months is conveyed to the reader. There are no villains in this story; every actor is a completely nice person and everyone having a nearly impossible deadline managed to meet it. Perhaps the most interesting chapters in the book are entitled "Russian Scientists in Geneva" and "Power". Most scientists will agree that out of the hundreds of scientific papers presented at Geneva between August 8 and August 20, the ones that aroused greatest interest were two given in the same session: "The First Atomic Power Station in the U.S.S.R." by Professor Blokhintsev, and "Design and Operating Experience of a Prototype Boiling Water Power Reactor" by Dr. W. H. Zinn.

Mrs. Fermi has written the technical information very carefully for the lay reader. Much of this is, perforce, background atomic science that originated long before the Geneva Conference. Reading this book will be an entertaining and rewarding experience for both laymen and scientists.

B. W. SARGENT

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Canadian Church History

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN CANADA. By H. H. Walsh. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1956. Pp. viii + 355. \$6.00.

Students in Protestant theological schools in Canada have had a long time to wait for a comprehensive account of the Christian church in this country. Professor Walsh, of the Faculty of Divinity at McGill, has now given us a survey of this subject that is orderly, fair and comprehensive. His approach is sociological rather than theological, and the only internal clue that he writes as an Anglican is his use of "priest"

where a non-Anglican would probably have written "clergyman". Every branch of the Church is considered. He has divided the historical part into twenty chapters of clearly distinguished subjects, with a final one entitled "Modern Problems". Each chapter has its four or five numbered sections. Detail is not pursued to the obscuring of pattern.

The diversity of the human elements from which the Canadian community was formed is set forth in all its variety. Variations in governing policy, ecclesiastical and political, are traced from one régime to another. Among all this diversity certain group interests to be preserved by separateness from the U.S.A. kept the races and creedal groups in Canada in political partnership. Governments saw the churches as agencies of loyalty and/or law and order. In the adjustment of new arrivals the churches were the most effective social aids. Professor Walsh gives large consideration to sectarianism, from earliest days of settlement to its present strong place in the West, and his analysis is at its best when applied to this. He is candid and objective in his treatment of the failures of the churches as these occurred.

From the beginning church leaders in Canada have shown a concern for the moral character of this new nation, and, in the main, for the right of their people to equality and religious freedom. The fact that the country has been in a formative stage all this time has enabled them to exert an influence greater than might have been possible in longer established states such as those of Europe. Canada's very political institutions bear the mark of church influence, and what distinctiveness we have as a people has been reinforced by religious ways.

The author has consulted the most important secondary works and,—for a survey of 341 pages,—the most relevant primary sources. The Public Archives of Nova Scotia, strong in ecclesiastical history, have been well used. Consultation of the *Rapports de l'Archiviste de Québec* might have strengthened his handling of French Canadian themes, and one wonders why the Public Archives at Ottawa, so easily worked, were not used.

At one or two points his historical treatment invites comment. On page 19 it is stated of the Orange Order of the 1790's that its members "took an oath to exterminate Catholics as far as lay in their power". No reference is given. This statement is at variance with the emphatic declaration of Orange leaders that the Order upholds the right of every man to worship according to his conscience, and it has no place in the pledge of nine clauses adopted by the movement in the decade of its founding. In another place, pp. 57, 58, are references to miracles at Ste Anne de Beaupré and Montreal in words that suggest that the author is satisfied as to their actuality. Would it be too much to ask for some explanatory comment?

The assessment of the feelings of immigrants is done with sympathy. Would not an additional factor in the democratic convictions of those from the Highlands of Scotland be resentment at their eviction from their native crofts by the landlords who drove them out? (And would it not be well for writers of the English tongue to cease referring to the outcome of the Seven Years War in Canada as the "Conquest", a bitter word to our French speaking compatriots? "Cession" would serve.) The place of the laymen in shaping the development of churches in Canada is touched on occasionally but its special scope and significance, especially in the non-episcopal communions, is not fully recognized. In his impartial treatment of church union the author's ironic temper prevents him from mentioning the strictures upon the Methodist Church made by the anti-union Presbyterians, and he is not in a position to realize that the tensions between many unionist and anti-unionist Presbyterians became such that they were disinclined to associate together longer. He is accurate in calling this movement an emotional crisis. Incidentally, the term "General Council" was adopted primarily for its oecumenical tradition.

The final chapter on modern problems is almost entirely confined to the social order and the church. Important but incomplete! Most people probably think that the unions are now so strong that they can take care of their share of social justice.

Perhaps the rôle of the Church should now be mediation in labour-management disputes; or has that been cared for in the boards of arbitration?

There are other problems once of concern to the Church and not yet ended. Liquor is still a social and moral problem. There is the changing character of Sunday. The New Canadians arrive, uprooted from their native environment and to be received into ours. There is the inter-faith problem of "mixed" marriage, and the larger question, of which it forms one part, that of the relation in the Catholic conscience of canon law and the civil law. Indeed the whole conception of church duty and civil obligation in the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church is one of the problems of Canadian life to be understood. The quality of Christian education among the young people of the Protestant churches as part of the answer of those churches to the doctrinal emphases of Catholicism and Sectarianism calls for treatment. None of these appear.

Certain expressions in the book might be altered in the direction of correct usage, Scottish *vice* Scotch, and the University of Toronto instead of Toronto University. Has "divinity" been omitted from line 2 on page 196? The author will have been the first to notice the misprint of the first date on page 135, the misspelling of Alder, (page 179) and the reading (page 295), "Conference of 1917" *vice* "Assembly."

But these are small points. The essential thing is the fair scholarship that has made this book, written with goodwill to all. On laying it down one is impressed by the zeal of the past. One asks also how far the Christian churches in Canada have it in them today to feel strongly on the foregoing problems and to work at them with whatever energy, persuasiveness and firmness may be required.

W. E. L. SMITH

QUEEN'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

French-Canadian Controversialist

ARTHUR BUIES. By Léopold Lamontagne. Quebec: Les Presses Universitaires Laval. 1957. Pp. 258. \$3.50.

Here we have a comprehensive and brilliantly written book which covers the life and work of Quebec's foremost writer of the second half of the nineteenth century. For its erudition, accuracy and freshness, as well as for its absence of bias, this historical and critical study deserves praise. Its author has had to deal with one of the most original and controversial of French-Canadian writers. It is from such critical monographs as this that, someday, someone will be able to publish a complete, well-informed history of Canadian literature, the lack of which is increasingly apparent to both teachers and students. Together with a few other scholars, Doctor Lamontagne has understood this need. His synthesis may be compared in its excellence with Dugas' *Fréchette*, Lacourcière's *Nelligan* and Thériault's *Fournier*.

How did Buies become one of the most controversial authors in all Canadian literature? Individualism and controversy are revealed in both his life and work. From childhood he was a colourful, ill-adjusted rebel against all authority. During his years of study in France, his sensitive and imaginative nature underwent certain lasting influences which are carefully appraised by his biographer: romanticism, liberalism, positivism and historicism. Back to Paris after some months with Garibaldi's army of liberation, in and out of school, penniless, he lived as a young romantic bohemian.

From the revolutionary atmosphere of France, he came back to the ultramontanism of his native province. Here, in the 1860's, as top journalist and pamphleteer, *Figaro* and *Cyrano*-like, young Buies soon became the ablest and most violent mouthpiece of the liberal *Institut de Montréal* fighting for absolute intellectual freedom. After some long, harrassing years and numberless "rifle shots and cannon booms" which seemed ineffective against an unassailable fortress, the Church, Buies decided upon self-exile for some time. Reaching a crossroad, shortly after his return, he was irrevocably attracted by the magnetic personality of the "king of the North", the famous colonizer, Father Labelle. Together they worked to promote home colonization, commerce, industry and the tourist trade with a view to making Canada

attractive to Canadians. Their success was largely responsible for stemming the flow of thousands of Canadians to the United States.

Professor Lamontagne examines not only the life history of Buies but also his literary, linguistic and geographical undertakings. Indeed, he makes an extensive evaluation of his writer's exceptional literary qualities. Whereas others have talked about "our Canadian Voltaire", he points to a closer kinship with Hugo. In the past, it has been quite a task to discover an authentic Canadian romantic whose likeness of spirit and soul would tie him to the French school of the 1830's. Other Canadian writers had accepted only the externals, that is, the clichés and the verbal trappings of the Romantic movement, without becoming involved in its essential "état d'âme". But Buies, as Lamontagne sees it, is first of all and always, even in spite of himself, a romantic.

Among other aspects, Buies's contribution as a literary critic is set in relief. He strove to promote French-Canadian literature by rejuvenating the genius of France in Canadian pages. As he put it: "Let us ask from old Europe her experience and her models; as for the rest, let us take it here, at home." He lashed out at bad writers with pitiless sarcasm. More effectively, he, as the most correct writer of his time and the finest connoisseur of the French idiom, did much to better the French Canadian's understanding of linguistic pitfalls.

That Buies's writings have aged, Doctor Lamontagne concedes, but he insists that his best pages are worthy of an anthology. They demonstrate, as does the life of the author himself, the tragedy and achievement of a would-be romantic rebel and his degree of independence of thought and action. Moreover they attest to his high place as a literary craftsman among the writers of French Canada.

One chapter falls short of convincing this reader of its intensity and importance: "La Grande Douleur". Buies's reticence places his biographer in the awkward situation of guessing—which he refuses to do—for want of manuscripts which were possibly lost during the Rimouski blaze of

1950. Be this as it may, Buies's grief in *Desperanza* smacks too much of Chateaubriand's *René* to be accepted as the great sentimental journey of a lifetime.

Finally, for students wishing to know the proper way to prepare a monograph and to write it in literary French that retains the personal touch of the writer, Lamontagne's *Buies* is a precious guide.

ARSENE LAUZIERE

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

The Scot in the New World

COLONISTS FROM SCOTLAND: Emigration to North America, 1707-1783. By Ian Charles Cargill Graham. Ithica, New York: Cornell University Press. Toronto: Thomas Allen, Limited. 1956. Pp. x + 213. \$4.80.

This is a most attractive, scholarly book. At first glance it may appear forbidding. Approached from the front, it presents a modest preface and austere table of contents of eight chapters briefly titled. At the back, it is walled in behind a seven-page index and a fifteen-page bibliography. Hardly a page of the book itself is without its fuzz of footnotes. All this leads the reader to fear a stiff, dry text.

He finds instead that the book is a sympathetically written social history, bright with the varied stories of scores of Scottish emigrants. They battled with their landlords, the ship owners and emigration contractors, the government officials putting paltry difficulties in their way, and settled in the new world to take up a new series of struggles with the land itself, governors and legislatures, neighbours and one another. These stories of men and women of high and low degree are taken from the contemporary chronicles in Scotland and America, and are fresh and lively to read as Dr. Graham presents them to illustrate the themes of his chapters.

Scotland became more prosperous after the Union of 1707, partly because of enclosures and improved farming, but partly also because the Union gave Scottish merchants the right to trade with the colonies, a trade which had been carried on illegally

up till then. As trade grew, emigration followed it, for there was still grinding poverty, specially in the Highlands, and a surplus rural population looking for opportunity abroad.

Many of the Highlanders settled in North America under the leadership of tacksmen or middlemen-landlords. The Scottish communities preserved a separate identity in the new world, and remained loyal to the British monarchy, a paradox in view of the Hanoverian triumph over the Jacobites in 1745. Dr. Graham's explanation of this paradox is his book's contribution to the history of pre-revolutionary America. The explanation is found in the conservatism of the Scots farmers; their regard for their own community leaders; and the vested interest of Scottish merchants and men of property in a stable colonial government which would insure the payment of debts owed them by the rest of the community. Many of the Scottish settlers, hated as Tories in the American revolution, migrated into Canada and Nova Scotia after the war.

The Scots as merchant capitalists in colonial society are delightfully described in this passage from a Virginia pamphlet of 1773, quoted by Dr. Graham and worthy of being emblazoned on the doorways of the Bank of Nova Scotia and other such Caledonian institutions:

"The Scotch Nation about fifty Years ago, being informed of this valuable Country, and of the weak and blind Side of its Inhabitants, chose, some of them, to quit their Packs, and leave their poor Fare, and Barren Country, and make an Experiment in the Tobacco Trade; which by a little Industry, and the mechanick Turn of Mind and the artful Craftiness and Cunning natural to that Nation, they soon not only raised great Estates for themselves, but found a Plan to enrich their Country . . . and all by Fawning, Flattery, and outwitting the indolent and thoughtless Planters."

One would have liked a map showing the main Scottish settlements in the colonies to accompany Chapter 6, "The Scots in America: Aspects of Social History".

DAVID CORBETT
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Canadian Novelists

PINE ROOTS. By Gladys Taylor. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1956. Pp. 238. \$3.75.
THE FLOOD. By Scott Young. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. 1956. Pp. 223. \$3.50.

HARRY BLACK. By David Walker. London and Toronto: Collins. 1956. Pp. 320. \$3.00.

The term, "Canadian novel", is often used of a novel written by a person living in Canada, but not necessarily with a Canadian setting; David Walker twice won the Governor-General's award with novels which had little or no connection with this country. But within the past thirty years most novels written by Canadians have been definitely regional, set in a place with which the writer is familiar; occasionally they have been concerned with notable historical events, but more often the people and incidents have belonged to this century.

Pine Roots follows a well known pattern; it describes the life of settlers in Manitoba some fifty years ago, and carries on the story through more than one generation. To many Scottist pioneers in Nova Scotia trees were enemies, to be cut down and uprooted by long and hard work before the land could be used for farming. To the central figure of *Pine Roots* they were an obsession, giving her a feeling of claustrophobia, in spite of the kindness of her sympathetic husband. This is a story of hardships and bitter cold, of loneliness and danger, of mating and mis-mating, with the heartless villains and surprising coincidences characteristic of the older romantic novel. The author painstakingly records the colloquial and ungrammatical conversation of her characters; it is a pity that her own prose style in narrative and description gives the reader little relief.

The Flood, like Ethel Wilson's *Love and Salt Water*, is regional in other ways. From his own experience in Winnipeg in helping to fight the relentlessly rising water, Mr. Young takes the reader among the workers and the sufferers during the worst days and nights. He is equally realistic in picturing the flood of sexual emotion which almost overwhelms the chief character in the

novel, but he rouses and sustains interest by his touching analysis of the relation between this man and his school-boy son.

Harry Black touches Canada only slightly, although the charming scene on the New Brunswick coast is at the very centre of the plot of the novel. Another vital part of the story is set in a German prison camp; but, for the most part, the action is in India. Mr. Walker uses the "flash-back" technique in a fresh and skilful way to give pictures of the life of a young officer before the Second World War and of the same man in the new India, of his friendship with Englishmen and Indians, his desperate fights with tigers, in the jungle and in his own mind and spirit. Even the less important characters fit into the complicated pattern, and the central figures, described with humour, sympathy, and occasional satire, are intensely alive. There are few novelists today who can write narrative, description, and conversation so admirably, using colloquial phrases, subtle and delicate shades of meaning, and vivid splashes of colour.

WILHELMINA GORDON

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

WESTERLY WILD. By Vera Lysenko. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1956. Pp. 284. \$3.75.

JOSHUA DOAN. By Gladys F. Lewis. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1956. Pp. 319. \$3.50.

Vera Lysenko's first novel, *Yellow Boots*, gave rise to hopes that are not fulfilled in her second one. *Westerly Wild* is the story of Marcus Haugen and Julie Lacoste and the farming community of Fair Prospect in Saskatchewan in the Thirties. Marcus settled on the Prairies because of the "fierce winds plus the immensity". He too has something of fierceness and immensity in him, but unfortunately he becomes an incredible combination of Byron, Heathcliffe, Rochester, and Milton's Satan, luxuriating in a life of egotistic passion and self pity and heart lacerations that few on the Prairies had the time or the energy to indulge in. He belongs in a different generation and a different culture from ours. He meets his

death behind a runaway team in a wind-storm, crying as he went down, "Julie! Julie!"

After knowing Julie one can only think that Haugen had a fortunate escape. She is a dedicated school teacher who suffers all the deprivations of her position with smug nobility. Salary didn't matter to her, and she had given up a chance to study in Paris because, "I decided that life for me was stronger and richer, even in this hostile environment, than it would have been in Paris." She is an inveterate sociologist who never passes up an opportunity to observe that all races of people have something to contribute to the lives of all Canadians. Miss Lysenko should have placed her testimonial to all Europeans in a dedication or a preface and saved her heroine and others from having to deliver gobs of social theory and racial tolerance.

For the sake of the love interest, Julie is at times "wild as the Westery", and whenever she and Marc meet, the author forgets that she is supposed to be dealing with people and she treats them like characters in fiction. There are quivering nostrils, sensual lips, sensual mouths, sensual looks, sensual shivers, etc., and when this adjective fails she replaces it with words like 'passion' and 'emotion'.

If Miss Lysenko could be true to her vision and understanding of the Prairie and its people (most of her minor characters are credible) and forget best-seller formulas and use her gifts of narrative description, she would certainly take her place with Ross and Grove as an interpreter of the Canadian Prairies.

Apart from her main characters and far-fetched plot (I forgot to mention that there is an insane wife hidden in Haugen's attic) this is a fine story of the wind and the drought and the heartache of a Saskatchewan community during the depression. Her narrative description has colour and vigour and authenticity. When she is writing of what she knows she writes well. In this novel she is true to the Prairies, but not to herself nor to her hero and heroine.

Mrs. Lewis's first novel, *Joshua Doan* also deals with a time of crisis in Canada: "This is the story of the Quakers in the uneasy days of the Duncombe Rising which

is the name given the Western phase of Mackenzie's Rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada."

Few facts are known about Joshua Doan except that he became "tragically embroiled in the stormy events of his day", but Mrs. Lewis has nonetheless woven the story of the Doans into the factual history of the Reform Movement in Western Ontario. She is on the side of the Reformers, and so Joshua is her David or Samson. As a Quaker he abhorred violence, and yearned for the peace of the Spirit, yet his aspiration to justice and political freedom led him into active participation in the Reform Movement, and he is finally executed as a rebel. Though he has some of the makings of greatness, he rarely rises above the smallness of the events in which he becomes embroiled. Perhaps that is because the rebellion itself never really comes to life. The rebel leaders are shadowy figures who are to be regarded as somehow or other 'good'. The Tories are conventional villains—petty and mean, drunken and obtuse, and engaged in cloak and dagger work and acts of vandalism against the innocent peace-loving Quakers. It is as difficult to believe that they constituted a threat to liberty as it is to believe that the Reformers were fighting for a great cause. Passing references to Thomas Paine do not make their cause a great one.

The love story is well told, but it is over-complicated with triangles that unduly impede the narrative.

This novel is most satisfactory as a portrayal of the life and spirit of the Quakers. They are sympathetically treated throughout, and something of their way of life and philosophy wins the reader to them and to the countryside which Mrs. Lewis sees with a good eye and describes with a clean pen.

DESMOND W. COLE
MACDONALD COLLEGE

THE FEAST OF LUPERCAL. By Brian Moore. Little, Brown & Co. (Canada) Ltd. Pp. 246. \$4.00.

It is not surprising to hear that Brian Moore acknowledges Flaubert to be one of his especial Masters. The author of "The Feast of Luperca" might well have

said to himself on completing this austere, enclosed work of art: "Diarmuid Devine, c'est moi." The middle-aged Belfast schoolmaster of that name, whose abortive love for the niece of a colleague supplies the peg upon which the novelist has hung his study in humiliation, is laid bare to the last quivering nerve in the operating theatre of Mr. Moore's mind and art.

The scalpel-edge of this exercise in dissection is a style wielded with deadly precision. The tone is dry, unemphatic, exact, "scrupulously mean" in the tradition of "Dubliners". Mr. Moore can strip a character in a phrase, a paragraph, an image. The schoolmaster is introduced as "a man whose appearance suggested some painful uncertainty." Here is his colleague, Tim Heron: "All his life, his constant fear had been that he would be overlooked, his constant preoccupation the seeking out of fancied insults. At sixty, he bore the signs of it; he could not look happy. His bony body was warped by tics and tremblings of suppressed rage, his electric-blue eyes flickered to and fro in search of a sneak attack. His hand constantly calmed his brow, smoothing his gray, waved hairs, each of which lay single on his skull as though drawn on in pencil." Devine looks into the girl's eyes in her moment of abandon—" . . . they did not look like her any more. They gleamed strangely, reminding him of the eyes of his sister's cat before the darkened turf hearth in the kitchen in Dungannon."

It is perhaps the index to Mr. Moore's achievement, and limitations, that his unflinching art should suggest the skills of the surgeon, the anatomist. That "painful uncertainty" exists in Diarmuid Devine, B.A., but not for long in the reader as he watches the predestined victim move, harnessed and blinkered, toward his fate. The interest rapidly devolves into watching how Mr. Moore, like Blake's Woman Old, having nailed the victim down, unetherized, upon a rock, "catches his shrieks in cups of gold" while probing fingers "number every nerve".

Over all hangs the harsh, gray light of Belfast, city of cliques, whispers, suspicions. Bare school refectory, parish hall, sporting pub, bachelor "digs", tea shops, windy

streets and dripping playgrounds form the background to the agony of Diarmuid Devine. The Ulster capital has found its chronicler at last.

C. BEER

KINGSTON

Literary Criticism

DUBLIN'S JOYCE. By Hugh Kenner. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. Ltd. 1956. Pp. 372. \$6.75.

A CENSUS OF FINNEGANS WAKE. By Adaline Glasheen. Northwestern University Press. 1956. Pp. 146. \$5.00.

Joycean scholarship tends to divide into two opposing points of view. On the one hand there are those commentators who identify Joyce with Stephen Dedalus and let Stephen speak for Joyce, as it were; others claim that Joyce, in creating Stephen, was parodying a *fin de siècle* aesthete who thinks in Paterian prose and whose thought is much occupied with "mediaeval abstrusities". Mr. Kenner definitely identifies himself with the latter point of view. He finds Joyce a Thomist in his philosophy, viewing fallen man dispassionately and making high comedy out of his efforts to escape the consequences of the fall, either by trying to act as if the fall had not taken place or by immersing himself in materialism. A good example of the former is Richard Rowan of *Exiles*. Mr. Kenner comments on Richard, "Ethical freedom which shall not be anarchy and utter honesty which shall not be corrosive are proper . . . to a society of angels." This behaviour on the part of fallen man has its own philosophical background and Joyce finds it in the Cartesian rationalism which so dominated the 18th Century and whose consequences are still with us.

Thus, according to Mr. Kenner, Joyce's central technique is parody and this parody is chiefly directed against Cartesian spirit. M. Maritain describes Cartesian philosophy as follows:

"Cartesian dualism breaks men up into two complete substances, joined to one another none knows how. On the one hand, the body which is only

geometric extension; on the other, the soul which is only thought—an angel inhabiting a machine and directing it by means of the pineal gland."

(*The Dream of Descartes*. New York. 1944. p. 179)

Joyce parodies one half of the Cartesian dichotomy by creating angels such as Stephen Dedalus, Richard Rowan of *Exiles* and Mr. Duffy of *A Painful Case*. They are angels in the Cartesian sense, because, creating the world inside their own minds, they, like the angels, know essences directly. Joyce presents these angels as sterile aesthetes because (and again I quote M. Maritain) "human intellection is living and fresh only when it is centered upon the vigilance of sense perception. The natural roots of our knowledge being cut, a general drying up in culture and philosophy resulted, a drought for which romantic tears were later to provide only an insufficient remedy." (*Idem*. p. 180.) In presenting Stephen Dedalus as an aesthete, Mr. Kenner proceeds along the lines which he had set forth already in *The Portrait in Perspective*. (James Joyce: *Two Decades of Criticism*. Vanguard Press). Here he first stated his theory that Stephen Dedalus is not a somewhat ironic self-portrait of the artist as a young man, as most Joycean commentators believe, but is a creation of Joyce for his own purposes. What Joyce created was a priggish and humourless aesthete, spreading his wings for a Daedelian flight into the "Paterian never-never land" of the imagination. He was, like Shelley, an "ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain", and fated for an Icarian fall. Although Mr. Kenner shows, with the help of M. Maritain's *Art and Scholasticism*, that Joyce's own aesthetic is firmly based on that of St. Thomas, the version which Stephen presents in *The Portrait* is changed sufficiently, in particular by suppressing the crucial doctrine of epiphanies, to ensure this fall, a fall which takes place in *Ulysses*, in which book Stephen is found floundering in a sea of materialism.

"If a man would rather be a machine", said Dr. Johnson, "I cannot argue with him." Joyce does not argue either but

quietly exhibits the other side of the Cartesian duality. So we have Mr. Bloom, inhabiting a materialistic world, and giving mechanical responses to objects of sensation. Descartes fathered the idea that animals and the bodies of men are machines and with the entry of Locke into the picture even the mind was thought of as a glorified machine. Mr. Kenner puts this very succinctly in one of his sub-headings, "Locke the godfather of Eniac" ("Electronic Numerical Integrator and Calculator"). In discussing Dr. Norbert Wiener's *Cybernetics* Mr. Kenner shows how much the idea of the mind as a machine has gripped the popular imagination. Even *Ulysses* itself has that machine-like quality. Mr. Kenner observes "a huge and intricate machine clanking and whirring for eighteen hours—at one level *Ulysses* is just that"; and again, "It is essential to the total effect of *Ulysses* that it should seem to be the artifact of a mind like Bloom's, only less easily deflected; a mind that loses nothing, penetrates nothing, and has a category for everything; the mind that at length epiphanizes itself in the catechism of 'Ithaca'" (p. 167). It was failure to observe that so much in *Ulysses* is parody that caused so many readers to miss much of its humour and misled even so penetrating a critic as Wyndham Lewis. The Romantic night-world grew out of the day-world of Cartesian rationalism since, according to Mr. Kenner, "a philosophy of mechanical sensation and an aesthetic of anarchic passion go invariably hand in hand." (p. 280) Just as Joyce parodies the world of mechanical sensation in *Ulysses* so he parodies Romanticism in *Finnegans Wake*.

It is really impossible to summarize even in the briefest possible outline Mr. Kenner's extremely complex book, so I have taken only what I conceive to be the author's central idea and have been forced to ignore much else. Although brilliantly conceived and written, yet it fails to convince me that the author's reading of Joyce is correct. By divorcing Joyce completely from Stephen Mr. Kenner encounters difficulties and raises new questions which he fails to answer. For instance, he writes, "Stephen does not, as the careless reader may suppose, become an artist by rejecting church

and country. Stephen does not become an artist at all. Country, church and mission are in inextricable unity, and in rejecting the two that seem to hamper him, he rejects also the one on which he has set his heart." (p. 121) This leaves Joyce's own position somewhat equivocal. Mr. Kenner should have shown clearly wherein Joyce differed from Stephen in his attitude towards church and country. Again, while I agree with Mr. Kenner that Joyce prepared Stephen for an Icarian fall, one which actually took place, as Stephen himself realized, yet I feel that Joyce intended Stephen to survive and triumph over this downfall. Stephen's own creed accepts the fall as part of his future, "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life!" (Italics mine.) Stephen's meeting with Bloom is the climax towards which *Ulysses* moves, and most commentators find it symbolic, yet Mr. Kenner's point of view renders this meeting completely void of significance.

I feel also that Mr. Kenner is somewhat one-sided in his selection of material. He tends to ignore what does not fit easily into his central thesis. For instance, he writes concerning Giordano Bruno, "Two other martyr personae—Bruno the burned indictor of the Roman *Bestia Trionfante*; Dick Turpin ("Turpin Hero"—Stephen Hero), picaresque discomfiter of lawyers and clergymen, never engaged his interest very deeply." This in spite of the fact that Giordano Bruno occupies an important part in *Finnegans Wake*.

Finally, amongst the many masks or alter-egos which Joyce, in Mr. Kenner's view, hides behind,—Stephen Dedalus, Shem the Penman, Shaun the Post, the Paris alter-ego, De Valera, Stanislaus Joyce, Lewis Carroll, etc.—there must be a real Joyce and Mr. Kenner has done little to reveal him to us.

On the whole, however, in spite of its difficulty and complexity, I found it a stimulating book, containing much interesting material. I feel that some of the book's difficulties could have been avoided if the author had supplied a chapter summarizing his conclusions. An index also would have been very helpful.

The second book on Joyce, Mrs. Glasheen's *A Census of Finnegans Wake* does not call for much comment. She supplies not only an index to most of the characters in this book but also attempts an identification of them. If the fact that so many of these characters still remain unidentified is disappointing, nevertheless, considering the difficulties of her task, Mrs. Glasheen has done very well indeed. Some of the characters will doubtless always defy identification. Others will be identified in the course of time and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Glasheen will later publish another list containing these. I have found the book very helpful and doubtless some of the mysteries of *Finnegans Wake* will be solved with its aid.

EDWARD DUNCAN

WINNIPEG

THE LOYALTIES OF ROBINSON JEFFERS. By Radcliffe Squires. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press. 1956. Pp. x + 202. \$4.25.

Robinson Jeffers probably holds a modern record for gaining an audience overnight and losing it by lunchtime. In 1928 readers were sure that the salty dose of incest, homosexuality and zoocerastia which he administered must, like all bitter medicine, be salutary. By 1938 they had rejected him as a misanthropic medicine man whose treatment was an insult to the decently diseased. His critics have been equally erratic: between the adulation of Lawrence C. Powell and the cold antagonism of Hyatt H. Waggoner, there has been no attempt at moderate appraisal. For this reason—and because I consider Jeffers a poet of real power—I have enjoyed reading Mr. Radcliffe Squires' temperate discussion of Robinson Jeffers' "loyalties".

This book, curiously enough, does not persuade us that we have seen clearly the outline of Jeffers' poetic structure. Instead, it shows us very clearly indeed a number of things which are *not* Jeffers. Mr. Squires, that is, has analysed in some detail the relation of Jeffers to three groups of philosophers, psychologists and poets. If this analysis does not lead us to affirm Jeffers' greatness, it at least dispels a number of the facile misconceptions which critics have

too long allowed to mask his work. The case of Robinson Jeffers, condemned on hearsay evidence, has been ably reopened.

In philosophical terms, Mr. Squires demonstrates that Jeffers' conception of "life as pain", is closer to Schopenhauer than to Nietzsche. If the moral monsters who populate such poems as *Tamar* and *The Women at Point Sur* objectify Jeffers' despair over modern decadence, he does not on that account long for a Nietzschean race of amoral supermen. Instead, he turns towards a way of life which is ascetic in its simplicity: "Strict morality is for Jeffers the hallmark of a vigorous culture, and a similar conventionality informs his view of religion." His quarrel with civilization leads him to reject power rather than to seek it. This attitude becomes explicable when we realize that Jeffers has fused his perception of the corrupting power of a "creature-comfort" democracy to Spengler's theory of the rise and decline of civilizations. But the end of America's decline ("the dance of the / Dream-led masses down the dark mountain") will be, finally, a "return to Paradise"—a blessed recovery of man's primal innocence. At bottom, then, Jeffers sees the historical process as a cyclical theological drama.

The mythical overtones of this theory of history lead Mr. Squires to assess Jeffers' relation to Freud, Jung, and Havelock Ellis. The unhappy evidence here is that Jeffers has regularly and disastrously exploited the ideas of psychologists without waiting to assimilate them fully to his own imaginative vision. As a result, the orgiastic exploits of his heroes function neither as symbols of man's search for meaning, nor as an index to the corruptive force of civilization. They appear, instead, as nothing more than morbid and contrived case-histories—neither real symbols nor real people. Mr. Squires' saving grace, in this discussion, is that he does not attempt to disguise Jeffers' failures. But he does not, by the same token, document adequately the havoc which such undisciplined "thought" has created in Jeffers' work. This is the defect of his critical qualities.

Finally, in a discussion which is tenuous but nevertheless provocative, Mr. Squires observes Jeffers' relation to Marlowe,

Lucretius and Whitman. The comparison of the poet's spiritual dilemma to that of Marlowe is largely speculative, and the book's conclusion, an assertion that Jeffers is the equal of Eliot and Frost, is stated rather than demonstrated. Our critic has achieved his intention, however; he has forced us to reconsider our judgments about Jeffers. This service is particularly valuable because it focuses attention on *The Double Axe* (1948), a ripe statement which has been virtually unread.

As I have suggested, Mr. Squires' loyalty probe is anything but exhaustive; again and again I wished that he had attempted to relate isolated poems to his thesis, and that he had been able to suggest the existence or absence of a total pattern in Jeffers' work. Fundamentally, I am relieved that no clear cut pattern of thought *does* emerge, for it seems to me that "ideas" have been the chief barrier to Jeffers' poetic development. His talent is essentially oracular, charged with a scriptural dignity and a stinging authority:

Clearly it is time
To become disillusioned, each person
to enter his own soul's desert
And look for God—having seen man.
Or again:
And as to love: make love when need
drives.
And as to love: love God.

He has been at his worst (and his worst is an appalling, violent, declamatory muddle) precisely when he has allowed the theories of other people to clog the stream of his own imagination. Mr. Squires has revealed the extent of this muddle more fully, perhaps, than he intended, but the revelation is instructive. Criticism must now turn from Jeffers' thought to a study of his imaginative vision—a study which will attempt to isolate his "truest" works and to give a coherent account of their power. Mr. Squires has cleared away much of the underbrush that impedes us; if we learn that, despite his intrigue with Thought, Jeffers' first "loyalty" is his art, we may decide that some of the works which Hyatt H. Waggoner dismisses as "bad metaphysics" are nevertheless great poetry.

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More About Boswell

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE, 1766-69. Ed. by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. New York and Toronto: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1956. Pp. xxvi + 390. \$7.20.

It keeps growing harder to find new superlatives for describing the brilliance of each successive volume in the series of Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell. The present volume is the fifth made up from Boswell's own writings, and the wonder is that the interest has been not only sustained but increased. One half expected that by this time the real Boswell would have been smothered under his own papers, but the image still comes through clear.

It is the same image, of course, growing slowly more mature, and it would have been unreasonable to expect much in this volume to be startlingly new: we had already got to know it too well in the earlier volumes for that. We see now an older and steadier Boswell establishing himself in the legal profession in Edinburgh, trying to get along with his stern, honourable, but unimaginative father, seeking a substitute for his father in the sturdy but more sympathetic Johnson, writing an important book that brought him international fame, and, above all, after several experiments and much misgiving, finding a wife. In elucidating this main problem of Boswell's, Professor Brady wisely reminds us that Scottish society, unlike ours, was "lineal". Family tradition, accordingly, meant far more to Boswell than it can to anyone today, especially in North America, and so Boswell's uneasiness with his father was a very different matter from Edmund Gosse's or Clarence Day's. Since to carry on the family tradition meant almost everything to Boswell, he could not escape a sense of guilt over his father—a sense that goes far to explain his moods of melancholy and also his intemperance. His marriage, consequently, was most important, not merely for satisfying his own emotional nature, but also for enabling him to realize his ideal self as a head of his family. He was capable of discussing these problems quite objectively with the various candidates

for his hand, not on grounds of sexual compatability or personal preference, but on grounds of suitability to the family tradition. The woman he finally chose was the rock on which he founded his family. The whole volume, as a result, gives us a wonderful insight into a way of life and thought that is totally strange to us.

This volume has been put together from a great wealth of materials: completed journals by Boswell, notes for his journals, memoranda, papers apart, letters, and other documents. Some of this material now appears in print for the first time, such as some of the letters that passed between Boswell and his friend Temple, some notes of a conversation between Johnson and Boswell, and, most interesting of all, sections of the original manuscript of the *Life of Johnson*, before it had been revised for publication. A great part of the remainder, though previously published in an expensive collector's edition some years ago, was not generally available until it came out in this volume. So, for most readers, the material is new. The editors have had to select their material very carefully, so abundant were their resources for this period, and their editorial stitching has been done expertly. Only very rarely have they been compelled to reproduce Boswell's cryptic notes in place of his finished journals, and the narrative reads for the most part like a good modern biography. An especially generous supply of pictures, maps, and charts makes up an unusually handsome volume.

CLARENCE TRACY

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German Philosophers

GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNIZ. *Philosophical Papers and Letters. A Selection Translated and Edited with an Introduction by Leroy E. Loemker.* 2 vols. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. x + 1228. \$6.50 per vol. \$12.00 per set.

Dying his lifetime Leibniz published only one book, his *Theodicy*, while his second book, *New Essays Concerning Human Understanding*, was only published

long after he was dead. As important as these works are one can learn little of Leibniz's philosophy by reading them, since they were concerned mainly with criticisms of the views of others and not with a comprehensive exposition of his own philosophy. In order, therefore, to understand Leibniz it is necessary to read his published and unpublished papers as well as his numerous letters to friends.

But this is difficult. Leibniz, writing in Latin, French and German, contributed to most of the leading learned journals of his day. He also wrote letters on many topics. Loemker tells us there are approximately fifteen thousand letters to over one thousand friends in the Hanover library. So far no complete edition has ever been made of these writings, though several selections from them have been published. English editions of his works have been quite meagre. His published writings have been usually represented by a translation of the *Monadology* and a few related papers, though Philip P. Wiener has recently produced a more adequate edition. The *New Essays* and *Theodicy* have been translated also as have a few of his early mathematical writings.

Loemker has now given us this two volume edition of Leibniz's writings. It, of course, does not approach the comprehensiveness of the seven and eight volume German editions of Leibniz, but it is a great advance over what was previously available. Here will be found a good representative collection of Leibniz's papers and letters on logic, psychology, epistemology, metaphysics, theology, mathematics, physics and nature in general, ethics and law. Each paper is prefaced by a short editorial note relating it to Leibniz's other writings and stating what it is about. Loemker also gives notes at the end of each volume in which he comments on various passages in the papers and also gives different versions of doubtful ones. It would have been better if these had been printed at the bottom of the appropriate page for much easier reference.

Loemker provides a long and excellent introduction directed towards a person who already knows something of Leibniz and who wants an over-all presentation of his

thought. Here the fundamental assumptions and principles of Leibniz's philosophy are presented and related to each other in a succinct, lucid and scholarly way. Loemker rejects both Russell's all too simple interpretation of Leibniz and also the idealist one that was dominant for so many years. Instead he presents a balanced view based upon Leibniz's various interests and uses the mathematical notion of function to illuminate much that Leibniz says. This is an approach which has not been fully appreciated by other writers and any person wanting to understand Leibniz would do well to read this introduction and apply what Loemker says to his reading of the papers contained in these volumes. This is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best, short presentation of Leibniz's philosophy in English and it is to be hoped that Loemker soon will write a full-length study of Leibniz.

Unfortunately the printing of this book is not up to the excellence of its contents. The fact is that the book has not been printed at all, but has been photographically reproduced from pages typed with an electric typewriter. This is not objectionable in itself since the type is quite easy to read, but it has resulted in a ragged right hand edge on each page. This is unnecessary. It is quite possible with one of these machines to justify the lines and so produce a neater piece of work. At the price being asked for these volumes a better job of production can surely be expected than has been done here. It is not as if money was being saved by producing a more inexpensive book, since this is the same price as other books by the same publisher in the same series which are properly printed. However, in spite of this, one must be grateful to have at last a good English edition of Leibniz's writings which will probably be the standard one for some time.

WALTER B. CARTER

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FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL, SCHRIFTEN UND FRAGMENTE. Edited by Ernst Behler. Stuttgart: Alfred Kröner Verlag, n.d. (1956). Pp. xlviii + 296. DM 12.50.

When Jakob Minor, in 1882, prepared the one and only critical edition of Schlegel's writings, he confined himself to his author's early prose, that published up to 1802. In his Introduction, he hinted at the possibility of editing an additional, third volume, that would contain Schlegel's writings of the years 1802-1805, provided that the first two volumes sold well enough; but this plan never materialised. Since those days, the interest in Schlegel has increased enormously, and both Minor's original edition and the reprint of 1906 have long been unobtainable. It is a most welcome venture on the part of the Alfred Kröner Verlag to make such much-discussed texts as the essay on Goethe's *Meister*, the *Fragmente* and *Ideen* and the *Rede über die Mythologie* available again, and to reprint Schlegel's important contributions to his Lessing-edition, which is almost a bibliographical rarity. The ambitions of the editor of this handy and handsome volume, however, went very much further than merely to reprint some of Schlegel's critical masterpieces. It has been one of the vices of German literary criticism to commend Schlegel's early achievements at the expense of his later life, to praise the brilliant young innovator at the expense of the aging 'reactionary', the literary critic at the expense of the philosopher, the liberal at the expense of the convert to Catholicism. In recent years, protests against this one-sided view have become increasingly frequent, largely through the efforts of Josef Körner, but there are still a hundred readers who have studied Schlegel's early critical *oeuvre* to every one who has ever glanced at the philosophical writings of the last years of his life. In his monumental account of modern criticism, René Wellek calls Schlegel "one of the greatest critics of history"; in most histories of philosophy, he is hardly mentioned. Ernst Behler's edition is a timely and skilful attempt at redressing the balance.

In the concise and knowledgeable "Introduction" to his edition, Behler aims to provide a survey of the *whole* of Schlegel's contributions to the history of ideas. His account of Schlegel's activities as a literary critic may appear disproportionately brief, but this is the part of Schlegel's work that

has been discussed most extensively by others; and Behler uses the space thus gained to do most valuable pioneering work on the 'later' Schlegel and his contributions to philosophy. Here, Schlegel is presented as the founder of *Weltanschauungskritik*, the systematic criticism of what Pepper nowadays calls 'world hypotheses'—an approach to philosophy that has proved particularly fruitful in the hands of W. Dilthey. Due emphasis is given to Schlegel's contributions to speculative anthropology, and there are hints at his—often overlooked—*influence on Hegel and Schelling*. An account of his religious and political development, which contains a spirited defence of the 'later' Schlegel against the charge of being a blind reactionary, completes the survey. Behler, whose special field of study is philosophy rather than literature, is remarkably successful in demonstrating the unity and continuity of Schlegel's development, and one cannot but welcome the fact that the virtual monopoly which literary critics have enjoyed in this field for so long is being broken.

Behler's selection from Schlegel's writings is determined by his intention to present his author's development as a whole, and serves this purpose admirably. The exclusion of the *Studiumaufsatz* was no doubt motivated by the fact that this long essay is available in a convenient reprint. The omission of the essays on *Woldemar* and on *Georg Forster* and of the larger part of the *Gespräch über die Poesie* are more regrettable, but some such sacrifice had to be made if Behler was to provide a balanced selection in less than 400 pages, and to make room for the long, important and little-known chapters from the lectures on philosophy of 1804-06 and 1827. Above all, however, Behler has gone to the enormous trouble of investigating the whole bulk of Schlegel's unpublished manuscripts, including the virtually unknown philosophical notebooks, and has printed extensive excerpts from them that throw much-needed light on his development. At one point, a misreading seems to have crept into these excerpts: in the second paragraph of p. 170, surely Schlegel used the abbreviation $\pi\gamma$, which means "prophetisch", not "poetisch-philosophisch". With

this minor exception, however, the formidable task of deciphering and excerpting several thousand pages of Schlegel's notoriously difficult handwriting seems to have been done with admirable thoroughness. Together with Behler's Introduction, the material that is here made available for the first time makes his book indispensable to the serious student of Schlegel and, in the view of the present writer, renders it the most valuable contribution to Schlegel-studies that has appeared for many years.

HANS EICHNER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Classical Studies

POETS IN A LANDSCAPE. By Gilbert Highet. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1957. Pp. xix + 267 + xii. \$6.95.

PINDAR AND AESCHYLUS. By J. H. Finley, Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1955. Pp. 307. \$5.85.

VIRGIL, THE GEORGICS. Translated by Smith Palmer Bovie. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. xxx + 101. \$3.75.

AESCHYLUS II: FOUR TRAGEDIES. Translated by Seth Benardete and David Grene. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. vii + 179. \$3.50.

EURIPIDES II: FOUR TRAGEDIES. Translated by William Arrowsmith, Witter Bynner, and Richmond Lattimore. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. v + 264. \$3.00 cloth; \$1.25 paper (as quoted by the University of Toronto Press).

Professor Highet writes a travelogue on Italy, with special reference to the birth-places of seven great Latin poets. There is some biography of each poet, some assessment of his work, some translations (ranging from some spirited versions of Juvenal to some painful imitations of Horatian Sapphics and Asclepiads), some impressions of the places where the poets

lived, and some reconstruction of these localities as they once may have been. The book is fascinating, clever, readable, and (only one word will do) slick. One sample will do more than any description can:

But, as soon as one looks into the water, one sees that it is moving: it is alive: it is being born, moment by moment, continuously. This might at first glance be a little lake or cluster of lakelets—except that a lake is always still; it is water held in a cup of rock or a depression of the earth. These pools constantly flow upwards out of the ground, and onwards. One sees in them the birth of a river—or rather, perhaps, the gentle emergence into sunlight of a pure stream which has long flowed underground. The pools are not deep. They are not rock-rimmed or boldly angled or bitten far into the ground. They simply appear, among the trees. On a dark night one might well go out of the farmhouse to call a dog, and walk straight into them. They are not deep enough to drown anyone: it might be a delightful experience, like feeling a pair of cool arms around one's neck in the darkness. (p. 92)

This is classical understatement for 'the water is shallow and lively'. You have here the charm that is not effortless, and a hint of a preoccupation with arms, necks, and darkness that will make you want to say, now and then, in paraphrase of the famous rebuke reported by Alexander Woolcott, "Mr. Highet, put down that chalk."

Mr. Finley's book is the printed version of his Martin Classical Lectures, given at Oberlin College (volume XIV). His thesis is that Pindar speaks for an oligarchic, static Greek society that was soon to vanish, and that Aeschylus is the prophet of an emergent age, with a strong sense of progress and evolution through time and conflict. The book is designed for the scholar rather than for the general reader. The argument is intricate; so is the style—more Pindaric, sometimes, than lucid. Such expressions (and there are many) as "the vengeful law of an eye for an eye breathes through this scene" (p. 268) should surely have been edited out of the printed version. The critic who deals in images and symbols presumes that he has the power to penetrate

the unconscious of poets who lived long ago in a strange milieu. Can he really be justified in establishing a complex and organized hierarchy of symbols for his subjects? Such images as we can now recover from the unconscious of a Pindar would surely be more like revealing flashes than a synthesized pattern. Mr. Finley is perhaps unduly confident in his treatment of symbols; but there is a magnificent fund of sound and stimulating criticism in his book, nevertheless.

Mr. Bovie has made a remarkably successful rendering of the Vergilian hexameter into iambic pentameters. The short lines would have failed to achieve the Vergilian dignity had not Mr. Bovie allowed more than half of them to 'run on'. The reader is consequently aware more of the sentence-unit than of the line-unit. The language is simple, but it rises to majesty or decorative elaboration upon demand. Mr. Bovie is occasionally betrayed into writing a lumpy line ("and once more sleep seals closed my swimming eyes"—almost a tongue-twister); on the other hand, with great skill he varies the rhythm by resolving syllables or omitting the short initial syllable, and makes the total effect fresh and lively. This version will certainly rank among the best for fidelity to the original and for its own literary merit.

The remaining two books under review are part of the University of Chicago's fine series, *The Complete Greek Tragedies* (in translation) edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore. In *Aeschylus II* Mr. Benardete writes two crisp introductions and translates two plays with clarity and rapidity but with a little less than the majesty that is the essence of the Aeschylean style, and with a certain monotony that is out of keeping with the wonderful rhythmic shifts of the original. But these are perhaps mean objections to a version that is on the whole very effective. Mr. Grene's introductions are thin, but his translations are highly successful; they are both direct and lofty, both rough and magnificent, as a version of Aeschylus ought to be. The dialogue is put into prose, the lyrics into verse. It would be hard to find a version that reproduces better the 'feel' of Greek tragedy.

Messrs Arrowsmith and Lattimore write lively introductions to the Euripidean plays in our last volume, though one is surprised to find in such an edition the bogus 'whom' (p. 262). The versions by the same writers are faithful to the meaning of Euripides, and to his language that is often a mixture of the casual and the lovely. The dramatic urgency and the fitful beauty of the original are both ably reproduced. Is it mere academic snobbery to have misgivings about Mr. Bynner's version? He admits that he was not working from the original but was making a poetic conflation of various translations—in the first place for the use of Isadora Duncan. His translation, for all its fine poetic quality, has yet (for the reviewer who knows some Greek) a certain air of falsity. It is a pity that it could not have had an unprejudiced reading.

H. L. TRACY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

A Dante Translation

Dante's LA VITA NOUVA. Translated by Mark L. Musa. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press. 1957. Pp. ix + 86. \$4.00.

By all standards, and especially in consideration of the circumstances of its production, this new translation of Dante's "New Life" is a remarkable achievement. Mr. Musa is a recent graduate of Rutgers University, who as an undergraduate became fascinated with Dante and presented this translation as an honours project. The completed work so impressed his examiners that they took steps towards having it published, and the present reviewer strongly endorses this judgment. In addition to the intrinsic merit of the translation, the fact that undergraduate achievement has been able to attain such heights in itself warrants this publicity, if only to serve as a stimulant to discouraged educators.

Since the *Vita Nuova* is perhaps a familiar work only to the Italian specialist, a brief summary of its contents is here inserted. The "New Life" began for Dante with his first sight of Beatrice, when the

latter was only nine years old. Immediately Dante experienced feelings which he was unable to contain, so that it seemed to him that "now his bliss had appeared". He did not see Beatrice again for nine years, and from this point the number nine becomes a frequently recurring mystic number in the relations between Dante and the source of his "new life". It is noteworthy that at no time does Dante seek any gratification of his love beyond a simple greeting, the withholding of which on one occasion plunged the lover (if such a term is applicable to Dante with respect to Beatrice) into the uttermost depths of despair. Dante's feelings pass through a multitude of variations, with sadness, yearning and despondency overshadowing the occasional ray of hope—hope only of being recognized and granted the greeting which "made all his joy". Beatrice dies, and her worshipper is inconsolable, till after a time he confesses that a lady who expressed pity for him did give him some relief from his grief. But this solace he desires to reject. As Dante relates it, "I came into such a state through the sight of this lady that my eyes began to delight too much in seeing her; I often became angry about it in my heart, and I thought myself contemptible indeed." Nevertheless, subduing this inclination to accept a remedy for his state, he later writes: "All my thoughts turned back to their most gracious Beatrice." The dénouement consists of his gratifying escape from temptation, with a solemn resolve "to say no more about this blessed one until I should be capable of writing about her in a more worthy fashion"—an ambition achieved in the "Divine Comedy".

Mr. Musa's aim is "to capture in English something of the simplicity and flow of the original". Unlike previous translators, such as Rossetti (1861) and Norton (1892), he makes no attempt at rhyme, though he does strive to reproduce Dante's metre and rhythms as far as possible. In this I believe him to have been well advised, since the best efforts to imitate Italian rhymes so often result in an awkward *tour de force*. The metre and rhythms alone present obstacles which are formidable enough, and which Mr. Musa, like anyone else, was

not always able to hurdle to the satisfaction of a sensitive reader of Dante. For one thing, English has no poetic substitute for the Italian diminutive. When Mr. Musa translates (p. 5) "*ed una nuvoletta avean davanti*" by "In front of them they had a little cloud," I think that even a reader unfamiliar with Italian can sense the poetic inadequacy of the rendering. Referring again to Mr. Musa's aim "to capture something of the simplicity and flow of the original," it appears that at times we may grant the "simplicity" while we still miss the "flow".

It is unfair, however, to score shortcomings in a translation of this kind. Mr. Musa has made a literary masterpiece available to the English reader in nearly as satisfactory a form as is possible. Certain passages have been rendered more poetically by Rossetti or by Norton, but generally Mr. Musa keeps nearer to the original, and he uses a modernized idiom that on the whole is more acceptable to the contemporary reader.

On balance, this book merits little but praise, and is strongly recommended to any who require a substitute for the only really satisfactory approach to Dante—the poet's original words.

HARRY W. HILBORN

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William Blake

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. London: Rupert Hart-Davis. Toronto: British Book Service. 1956. Pp. 261. \$10.00.

William Blake's VALA. Edited by H. M. Margoliouth. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1956. Pp. xxvii + 181. \$6.50.

Blake's MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Martin K. Nurmi. Kent State University Bulletin (Research Series III), Kent, Ohio. 1957. Pp. v + 63. N. P.

Students of Blake are certainly indebted to Sir Geoffrey Keynes for his efforts to present them with a complete text. As chairman of the William Blake Trust, he has been responsible for publishing the

facsimiles of *Jerusalem*—the most outstanding editorial contribution in recent years. In this edition of the letters, he has added much new material to the collection published by Russell in 1906, and he has retained Blake's spelling, which Russell did not. Short of photostatic reproduction, the text is an accurate presentation of the originals, and the addition of a Register of Documents and a complete index furnish the reader with all the assistance an editor can provide. With the exception of seven not yet found, the present volume contains all of Blake's letters known to exist. The annotations render the text intelligible without any immediate need for outside reference, and the preface contains interesting sketches of Blake's correspondents.

The most valuable purpose served by such a volume is that it dispels the vague illusion that Blake was an isolated eccentric whose life was somehow cut off from his contemporaries. As the editor remarks, the best of his letters "are among the most beautiful things he ever penned and could take an honoured place in any anthology of letters by men of genius". They also show his intense concern to be understood by those whose friendship he valued and who still remained very far from sharing his views. The Rev. Dr. Trusler who studied medicine, established himself as a bookseller and cultivated art was as far from understanding him as anyone he met. Yet the two letters he wrote Trusler in the summer of 1799 are among his best. They express his vigorous enthusiasm in explaining the technique of his craft and the spirit he associated with artistic accomplishment. At the same time, he clearly stated with no trace of antagonism his determination to follow the dictates of his own genius. This kind of determination, without an aggressive temper, often produced a more antagonistic effect than he seemed to realize. It sometimes appeared to his more worldly friends that, as a poor engraver, he could not afford such independence, and Blake's reaction was one of resentment and distrust. He suspected Flaxman of professional jealousy and found Hayley's patronage offensive. He still recognized his indebtedness to his friends with the direct sincerity of an unworldly nature.

Although Blake left Felpham in 1803 with considerable resentment against Hayley who had brought him there, he was extremely grateful for the latter's staunch support at his trial for sedition. Documents connected with the trial are published in this edition of the letters, and they provide a most interesting account of Blake's reputation in his community. Six letters written to him are also included along with a collection of accounts and receipts from 1803 to his death. Those relating to subscribers to the *Job* illustrations are the most detailed. Blake made his living by his art, and it was partly because he did so that his work as a whole expresses such a strong impression of a life lived with the full strength of his artistic convictions. The nature of these convictions and of the vision on which they were based is communicated with a more accommodating simplicity in his letters than in his prophetic books, and they provide an introduction to his later work. They also provide a contact with the man himself whose epitaph is contained in the final letter of the collection, written by George Richmond to Samuel Palmer.

The majority of the documents in this new edition have been collated with the originals, and the editor gives the reader an insight into the problems of his task by his note on spurious Blake letters. Characteristically, he also makes good use of the abundance of illustrative material available. Two portraits of Blake are included. The water-colour done according to Trusler's directions tends to confirm Blake's assertion that invention as well as execution ought to be left to the artist. Hayley's portrait and Gilchrist's drawing of Blake's cottage at Felpham illustrate the material presented, but the most outstanding illustration is the water-colour drawing of "The Last Judgment" described by Blake for Ozias Humphry. There is also a specimen of Blake's handwriting in a reproduction of his letter to Hayley in the fall of 1800.

If the letters are a good introduction to Blake, they still do not give us the complete visionary perspective contained in the prophetic books. The most difficult of these from the editorial point of view is *Vala* renamed *The Four Zoas* and written

from 1797 to 1804—a period which included the author's stay at Felpham. Margoliouth's edition attempts to present the basic text before the addition of about 900 lines of new material. The book is intended primarily for scholars whose study of the textual problems has been hampered by the lack of any definitive edition of the original *Vala*. The text itself follows the manuscript in both spelling and punctuation, and the result is a necessary step in clarifying the difficulties of a future edition of *The Four Zoas*.

Blake was obviously in the throes of moving from the 'minor' prophecies to *Milton* and *Jerusalem* when he wrote *Vala*. While the minor prophecies concentrated on the nature and extent of the fall of man, the later works emphasized man's redemption through the realization of his human existence. At a point perhaps indicated by his letter to Butts on October 2nd, 1800, Blake became dissatisfied with his previous use of *Vala*, the Goddess of Nature, as the central figure, and began to revise the work to include the larger context of the fall and regeneration of the human faculties called the four 'Zoas'.

Apart from these editions of Blake's works, a short but valuable critical study of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* has been published lately. The *Marriage* catches Blake at the time when he was conscious of becoming a philosophical poet with a manifesto, and the author of this study makes full use of the fact. He takes Blake's doctrine of contraries and relates it to the theory of expanded sense-perception to explain the dialectic of self-realization. This doctrine of contraries is rightly distinguished from the philosophical analogies of Hegel and Nicholas de Cusa, for it is shown to be not an abstract theory of automatic change or 'becoming' but a 'progression' through active struggle and continued creativeness. The Aristotelian structure of Swedenborg's thought which was specifically attacked in the fourth 'Memorable Fancy' is contrasted with the positive influence of Boehme, but it is hard to agree that Paracelsus had as little effect on Blake as suggested. For one thing, the Paracelsian use of 'imagination' is almost identical with that of Blake. The pro-

blem of his sources where there is no direct evidence is unusually difficult, and one can only guess at what he read. As a whole, however, the study is a useful and stimulating contribution.

P. F. FISHER

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

Beyond Pragmatism

TOWARD REUNION IN PHILOSOPHY.
By Morton White. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited. 1956. Pp. xv + 308. \$7.50.

Philosophy in the first half of the twentieth century has reacted from idealism by making a series of fresh philosophical starts. Thus the philosophical analysts, the logical positivists, the mathematical logicians, the linguistic analysts and the pragmatists have all made important contributions, but each movement has developed its own techniques. As a result philosophy to-day has splintered into independent fragments and there is often a complete incapacity of philosophers to understand each other. Commenting on this situation in his earlier book, "The Age of Analysis", a collection of selections from twentieth century philosophers, Morton White closed with a plea for a reunion between those philosophers, such as Moore, Russell, Wittgenstein and Carnap who have been preoccupied with finding a criterion of meaning and those philosophers typified by Croce, Bergson, Whitehead and the Existentialists, who have thought of philosophy "as maps of the universe or as total insights into man's desperate, anxious and forlorn existence." Thus Professor White says, "I believe, therefore, that nothing could be more important than reuniting these two contrasting elements in twentieth century philosophy—the analytic, pragmatic, linguistic concern of the recent Anglo-American tradition supplemented by some of the insights and the more humane, cultivated concerns of the predominantly continental tradition."

The title of Professor White's new book, *Toward Reunion in Philosophy*, suggests that it is meant to be the response to his own exhortation. However, for those who believe that philosophy should be concerned with more than analysis and pragmatism, this title is misleading. This book is not, in fact, concerned so much with the grand reunion suggested in the earlier book, but with a narrower reunion between the movements of analysis and pragmatism within the recent Anglo-American tradition.

Actually, Professor White is intent on showing two converging tendencies inherent in this recent tradition. The first is a union of the two movements, analysis on the one hand and pragmatism on the other. In the course of examining the points of union between them, he is led to a second convergence in the interrelation of the three fundamental concepts of philosophy, existence, a priori knowledge, and value.

In his analysis of contemporary philosophy a full historical account of the twentieth century movements is not attempted. Professor White states, "the main purpose of the book is philosophical rather than historical". He, therefore, concentrates on what he considers the problems inherent in the particular views of Moore and the early Russell as representative of analytical philosophy, of the linguistic analysts Wittgenstein, Ryle, and Hampshire, of the positivists Carnap and Stevenson, and of the pragmatists James and Dewey.

Moore and the early Russell conceived philosophical analysis as the analysis of universals or meanings. Under the influence of Wittgenstein, analytical philosophy becomes as much an attack on the platonism of Moore and Russell as on Hegelianism. Extra-linguistic meanings are abhorred and attention is concentrated on language itself. Philosophy becomes a second-order activity, primarily logical talk about the talk of others. Thus positivists concern themselves with the criterion of meaning while the linguistic therapists focus attention on philosophical problems which are the result of linguistic confusions. The 'age of words' is followed by the 'age of decision' when the examination of criteria of meaning shows them to be chiefly normative in character. Here an examination of

language usage becomes a study of how it to be used, and the positivist criterion of meaning raises the question of why it should be used. It is at this point, where analytic philosophy becomes concerned with the question of the advisability or usefulness of concepts, where positivistic logicians use pragmatic language, and where linguistic analysts increasingly use the words 'role', 'function' or 'job' that the analytical tradition converges with the pragmatist tradition.

It is at this same point that the second converging tendency Professor White is interested in becomes apparent. The rise of pragmatic considerations in the analysis of such concepts as the criterion of meaning and the *a priori*, relates these concepts to ethics which is concerned with the nature of decision and value. Thus he concludes that the traditional trichotomy of fact, necessity, and value has outlived its usefulness and that these concepts are interrelated in important ways.

Professor White's own final position appears to come close to pragmatism in looking on concepts such as existence, necessity, and value as postulates involving pragmatic considerations. But he also talks of going 'beyond pragmatism' to non-pragmatic 'fixed points' or 'terminal sentences'. How the acceptance of these is in turn to be justified is unfortunately not too explicit. The book is more illuminating where it examines the drift of the analytic tradition towards pragmatic problems, although those who have not already had some acquaintance with analytic philosophy may find the argument difficult to follow due to its technical nature.

R. L. WATTS

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Logic

INTRODUCTION TO LOGICAL THEORY. By P. F. Strawson. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd. New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc. 1952. Pp. x + 266. \$3.50.

This review appears so long after the book's publication that one may notice also a lively exchange (in the pages of *Mind*)

between the author and Professor Quine of Harvard. Strawson questions, I believe successfully, Quine's claim that logically "the whole category of singular terms is theoretically superfluous." Two versions of the claim are examined, a weaker and a stronger. The weaker version is that we could theoretically paraphrase all sentences in which singular terms occurred into sentences that dispensed with them. The stronger version is that we could throw away the rules for paraphrasing and say intelligibly without singular terms all that we now say with their aid, without ever having heard of or made use of singular terms at all. Strawson allows the claims of the weaker version but rejects those of the stronger, which alone would genuinely establish the doctrine that singular terms are theoretically superfluous.

Now there is perhaps an analogy here. Strawson has written an important book on logical theory. He calls it an introduction to the subject. That part of the title which calls it 'theory' may be allowed, for, although the reader is required to exercise some skill in the handling of logical notation, he is not being offered a manual designed to improve his competence as a craftsman in the exercise of such skills. If that were his concern he might do better, as Strawson magnanimously allows, to turn to Quine's *Methods of Logic*. But Strawson has certainly not written an introduction, at any rate in the sense that an uninstructed but intelligent reader might reasonably expect to take this book as his guide on a first journey into the domain of logical theory. To get the most, indeed I suspect to get anything very much, out of the book he has to be equipped with some fairly substantial acquaintance with the issues that divide and occupy modern logicians. Mr. Strawson contributes to their elucidation, but he is extraordinarily unhelpful when it comes to telling the reader how to find his way into or through the existing literature. Thus, to take a single but important example, Russell's theory of definite descriptions is criticized at page 185; but the reader will have to find out for himself, if he does not already know, in what book(s) that theory was worked out. No reference is given.

One of the issues occupying modern logicians concerns the elimination of truth-gaps. Ought we to arrange things so that "every statement which we recognize in our theory has a truth-value"? This in turn obliges us to consider whether the province of logic is to be formally restricted to the domain of scientific discourse or whether it is to be as wide as the domain of intelligible talk. If I understand him correctly, Strawson finds the former too restricting. What interests him is to notice how and where and even why the behaviour of words in ordinary speech differs from the behaviour of symbols in a logical system, and in this way to work towards an understanding of the nature of formal logic. In doing this, Strawson gives us some beautifully teased out analyses of linguistic subtleties and nuances. But it is surely only by courtesy that the speech of Oxford dons can be called ordinary.

H. M. ESTALL

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

The State of Economics

THE FAILURES OF ECONOMICS: A DIAGNOSTIC STUDY. By Sidney Schoeffler. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited. 1955. Pp. xvi + 254. \$6.25.

Economists, like other social scientists, have their occasional moments of self-doubt. They envy the apparent reliability of laws and predictions in the natural sciences, and when some ignorant fool asserts that anybody can be an economist, they are angered rather than amused—because they have a sneaking suspicion that he might be right.

When one arises among them, therefore, who offers to show them the path to salvation, they listen with bated breath. Mr. Schoeffler has cast himself in the rôle of such a prophet, and is calling on economists to acknowledge their sins and follow him. "It was an altogether first-rate mistake", he says, "for the field of economics ever to develop the way it did." (p. 162)

During the last 100 or 200 years, Schoeffler asserts, "the power of accomplishment of economics—measured in the pay-off terms of prediction and control—has

changed but little". Experts disagree, none can assert anything "with assurance", and "the element of subjective judgment (more accurately: prejudice) is the predominant factor, then and now, in any given prediction or policy conclusion. Even when professional opinion is virtually unanimous, we still cannot depend on it". (p. 3)

For this deplorable state of affairs Schoeffler blames the erroneous methods of enquiry employed by economists, and these in turn, are ascribed in the main to the economists' insistence on treating economics as if it were a real "science" with "laws" of its own, and their failure to realize that economic systems are "essentially open". By this Schoeffler means that economic variables can never be fully determined by other economic variables—even in a "probability" sense. There are not, and cannot be, any reliable economic laws, and therefore we cannot expect to be able to forecast, say, next month's national income (even in the sense of attaching probabilities to various possible outcomes) by examining current and past economic data. "The relations among economic variables . . . are not universal laws of nature, but always, no matter what variables are involved, depend upon specific and transitory historical, sociological, and political factors". (p. 54). "Economic", in this context, means anything that economists customarily consider.

The reader who is willing to accept Mr. Schoeffler's analysis to this point may think that the recommendation that should follow is to extend the sphere of interest of the economist until it takes in enough of the aspects of social behaviour to permit—in due time—the development of reliable "laws". He may even expect to find some guidance as to how these laws may be discovered. Such a reader is in for a surprise.

Instead of discussing the problem of developing reliable generalizations in the social sciences, Schoeffler proceeds to tell economists how to go about the job of predicting, on the assumption that reliable laws have already been developed in other social sciences and psychology. "The art of economics . . . utilizes laws already established by other sciences. . . . Information

about human behaviour patterns, motivations, and modes of response to environmental stimuli are supplied by psychology, social psychology, and, perhaps, sociology." (pp. 157-158—author's italics).

Academic economists may not, as Schoeffler suggests, be as well acquainted as they should with the findings of psychology and sociology. But they do, occasionally, talk to their colleagues, and they are fairly sure that psychology and sociology cannot, as yet, furnish the reliable universal laws of human behaviour that economics lacks. Schoeffler's advice as to the proper practice of what he calls the "art" of economics—the systematic use of psychological and sociological laws and other relevant information in making economic predictions and policy recommendations—is therefore based on an erroneous premise.

The "shortage" of dependable laws covering the socially interesting aspects of human behaviour sets two basic methodological problems for the economist:

1. How to develop dependable—or at least *more* dependable—laws.
2. How to forecast and to recommend policies in the absence of "dependable" laws.

As for the first problem, there is no good reason to suppose that the basic principles of scientific progress differ in the social sciences from those that have proven successful in the natural sciences. Knowledge is increased by the systematic interaction of observation and hypothesis. It is probably true, as Schoeffler implies, that this procedure is likely to be of limited usefulness as long as one stays within the traditional confines of economics. But, as pointed out above, this is an argument for greater readiness—and ability—to cross disciplinary boundaries, and not for abandoning the search for laws. It is also true, as Schoeffler shows in some detail, that many economists have tried to short-cut the process of scientific inquiry by using "artificial", simplified assumptions. This is an argument for better training in scientific method which will enable more economists to distinguish between the proper and improper uses of such assumptions. It is not an argument for abandoning economics as a science.

For the second problem it is much more difficult to state the proper principles. The questions that call for the services of applied economics are with us day by day, and cannot wait for the development of reliable universal "laws of nature" in the social sciences. How, then, can one predict "efficiently" in such a situation?

Schoeffler's answer is that to give any weight at all to predictions that are highly plausible but not "fully confirmed", to "laws" whose validity conditions are not "fully stated" or to "experienced judgment" is no better than giving weight to pure prejudice or making a pure guess.

Such an extreme judgment surely denies the usefulness of nearly all planned action. Policy decisions, in great matters as well as in small, cannot be based on the prediction that almost anything may conceivably happen, which is often what a "fully confirmed" prediction would amount to. My actions, in the course of today, are based, in part, on the prediction: "I shall go home for supper tonight". This is a prediction which, in Schoeffler's terms, "asserts more than is warranted by the information", "does not merit full confidence" (p. 180) and is "quite unreliable". Yet important actions must be based on predictions which are generally much less reliable than this one.

What happens, in fact, in the pure and applied social sciences, is that we operate with a concept of *plausibility* which is not simply based on probability in the sense of long-run relative frequency, but which, we think, enables us to discriminate between predictions none of which are "fully confirmed" in Schoeffler's sense. If an economist or other social scientist wishes to specialize in problems of methodology, it may be suggested that this problem of plausibility is the most fruitful point of attack.

Schoeffler does not recognize the existence of this problem when engaged in the detailed criticism of the work of various economists (which takes up most of the book) or when outlining his "model" for proper procedure in prediction. Yet his "practical advice" to economists (or at least some economists) whom he urges to become "economic doctors" surely implies

a notion of plausibility in the sense outlined above: the economic doctor, "would learn, by experience and by textbook, how to recognize 'danger signs' and characteristic symptoms, . . . what the standard cures are . . . what are the characteristics and effects of various available 'medicines', and how to treat patients with different 'personalities' and with different surrounding environments". (p. 162). Surely, in the present stage of economics, "danger signs", "standard cures", and rules for the treatment of patients must be based on generalizations from an inadequate experience, on assumptions that are not "fully confirmed" and involve what Schoeffler elsewhere calls "the element of subjective judgment (more accurately: prejudice)".

Economists should read this book, particularly the chapters on "methodological weaknesses" and "case studies". They will derive much benefit from the review of shortcomings in recent work, and will be able to spot the points at which Schoeffler's claims are exaggerated.

Unfortunately, however, the book is so well written that non-economists can read it and follow it without much difficulty. They are likely to obtain a quite misleading impression of the "failures" and methodological problems of modern economics. The claim that over the last century there has been little advance in prediction and policy formulation is simply not correct.

GIDEON ROSENBLUTH

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Potpourri

American Democracy Re-examined

Amidst the heavy flow of good, bad, and indifferent books dealing with American politics, certainly one of the most distinguished and novel contributions of recent date is *The Torment of Secrecy* by Edward Shils (Free Press Glencoe; in Canada, Burns and MacEachern, \$4.50). Originally planned as the author's personal broadside against McCarthyism, this criticism of American security policies was extended and deepened into a probing analysis of the democratic pluralistic society. The environment in which such a society can endure, Shils claims, depends upon preserving a proper balance between secrecy, publicity and privacy. Weaving these elements together, the author has revealed a fine sense of history and a full grasp of sociological concepts (without jargon) in creating a refreshingly novel critique of the American political system. Professor Shils' study cannot be too highly commended.

The V-P.

A woman, the story goes, had two sons; one went off to sea as a sailor, the other entered politics to become vice-president of the United States—and neither was heard of again! The obscurity of the vice-presidency—a booby prize in the lottery of American politics—cannot detract from its potential importance in the event of the President's death. The recent illnesses of Mr. Eisenhower suddenly threw a spot-light on the vice-presidency and, more precisely, on those ambiguous phrases in the Constitution which refer to the circumstances in which the vice-president is entitled to take over. It is appropriate, therefore, that this long neglected office has now been made the subject of a first rate historical and analytical study: *Second Consul* by Edgar Wiggins Waugh (Bobbs-Merrill Co.; in Canada, McClelland and Stewart, \$4.25). The assertion in the sub-title that the vice-

presidency is the "greatest political problem" of the United States is debatable, but certainly this thoughtful, readable book provides a timely assessment of a public office that can, overnight, become all, rather than nothing at all.

A Great Review and Its Reviewers

Those who have been drawn to the pages of any one of the great nineteenth century Reviews in search of some particular item will know how easy it is to become completely enthralled by entire issues. Perhaps it was under some such spell that John Clive was induced to write the early history of one of the greatest and most pungent of these reviews: *Scotch Reviewers. The Edinburgh Review 1802-1815* (Harvard University Press; in Canada, S. J. Reginald Saunders, \$6.50). Modestly and wisely disclaiming his ability to estimate the influence of the Edinburgh Review on contemporary society and thought, Mr. Clive presents, nevertheless, an intimate lively picture of the formative years under its pugnacious editor Francis Jeffery and its young triumvirate who supplied most of the copy. These—the witty, irrepressible Sydney Smith, the grave, liberal Francis Horner and the brilliant, unstable Henry Brougham—constituted a formidable inner cabinet. The story of their relations with Jeffery illuminates the editing and publishing problems of the times and helps to explain the startling impact of the journal on the public. This is fine fare, served with relish and an artistic touch.

Frances Hawes has made one of the "Scotch reviewers" the subject of a full-length biography: *Henry Brougham* (Jonathan Cape; in Canada, Clarke, Irwin and Co., \$5.00). Brougham was clearly too versatile for his own good: a contemporary once unkindly but aptly remarked "This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more went

away in one post chaise." Mrs. Hawes skillfully presents Brougham in splendid pursuit of his many-sided interests—perhaps the most fascinating being his rôle of Attorney General for that forlorn yet unsympathetic character, Queen Caroline, during the course of her stormy life with the Prince Regent. The political intrigues and the bubbling spirit of reform in the anti-slavery movement, the law and education—on all of which Brougham expended his boundless resources—are well recounted. But the man himself still evades us; the qualities of an erratic genius remain enigmatic.

Salad Days

Farley Mowat has assembled a collection of extremely funny anecdotes about a truly unique dog in *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be* (Little, Brown and Co., \$3.95). There has never, surely, been such a retriever, or one with such unorthodox techniques. Nor are we likely to find a dog to emulate Mutt's exploits as rumble-seat driver (with goggles), fence-walker, ladder climber, skunk-and-cow chaser. Yet this is much more than Mutt's story. It is a delightful evocation of a boyhood, uncomplicated, free, flushed with the sunrise on a duck blind, alive to the call of sweeping prairies that finally beckoned the boy in his manhood to seek *The People of the Deer*.

Nor is this all; for here we also have a picture of a father whose wonderful eccentricities—calmly accepted by an understanding wife—frequently exceeded those of the fabulous Mutt. The priceless story of Angus Mowat's attempt to cruise from

Saskatoon to Halifax will rank high in the annals of all landlocked, sea-hungry sailors! A perfect Christmas gift for young and old.

In *Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy* (Collins, \$2.50), David Walker has also turned aside from his more serious novels to re-create the pleasures and high-jinks of a spritely highland lad, brought up in the same glen, presumably, as his earlier hero, *Wee Geordie*. This is a pleasant, quietly humorous book, but its denouement lacks the verisimilitude of Geordie's conquest at the Olympics.

Recollections of a rather different order form the substance of Evelyn Waugh's *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (Ryerson Press, \$2.50). A thoroughly reprehensible, grumpy, aging author, whose identity Waugh does not seek to disguise, after a period of self-indulgence in drink and pharmaceutical pain killers takes to sea in order to recuperate. There his sins catch up with him and he becomes the victim of hallucinations which are described with peculiar clarity. Are we to treat this as another Waugh satire? Or was it undertaken as a purgative, so to speak, in order to clear the way for more solid endeavours by an author caught in the doldrums of ennui? Or is this purely an experiment to which Waugh was attracted because he was astounded to discover how his rational processes continued to function even while the air about him was resounding with the threats, sweet entreaties and scurrilous remarks of absolutely non-existent people? However taken, it is a fascinating performance with all of the Waugh touch.

THE EDITOR.





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